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EUROPE has entered upon a new epoch of troubles. The long peace which followed the downfall of Napoleon the First has been gradually giving way, and now appears to have absolutely terminated. The revolutions which convulsed the continent in 1848 inaugurated a new period of international conflicts; and though the principle which animated these revolutions was temporarily forced into abeyance, it has been growing in strength, and is now the shaping power, the for-

mative cause of events. The Russian war of 1854-6 next disturbed the general tranquillity, forcing England, for a brief space, to abandon her dreams of peace, and interrupting her long enjoyment of a career of purely industrial enterprise. The Italian war of 1859 aroused her still more, and at once awoke all the leading Powers of Europe to a sense of impending dangers. Since then, every country has armed. A well-founded sentiment of increasing troubles passed like an electric shock throughout Europe. Every where, statesmen and people alike began to perceive the magnitude of the mine which underlay the existing fabric of power in Europe, as well as the masked conspirator who, ere long, would put the match to it for the purposes of his own ambition. At present, the dread substance of this general foreboding — the realization of

* *Parliamentary Papers:*

Denmark and Germany. Correspondence respecting the Affairs of the Duchies of Holstein, Lauenburg, and Schleswig. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1864.

North America. No. 2. Correspondence respecting the Capture of the Saxon, by the United States Ship Vanderbilt. Presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1864.

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this ominous fear—is beginning to take shape under our own eyes. The spark of war has been lighted, and he will be a bold man who will foretell when it will be definitively extinguished. The period of convulsion which now appears to be opening, may be interrupted more than once by a peace which is but a truce, but it is hard to believe that it will terminate until all Europe has been thrown into the crucible, and has reappeared with a new and more stable form of territorial power.

Nothing can better show the overwhelming tendency of events toward war than the fact that the very Powers which have given the signal and occasion for convulsions, are those which hitherto, and in their normal condition, are most desirous of peace. Neither Austria nor Prussia had any reason to desire war, nor any wish to engage in it. They have been hurried into it by the pressure of events which they would fain have resisted, and which they still struggle against. The whole condition of Europe has grown unstable, and new aspirations are predominant, which the governments can not control. This is the most serious aspect of the case—the one which renders almost desperate any hope for a continuance, or early resumption, of pacific relations among the Powers of Europe. The motive power is now in the hands, not of governments, but of peoples; and nothing will suffice to stay the course of those national passions until they have led to open conflict. Not till they have measured their strength, and found in the stern school of war what is attainable and what is not—not till then will the old condition of stable tranquillity return. This is the one spectacle which presents itself—a continent seething with warring passions and aspirations, which threaten to make chaos of its present fabric of power. Not less striking is the other spectacle which meets the observant eye—a monarch sitting calmly by, watching the gathering storm, and ready, by deliberate preparation, to turn the raging of the nations to his own advantage. He is neither on the one side nor on the other. He supports each as best suits his purpose for the hour, and as readily abandons it, for a like reason, to support the other. At present he smiles grimly in his cabinet at the Tuileries, to see his neighbors quarreling. He has helped, too, in his own dexterous way, and as a “friendly bystander,”

to set them by the ears; and he will take good care that they do not make up matters until he has reaped a substantial profit out of their quarrel.

In this new period of war, upon which Europe seems to have entered, the forces at work will in the main be wholly different from any which have given rise to great wars in the past. Of the many causes of conflict which have been in operation in past times, some are now, happily, antiquated and robbed of their power; and all of them, we trust, will ere long disappear from the arena of Europe. In old times, the caprice of kings, a personal affront offered by one monarch to another, frequently led to hostilities, in which the belligerent nations had no possible interest. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* At other times, war has arisen simply from a difference in the interpretation of international law, without either party being desirous to provoke a conflict—as was the case in the war between England and America in 1812–14. These have been small wars, and are easily appeased. A more formidable cause of international conflict is the ambition of despotic monarchs of great power and ability—as exemplified by the long wars produced by the ambition of Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. All of these three causes of conflict may be regarded as accidents. But there is another class of wars which have their root in the hearts and passions of nations. These are—wars of Independence, wars of Religion, wars of Nationality. The first of this class may seem to run into the third; but in reality they belong to different stages in the life of nations, and, though they have some features in common, may be distinguished with sufficient clearness. Wars of independence may be waged by empires which include the most incongruous nationalities—as Austria under Maria Theresa, and during the long war against the ambition of Napoleon I.; and they may also be waged by one section of the same race against another—as the wars between England and her American colonies, between Spain and her American colonies, and now between the Northern and Southern sections of the United States. Contests of nationality are the growth of our own times. Since the migration and intermingling of peoples which produced and followed the downfall of the vast fabric of the Western

Roman Empire, the most remarkable wars of Europe have been the Crusades, with their sequel—the wars to arrest the progress of the victorious Ottomans; the wars of the Reformation; the wars with the Grande Monarque of France; and again, a century afterward, with the warlike genius and soaring ambition of the great Corsican. In none of these did the principle of nationality play any distinctive part. It was hardly even thought of as a distinct power. Kingdoms were held to be only real existences; nationalities were of no account. Kingdoms were extended or contracted, as the chances of war determined; but it mattered not about the population of the provinces thus gained or lost. Their wishes were never taken into account. Nor, to speak the truth, did the population of such provinces, in these times, care much to which kingdom they belonged. Even in 1815, when Europe was arranged anew on the basis of political expediency, and when there was a considerable shifting to and fro of the old landmarks, not a voice of complaint, save from the sturdy Norwegians, was raised by any people against the decrees of the congress.

Nothing is more common nowadays than to hear the settlement of Europe made by the Congress of Vienna, denounced as alike wicked and absurd. But such a view of the matter is exceedingly unjust. The ablest heads in Europe were there met in conclave, and they made the best arrangement which was possible in the temper and circumstances of the time. Italy had been broken into fragments for centuries; the spirit of nationality was extinct; and, judging from the experience of the past, the only practical question in regard to her northern provinces, was, whether they should be under the dominion of Austria or of France. Nor was the case of Poland overlooked. It produced the most stormy discussions of any; England and Austria warmly advocating the restoration of Poland to her old independence, while Russia and Prussia as strenuously resisted the proposal. Rather than encounter the calamities of another European war, a compromise was effected, by which a part of Poland was established as a separate kingdom, under the rule of the czars. This portion of the settlement of 1815 was felt to be unsatisfactory even by the

contracting powers; but no better course was open to their adoption. Each had fought and suffered; they had seen all Europe converted into one vast battlefield; and they must not merely be excused, but approved, for shrinking from a renewal of the war, and contenting themselves with making the best settlement which they found it in their power to establish. All the great treaties by which peace has been restored to Europe have been the result of compromises; and the treaties of Vienna were as efficacious for attaining their object—the resettlement of Europe after a long period of war and convulsions—as any which could have been framed at that time.

But every settlement becomes antiquated in the course of time; and the settlement of 1815 now shares the fate of all its predecessors. During the half century that has since elapsed, the condition of Europe has wholly changed. During that time, the right of nations to choose their own form of government—which was the animating principle of the first French revolution, as it had been of the English revolution more than a century before—has become widely recognized; it has been acted upon since 1815, alike in France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, while Austria and Prussia have become constitutional Powers. The adoption of this principle, however, has in no material way affected the settlement of Vienna, which related only to the territorial limits of kingdoms, and which left each people to do as it pleased, so long as it did not violate those established limits. The principle which is demolishing the treaties of 1815 is not that of the revolution of 1789, but one of later growth, and one of which France, during her Revolutionary war, was a flagrant violator. It is the principle of nationality—the right of nations to throw off a foreign yoke, and unite with other sections (if there be any) of the same nationality. The separation of Greece from the rule of the Turks, and of Belgium from Holland, were the first movements of this kind; and the latter of these events constituted the first violation of the territorial settlement effected by the treaties of 1815. But it was not till 1848 that the new principle manifested itself in formidable proportions; and from that hour it became evident that the settlement of Vienna was becoming antiquated, inapplicable to the condition of

the times, and would gradually give way before the action of the new power. Simultaneously with the revolutionary convulsions of 1848-9, a member of the proscribed Bonaparte family rose to the head of affairs in France, to whom the treaties of 1815 were a hateful memento of his uncle's downfall, and who resolved to compass their overthrow, and effect a new settlement of Europe, in which France should be aggrandized at the expense of her neighbors. He saw that the treaties of 1815 were doomed—that they would crumble to pieces, whatever efforts might be made to uphold them; and his skill has consisted simply in expediting their decay, and in turning the attendant convulsions to his own advantage.

The process of disintegration is so far advanced, that he can now afford to lower, if not wholly throw off, the mask, and to proclaim the nullity of the hated treaties. In his speech on the opening of the French chambers on the 5th of November, he said plainly, "The treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist." Simultaneously he addressed a letter to each of the governments of Europe, making the same statement in a milder form, and inviting the Powers to a congress, at which a new settlement might be effected. The project did not meet with much encouragement. The King of Italy, indeed, and one or two lesser Powers, accepted the proposal without reservation; but by far the greater number, including the great Powers, made their acceptance conditional upon a satisfactory explanation from the emperor of the precise objects for which the congress was to assemble. When this explanation was given, the British government at once declined to take part in the congress, in a dispatch which pointed out very clearly the impracticability of the proposal. In the first place, the Powers most affected by the questions which were proposed for discussion would refuse to take part in the congress; and, in the second place, if it were possible to bring them together, the only mode of compelling the minority to submit to the decision of the majority would be by having recourse to hostilities. On these grounds, the British government wisely declined to accept the emperor's proposal; and there can be no doubt that, in taking this step, they merely anticipated the replies which would have been given by the other great Powers. The proposed congress, accordingly, fell

to the ground. It is impossible to think that so sagacious a man as Napoleon III. really believed that such a proposal would be accepted; but it is not difficult to divine the motives which induced him to make it. It was a triumph for France to proclaim aloud that the treaties of 1815—mementoes of Waterloo—were at an end; and yet to do so as if the proclamation were not a defiance to the other powers, but an invitation to draw closer the bonds of peace. Moreover, the congress might have afforded the means of forming a system of alliances, of obvious advantage to the emperor. Indeed, the fundamental principle of the emperor's policy is never to allow himself to be isolated—never to engage in war without having first secured an amount of moral and material support sufficient to enable him to attain his object, or at least render all but impossible a fatal disaster. And in any event, the proposal for a congress, whether wholly unsuccessful or not, would redound to his credit as a lover of peace, and as a far-seeing statesman. Troubles were coming—that was evident: nor had he any desire that they should not come. But when they came, he could say—is he not already saying?—"I warned you of this: I proposed the only course by which war might be avoided: you rejected that proposal—and now on your heads be the responsibility of all that may happen."

Any monarch who proclaims that the treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist must either be a fool—which assuredly the Emperor of the French is not—or else he must have an object in producing the downfall of those treaties. The only effect of making such an announcement in so public and explicit a manner must be, to weaken the power of those treaties still more. It was an encouragement to all the governments or parties in Europe who long for their overthrow, and it announced very plainly to those parties that it was not from the Emperor of the French that they will encounter opposition. Nevertheless, the statement itself was not very far from the truth. The treaties nominally exist, in their more important provisions; but they are no longer operative. Treaties are operative only as long as the leading Powers are resolved to uphold them. Twenty years ago, the Powers were thus resolved; and any glaring infraction of those treaties would have been at once

met by a combined movement on the part of the other Powers to resist it. There is no such community of sentiment or action now. An utter disregard of treaties prevails every where. No Power will take up arms on their behalf. No Power will come to the assistance of a neighbor who, in defiance of these treaties, is attacked. This, as we have said, is partly owing to the new and dislocating forces which have recently come into play, which are as perplexing as menacing. Each government sees that the principle of nationality must, to some extent, be recognized; and each is willing that its neighbor should suffer from the new principle, while resolved to oppose it in its own territories. The fabric is falling, and the isolated action of the governments, each bent only on securing its own interests, hastens the downfall. In 1815, the Powers of Europe, taught by bitter experience, saw that the only means of preserving peace was for each to abnegate its schemes of ambition, and unite together to uphold the settlement which had been made. But that settlement has become so obsolete, and is so obviously doomed, that community of action has ceased: no Power comes forward to maintain the settlement in its entirety, and each of them thinks only how to save or aggrandize itself in the break-up which is approaching. At the same time it must be said, that the Emperor of the French himself is a great cause of the existing dissension and dilemma. But for the ambitious projects which he is known to entertain, England and France might, at this moment, be in close and cordial alliance. The alliance formed between the two Powers in order to resist the ambition of Russia in 1854-6, might be equally efficacious to solve many of the European difficulties at the present hour. But how can England ally herself with a monarch whose ambition is now notorious, and who never makes war without a secret purpose of aggrandizing France by additions of territory? Last summer, England, Austria, and France were anxious to support the cause of Poland: what was it that nullified all their efforts? Simply this, that both England and Austria were aware that if they made war upon Russia, in alliance with France, Napoleon would turn the war to his own selfish purposes, and would seize the Rhenish provinces of Germany as a "compensation" for his services. The same truth

was equally well known to Russia; and hence the Russian government could afford to disregard the vehement protests of the three powers, knowing that their coöperation would inevitably stop short of war.

It was in connection with the Polish question, and specially with a view to its solution, that Napoleon, in his speech to the chambers, suggested the assembling of a congress. The Polish question had been agitating Europe during the ten months previous; and it was from events in connection with that question that danger to the peace of Europe was most apprehended. Suddenly and unexpectedly the clouds of war gathered in another quarter. The long-smouldering strife between Germany and Denmark, which had come to be regarded by the rest of Europe as a wearisome and perplexing, but innocuous war of words, burst into flame. The King of Denmark died, and all Germany rose in excitement. While the Danish people, and the European Powers generally, tendered their customary congratulations to Christian IX., as lawful king, in virtue of the treaty of 1852, the German powers refused to recognize him, and resolved to occupy a portion of his territories with their troops. This excitement and energetic action on the part of the Germans startled every one—our statesmen, apparently, not excepted. Neither parliament nor the public in this country had given any adequate attention to the points in dispute between the Danish and German governments; and the first impression created by the action of the Germans was, that they had become suddenly insane, and inspired by a reckless and lawless ambition to aggrandize themselves at the expense of a weak neighbor. When the case is examined, however, it appears in another light. It is a tangled skein; but this much is evident, that the Danish government had broken its engagements, and that legality, as well as the principle of nationality, were on the side of the German Powers, but that those Powers, under the pressure of popular excitement, are disposed to strain both legality and nationality too far. So far as regards nationality, the duchies of Lauenburg and Holstein are purely German, but the population of Schleswig is only half German, the northern half being Danish. As regards treaties and legality, the question

must be decided by the terms of the treaty of London, of 8th May, 1852, and also by the engagements which the Danish government concluded with Austria and Prussia in the twelve months previous to the signing of that treaty.

The treaty of London was framed and signed by the great powers of Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, as well as by Denmark, Sweden, and some of the lesser States of Germany.* It was not submitted to the Germanic diet, because of the delay which would have been occasioned by waiting for the decision of so dilatory a body, and also because it was thought sufficient to obtain the signatures of the governments which possessed a majority of votes in that assembly. The cause which led to the framing of the treaty was this: The King of Denmark had no heirs; and on his demise, a number of competitors would come into the field, none of them possessing a right to the throne of Denmark, but each of whom could produce a claim, more or less valid, to some portion of the territories which form the kingdom of Denmark. Thus, Denmark would be rent into fragments; and, moreover, the claims of the various aspirants to these fragments of dominion were so conflicting, that a war of succession was inevitable. The object of the treaty of London was twofold: (1), To "secure the integrity of the Danish monarchy," which was declared by the Powers who signed the treaty to be requisite for the maintenance of the balance of power; and (2), To prevent a war and preserve the peace of Europe. Although this treaty is likely enough to be violated by the German Powers in the sequel, it is important to observe that, as yet, there has been no repudiation of it either by Austria and Prussia, or by the diet. The diet, although not bound by the treaty, which it never was asked to sign, has not committed any direct violation of it. It has pronounced no decision upon the claim of Christian IX. to succeed to the dominion of all the territories included within the Danish kingdom. Austria and Prussia acknowledge the validity of the treaty, but they decline to recognize King Christian until he has fulfilled the engage-

ments undertaken by the Danish government in 1851-2, and but for which (although no such condition is alluded to in the treaty) it is unquestionable that they would not have been parties to the treaty of London.* One point of the complexity of the Dano-German question is the fact, that Austria and Prussia are bound by the treaty, while the diet is not, and that, accordingly, the diet may advance claims upon Denmark without any breach of strict legality, which would be inadmissible if advanced by Austria or Prussia. But as no direct infraction of the treaty of London has yet taken place—as the diet has not recognized the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg to the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, and as Austria and Prussia decidedly oppose them; and as the German Powers disclaim, for the present, any intention to destroy the integrity of Denmark, which the treaty of London was designed to secure—we may now eliminate that treaty from our consideration of the Dano-German question, and proceed to the other basis of the question—the engagements made by the Danish government with Austria and Prussia in 1851-2.

In 1848, as every one will remember, a revolution, on the principle of nationality, took place in Holstein and Schleswig, by which the German population of these provinces sought to throw off the yoke of Denmark, and to unite themselves with the rest of the fatherland. The result of the commotion was, that in 1851, both Holstein and Schleswig were held by the troops of Austria and Prussia; and the engagements of 1851-2, which have since played so important a part, were the conditions upon which Austria and Prussia consented to withdraw their troops from the Danish dominions. These engagements, unfortunately, were neither so formal nor so explicit as the importance of the question at issue demanded. The Danish government at first endeavored to

* The contracting parties, it is said in the treaty, "taking into consideration that the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, as connected with the general interest of the balance of power in Europe, is of high importance to the preservation of peace, and that an arrangement by which the succession to the whole dominions now united under the scepter of his Majesty the King of Denmark should devolve upon the male line, to the exclusion of the female, would be the best means of securing the integrity of that monarchy," etc.

* It received the sanction of the Danish parliament, and of the Danish king as Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, but it was never formally sanctioned by the local Estates or native assemblies of these duchies.

give to them only the character of a moral pledge—of a private understanding between it and the German Powers. But Prince Schwartzberg, then prime minister of Austria, who took the lead in the negotiations, would not acquiesce in this course; and in his dispatch of 26th December, 1851, he drew up a statement of what he understood to be the engagements which the Danish government was willing to undertake, and requested that government to say whether or not it accepted that statement as correct. By a dispatch dated 29th January, 1852, the Danish government adopted this version of the agreement, and consequently became bound by its terms. But what were its terms? One part of the agreement was sufficiently explicit. The king undertook "not to incorporate, nor take any steps toward incorporating, Schleswig with Denmark proper." Nothing could be plainer than the terms of this negative part of the obligation.* But the other part of the obligation—that which prescribed the course which the king was to adopt for the government of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg—was not so precise as to prevent a difference of opinion as to its import. The king

undertook to frame a general constitution, in which all parts of his monarchy were to be included, and in which they were to be "*equally represented*;" or, as it was otherwise expressed, "as members of a whole, in which no part is subordinate to the rest." The Danes argue that "*equally represented*," means "*fairly represented*;" that there was to be an equality in the principle of representation, but not necessarily in the number of the representatives. They say, and with truth, that it would be alike unjust and preposterous to give as many representatives to Lauenburg (for example) with its 50,000 inhabitants, as to Denmark proper, which has a population of 1,600,000; and that the only right and practicable course is to assign to each part of the kingdom a number of representatives proportionate to its population; just as Austria herself has done under her recent constitution. On the other hand, the Germans maintain that the terms of the agreement must be literally adhered to, and that each of the duchies must have an equal number of representatives to that assigned to Denmark proper.

It would be wearisome, and, fortunately, it is unnecessary, to record in detail the various measures by which the late King of Denmark sought to fulfill the engagements thus contracted in 1851-2, nor the endless opposition which these measures experienced on the part of one or other of the parties concerned. A single statement will suffice to show the insuperable dilemma in which he was placed. The king proposed to carry out, literally, the engagement—to give to each part of his kingdom an equal share of representation in a common parliament—but the Danish parliament resolutely rejected the proposed condition, and voted an amendment by which each part of the kingdom was to have a number of representatives in proportion to its population—according to which the duchies were to have thirty-three representatives in the imperial parliament, and Denmark proper forty-seven. At length, after trying every means to give effect to his engagements, and finding that whatever was satisfactory to the Danes was rejected by the duchies, and whatever satisfied the duchies was rejected by the Danes, the king abandoned the project as impracticable—as in truth it was. He resolved to make a settlement for his kingdom in the best form which

* So early as the 14th July, 1850, the King of Denmark, anxious to terminate the foreign occupation of his duchies, wrote as follows to the German Powers: "Any apprehension which might prevail as to a contemplated incorporation of the duchy of Schleswig with Denmark, will, at any rate, be definitely removed by our promise, hereby renewed, that such an incorporation shall not take place." To this communication, which was accompanied by ministerial explanations, the Austrian government—which then, under Prince Schwartzberg, took the lead of Prussia—at length replied (26th December, 1851), that they understood it to constitute an engagement "that neither an incorporation of the duchy of Schleswig into the kingdom shall take place, nor that any steps tending toward this end shall be taken." This interpretation of its views was accepted by the Danish government, which, in its dispatch of 29th January, 1852, made the following declaration: "That the interpretation which, in the note of the imperial cabinet of the 26th December, last year, and in the annex to that note, has been given to the intentions of his majesty as intimated to the courts of Vienna and Berlin, as well in general as more particularly in regard to the non-incorporation of Schleswig into the kingdom, is acknowledged by the king, our most gracious master, as being in accordance with his own views." At the same time, Austria and Prussia, acting for Germany, agreed to ignore the old, and not well-founded claim, that Schleswig and Holstein should not be "separated"—whatever that might mean.

was practicable, and also least at variance with his engagements. He gave to Holstein a most liberal constitution for itself, making it an almost independent part of his dominions; and at the same time proposed a common constitution for Schleswig and Denmark proper, by which each should be represented in a common parliament in proportion to the amount of its population. The separate constitution for Holstein was promulgated by the patent of 30th March, of last year; and the common constitution for Denmark proper and Schleswig, was just ready for the royal signature in November, when the king died. The first act of the new king was to sign this constitution; and he could not help doing so, if he did not wish to lose his throne.

The patent of March and the constitution of November are the acts upon which the German powers base their right of intervention. The diet takes up the cause of Holstein, which is a duchy of the Germanic confederation; Austria and Prussia intervene more especially to maintain the rights of Schleswig, as established in 1851-2. There can be no doubt that the right to intervene in each case was well founded. The Danish government has not fulfilled the engagements which it undertook in 1851-2. It is true, that to carry out these engagements in their literal sense was impracticable; but, so far as legality is concerned, the German powers are entitled to say: "That does not concern us; the Danish government contracted those engagements, and it is bound to fulfill them." Lord Russell takes the same view of the case. At his suggestion, the patent of March has been withdrawn, and he endeavored also to get the Danish king to repeal the constitution which he signed in November. With all our sympathy for the Danes, we can not ignore these facts. We can not but acknowledge that, in the main, the German Powers have legality on their side. Whether they ought to have proceeded to execute a military intervention is another question; but clearly they had a right to do so. Lord Russell himself has stated that the non-fulfillment by Denmark of the engagements undertaken in 1851-2, was a well-founded *casus belli*. On 17th December, his lordship, in a dispatch to Mr. Murray, wrote as follows: "A violation of the engagements taken by Denmark in 1851-2 toward Germany,

is an offense which may be properly resented, and for which redress may be justly claimed." And that Denmark *had* violated her engagements as regards Schleswig, his lordship plainly states in his dispatches *passim*. For example, in a dispatch to Lord Wodehouse, dated 17th December, he says: "The fundamental law for Denmark proper and Schleswig, which was sanctioned on the 18th November, 1863, is virtually an incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark.

. . . The new constitution, therefore, being without the requisite sanction of the duchy of Schleswig, and being contrary to the engagements of the crown of Denmark, ought, so far as Schleswig is concerned, to be repealed." The Danes, however, both government and people, refuse to repeal the constitution. Hence the invasion of Schleswig, and the commencement of this war, which, we fear, is like the letting out of waters. The interests of England, and of the general peace of Europe, were opposed to the adoption of hostilities; but the German Powers must consult not our interests but their own; and, considering the violent popular excitement in Germany, it is hard to see how they could have refrained from acting as they did. It is also doubtful whether, if the German Powers had refrained from taking action in the matter, the result would have been better for Denmark. Free corps would have entered the duchies, supported by the population, hostilities would have ensued, and whatsoever might have been the issue of the hostilities, the popular excitement in Germany would have become uncontrollable, and an attack upon Denmark would have taken place of a more embittered character, and with less regard for legality, than that which has been made. War would have ensued in the one case as well as in the other. The diet is not bound by the treaty of London, one object of which is to maintain the integrity of Denmark; but Austria and Prussia are bound by it, and still profess themselves willing to respect the integrity of Denmark, if the Danish government fulfill the engagements of 1851-2. Whether they will continue willing to do this, or whether it will be possible for them to do so, after the occurrence of events which seem to be impending, is another question, and one which we are disposed to answer emphatically in the negative. But

at least let us acknowledge the fact that, after twelve years of pacific negotiations, the Danish government had not fulfilled the engagements of 1851-2, and, in part, had directly violated them, and that the German Powers were legally entitled to intervene in order to secure their fulfillment. The act of intervention, and the ultimate consequences which it may produce, are matters distinct from one another. We acknowledge the legality of the intervention, but we deeply deplore the disastrous complications which are almost certain to arise from it.

Thus far we have considered the Dano-German war as a question of treaties; but it has another and not less important aspect. The engagements of 1851-2 are the proximate cause of the war; but what was the cause of these engagements being made? The answer to this question will reveal the real nature of the present conflict. Formally, it is a war arising out of treaties; fundamentally, it is a war of nationality. It is needless to inquire how far the engagements exacted from Denmark in 1851-2 were justified by previous obligations. The revolution in the duchies in 1848, and the hostilities which followed between Denmark and the German Powers, formed a new starting-point, and led to a new settlement. In that settlement the German Powers took measures to secure the nationality of the German population embraced in the kingdom of Denmark, and to prevent their being amalgamated with the Danes in such a way as to endanger their nationality or destroy the autonomy of the duchies. They wished to keep this German population distinct from the Danes, in order that, eventually, when an occasion offered, these Germans might be reunited to the rest of the fatherland. This object was natural and legitimate as far as concerned Holstein and Lauenburg, both of which duchies, although subject to the King of Denmark, are members of the German confederation, and their population consists entirely of Germans. But the case of Schleswig is different. That duchy never at any time belonged to Germany, and its population is only half German. On the principle of nationality, therefore, Germany can only advance a pretension to that duchy, not a natural right. In exacting from the Danish government (in 1851-2) the pledge never to incorporate Schleswig with Denmark proper, the

German Powers pushed their claims to an extreme; and though they insist upon the fulfillment of their pledge, we do not think that even force of arms will enable them to carry their point. The motive for their insisting upon the non-incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark proper obviously is, that the *whole* of that duchy (as well as Holstein and Lauenburg) may ultimately lapse into the possession of Germany. But as the northern half of Schleswig is peopled by Danes, the annexation of the whole province to Germany would be as inadmissible on the principle of nationality as to annex any part of it would be a most flagrant breach of legality. To all appearance, Lauenburg, Holstein, and part of Schleswig, are lost to the Danish monarchy; but the line of the river Schlei and the Dannenwerke, the old bulwark of the Dane against the German is likely once more to become the boundary between these rival, but not very discordant nationalities. The German Powers, indeed, with spade and mattock, may level that old bulwark of the Norseland, but they will not so easily erase the line of national demarkation with which it nearly coincides.

We point out what may be called the natural rights involved in the question, in addition to the legal, not only because it is necessary to show the real nature of the present conflict, but also because we believe that these natural rights will play a more important part in the ultimate settlement of the question than the legal ones. Of the two millions and a half which form the population of Denmark, fully eight hundred thousand are Germans; and a kingdom so constituted is ill-fitted to resist the disintegrating effects of the principle of nationality. If the war go on, it is hopeless to expect that either side will be bound by the treaties *ante bellum*. The power of the sword, and the force of natural rights, will determine the question; and in this age of nationality, "natural rights" constitute a power which it is difficult to override. That the war will go on, we see every reason to believe. The Danes will not give up Schleswig. They will grant a perfect autonomy to Holstein and Lauenburg, and may make up their minds to see these provinces ultimately fall away from the Danish monarchy; but they will not repeal the bond which unites Schleswig with Denmark proper. To do so, after what has passed,

would be tantamount to handing that province also over to Germany. Therefore they are right to refuse to do so, even though the British government itself has urged the proposal. What more can they lose by continuing the war? For the Germans to attempt to annex Denmark proper would be a folly as well as a crime. Neither has Germany the least chance of being able to make such an annexation. If she can annex Schleswig, that is the most she can possibly do. Why, then, should the Danes consent to dis sever the union with Schleswig (which, we repeat, would now be equivalent to handing the whole province over to Germany), in order to stop hostilities, when they could lose no more by a continuance of the war, however unfavorable to them might be the issue?

But if the Danes do not consent to this disunion with Schleswig, the war will go on. Hence we infer that it will go on. And what is to be the upshot? How long will the general peace of Europe withstand the strain now put on it? How long will other peoples refrain from asserting the principle of nationality? The German Powers, it is true, adhere to legality while acting on behalf of nationality. But there are other Powers not so scrupulous, who are ready to act for nationality independent of legality. Is there not one power, also, which, despite its high-sounding professions, is ready to achieve its ambitious projects in defiance alike of legality and nationality? Italy may covet Venetia, Germany may covet Holstein and Lauenburg, on the principle of nationality, but the Rhenish provinces can not be seized by France save in direct contravention of that principle. And yet, is not the policy of Napoleon simply this—while supporting the cause of nationality against other governments, to violate it in the most high-handed manner by the annexations which he makes on his own frontiers?

There is one point in connection with the Dano-German war which the British public must carefully consider. What is to be our policy in the troublous times upon which Europe has entered? Five years ago we supported the cause of nationality in Italy. Are we to face about now, and adopt the opposite principle? If we approved the principle of nationality when acted upon by the intriguing and not very scrupulous Italians, how can we

ignore it when adopted by the far more honest German race? The Italian war, as we have since learned, was the result of a secret plot; and from the beginning of the movement until its completion, almost every success gained by the popular party was an infraction of legality—some of them so glaring as to be almost without a parallel. Yet all parties in this country condoned these infractions of legality, and we believe the majority heartily approved of them. Not to speak of the irregular expedition of Garibaldi against Naples, which our government could have stopped by sending a single frigate to the Straits of Messina (a course which the French emperor proposed, but which Lord Palmerston rejected); nor of the invasion and annexation of a portion of the Papal States by the Piedmontese, in violation of every principle of international law; nor of our recognition of the annexation of Naples to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel, although the King of Naples was still fighting for his crown on his own soil—let us take a case from Italy which is likely to have an exact parallel in the issue of this Dano-German war. By the terms of peace concluded at Villafranca, the Emperor of the French agreed that Parma, Modena, and Tuscany should be restored to their governments. But these duchies refused to return to their old allegiance, and voted their annexation to Piedmont. In these circumstances the British government sided energetically with the duchies—asserting for them the right to choose their own rulers—and the Emperor of the French at length acquiesced in the annexation. Suppose, then, that at the close of this Dano-German war, the duchies refuse to reënter into relationship with the Danish crown, and by a vote, of the people decree their annexation to the fatherland, is England to interfere in opposition to this resolution on their part, and endeavor to force the duchies back into their old allegiance? On the contrary, what could our government do in such a case but assent? Indeed, they are bound by their antecedents not only to assert, but to approve.

Since the principle of nationality obtains the hearty support of this country, as exemplified in the case of Italy, how comes it that we are so unwilling to recognize its claims when advanced, in perfectly legal form, by the Germans? Chiefly because this aspect of the Dano-German

question has never fairly been placed before the public. The newspapers, in unwonted ignorance of the real nature of the case, opened full cry against the Germans; and although the publication of the dispatches has tended to correct the first erroneous impressions, the public has been so inflamed against the Germans that the irritation is not likely speedily to be effaced. It may hasten a return to sobriety to know that our irritation against the Germans is carefully watched, and will, ere long, be turned to good account, by one who is as little a friend of ours as of theirs. Set England and Germany by the ears, and the Rhine provinces drop into the hands of Napoleon like a ripe pear. And Belgium will share the same fate whenever the aged King Leopold, the good and wise, is gathered to his fathers. "Antwerp," said Napoleon the First, "is worth a kingdom to me: it is a loaded pistol held to the head of England." We wonder what Englishmen will think of themselves a few years hence, when, as a consequence of their blundering, they see this formidable vantage-ground falling into the hands of Napoleon the Third?

When the position of affairs in Europe is so troubled and menacing, demanding so much vigilance on the part of our statesmen, and threatening seriously to affect the interests of our country, it is deeply to be regretted that our relations with America should likewise be extremely embarrassing. Now, as on former occasions, the question of maritime rights forms the ground of quarrel between our government and that of the United States. In this matter the conduct of our government has been exceedingly unsatisfactory. A complete change has taken place in the views and conduct of the ministry within the last half year. The legal principles which they previously announced and acted upon, they now repudiate and condemn: so that, if they are right now, they were manifestly wrong before. Moreover, this change of views is directly traceable to a menacing dispatch forwarded by the American government to its representative at our court, and the substance of which was communicated by him to our minister for foreign affairs. The communication, indeed, was not made officially; but the menace was made known; and the change which immediately took place in the conduct of our government has been ascribed (and quite naturally) by the American minister

himself to the influence of the menaces which his government had employed. The character, as well as the *prestige*, of the British government has thereby been seriously damaged. Our government appears in the odious light of conceding what is just only upon compulsion; or, as many in this country think, of violating our laws at the imperious command of a foreign power.

The question thus at issue between our government and the cabinet of Washington may be classed under three heads: the case of the *Alabama*; the case of the steam-rams; and the numerous cases in which American ships of war have captured British merchant vessels under circumstances of most questionable legality, including the case of the *Saxon*, where an act of murder was perpetrated by an American officer. It is admitted that it is unlawful for a neutral power to permit a vessel equipped for war to proceed from its ports as the property of, or to coöperate with, a belligerent State. The *Alabama*, when it sailed from our ports, was not equipped for war: it could not have engaged in belligerent operations of any kind. All its warlike equipment it received afterward, and in a place entirely beyond our jurisdiction. We have no law by which the sailing of such a vessel could be prevented. But it was ascertained, that though she had no warlike material on board, the vessel had such preparations for receiving it as to place her destination in that respect beyond doubt. The solicitor-general, in the discussion on Friday, the 4th of March, stated the case of the *Alabama*, and of some other vessels which have been placed in the same category, with great clearness and fairness. In reply to Mr. Lefevre, the learned gentleman said:

"It was said that the government had permitted the escape of four vessels that ought not to have left these ports, and they were also accused of not taking means to repair the mischief thus done. First, with respect to the *Florida*. Before she left the shores of this country the government had no sufficient information—no evidence—that she was destined for the Confederate service. She was detained at Nassau, and inquiries were made there by the consular court, which acquitted her. That might have been for want of evidence, but in the face of that acquittal the government could not declare that her equipment was a violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. Nor was there any reason to suppose that she was manned from

this country. There were some few Englishmen among her crew, but there was no ground for believing that the greater part of her crew did not belong to the Confederate States. It was therefore impossible for her majesty's government to have stopped the Florida, or to treat her now otherwise than as the properly-commissioned vessel of a belligerent they had recognized. In the case of the Georgia, there was no sufficient evidence before she left that she was intended for the Confederate States. The government, however, had since received information that she was manned in a great measure from Liverpool, and proceedings had been taken against a firm of that town who were charged—he would not say whether rightly or otherwise—with having organized a system of enlisting men for the Georgia and other vessels.

"The case of the Alabama was different from those of the Florida and the Georgia, and also differed from that of the Alexandra. The Alabama had what might be called an exclusively warlike equipment, with sockets for guns. Depositions were made and laid before the law officers of the crown that the Alabama was manned at Liverpool, that the agents of the Confederate States at Liverpool enlisted men for her as fighting seamen, and that forty or fifty embarked, some knowing their destination and others being ignorant of it. Now, the law officers of the crown at that time were of opinion that the Alabama ought not to be allowed to leave Liverpool, and in that opinion he (the solicitor-general) had only to say that he entirely concurred. But the vessel escaped, and he quite agreed with his honorable friend who spoke last that her escape was a misfortune. But at the same time it was not a misfortune for which her majesty's government could fairly be held responsible. As soon as the evidence was presented to government it was laid before the law officers of the crown, their opinion was given without delay, and a telegram was immediately sent to Liverpool, directing that the vessel should be stopped. She escaped by a *ruse*, under pretence that she was going on a trial trip. Her majesty's government could not give assurance to other countries that no vessel could possibly escape, or that our laws would not be evaded. All they were bound to do was to bring a fair amount of vigilance to bear in order to prevent violations or evasions of the law. But if it turned out that not merely the Alabama had escaped by a *ruse*, but a number of other vessels—if several steam-rams—and to the subject of the steam-rams he should not further allude—had been permitted to escape by similar means, so that the American government could have said to her majesty's government: 'You are maintaining not a real but a fraudulent neutrality; you are conniving at violations of your laws which are notorious to every body; you won't put your Foreign Enlistment Act into effect'—then they might have just ground of complaint. But the answer to

all their complaints, and to all their claims—and, that there might be no doubt upon the matter, these claims the government distinctly resisted—was, 'We have fairly and honestly enforced the Foreign Enlistment Act, and have done our best to preserve our neutrality.'

"With respect to the Rappahannock, his honorable and learned friend was not correct in saying that she was fitted out in one of her majesty's dockyards. She was certainly fitted out in the proximity of one of the dockyards. She was bought by agents of the Confederate States, and was equipped at Sheerness, and her majesty's government were so much imposed upon as to lend artificers to equip her. But he could say that neither her majesty's government nor the law officers of the crown—so secretly was the equipment managed—had any information that the vessel was being fitted out for the service of the Confederate States until she escaped. It was, therefore, unreasonable to blame the government for not having prevented her departure. The greater part of the men on board were not aware of the purpose for which they were enlisted, and therefore it would have been extremely harsh to have instituted a prosecution against them. But he regretted to say, her majesty's government had too much reason to suppose that an officer in their employment was more seriously compromised. They had therefore thought it their duty to institute a prosecution against him, which would shortly come before the Queen's Bench, and he need not say it would give her majesty's government great pleasure if that gentleman could prove his innocence. He could not agree with the remark that those ships should be treated as English vessels. He denied that they were English vessels. They were not officered by British officers. They were Confederate vessels having Confederate commissions; and because some Englishmen had enlisted in them, and some more might have been employed in fitting them up, that was no ground for calling them British vessels. His honorable and learned friend had said, in the first place, that they ought to pursue and capture those ships. Capture the Alabama! But they should catch her first. ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.) He would remind his honored and learned friend that when a vessel was commissioned by a recognized belligerent no inquiry could be made into her previous history. It had been decided in the American courts that a commission from a recognized belligerent obliterated the past offenses of the vessel. Therefore, as they had every reason to suppose that the Alabama and the other vessels referred to were public vessels of war, commissioned by a recognized belligerent, it would not be in accordance with the law of nations to pursue and capture them on account of the original illegality in their proceedings. An act of that kind might be construed as no less than an act of war. But, secondly, his honorable and learned friend had said, 'You ought to keep them out of your ports.' No doubt there was more to

be said for that. Her majesty had a right to prohibit the entrance of any vessel into her ports. But, at the same time, her majesty's government thought that, while preserving neutrality and admitting Federal vessels into our ports, if Confederate vessels, or even a limited number of them, were to be excluded, they would be accused of oppressing the weak and truckling to the strong. On the whole, therefore, it was thought more consistent with a fair neutrality to allow the vessels of both parties to come into our ports. There might, however, be conduct on the part of the Confederate government and of those vessels which would justify her majesty's government in revoking that permission. His honorable and learned friend next said that they ought to make the attempts to violate the neutrality of this country by using our ports for the building and equipping of vessels of war the subject of remonstrance to the Confederate government. He did not understand his honorable and learned friend to have recommended war. On the contrary, he deprecated any such idea. 'Because,' as he said, 'you do not recognize the Confederates as an independent State, but as a belligerent merely, that is no reason for allowing them to pursue any course of wrong-doing.' He (the solicitor-general) agreed with that opinion. They did not recognize the Confederates as an independent power, and for the simple reason that they were not. They had recognized them as belligerents because they were belligerents. But that was no reason why they should allow wrong to be done to the neutrality of this country. There was, however, some difficulty in approaching the Confederates. It was by no means so easy to make communications to the Confederate government, nor was the difficulty lightened by their having expelled our consuls. But that was a matter which was under the consideration of the government, and he believed steps would be very shortly taken for the purpose of conveying to the Confederate government the remonstrances of this country, and giving them an opportunity of explaining why their agents had acted in the manner described."

Of course the government of Washington may insist that our government was not so vigilant in the case of the Alabama as it should have been, or that our law is not such as it should be. But no case can be made out in either of these directions sufficient to sustain a demand for compensation. If that demand is ever to become a *casus belli*, England, we doubt not, will be well prepared to meet it.

The case of the steam-rams is obviously different from that of the Alabama. The configuration of these vessels is such as to enable them to commence belligerent operations without any further equipment. Very ineffective they would be without

cannon, it is true; nevertheless, they could fight after a fashion. No one doubts that it is unlawful to permit such vessels to be built in our ports for the service of a belligerent power. The only question was, whether or not they were being built for the Confederate government. There was a very strong presumption in favor of the supposition that they were being built for that government. But there was no evidence to that effect; and without a reasonable amount of evidence it is a violation of our Constitution for any government to confiscate property or imprison persons. This was the answer with which our government met the demands of the American minister that the steam-rams should be seized. But the menacing dispatch of Mr. Seward sufficed to change the tone of our government in this matter also. Lord Russell stated in public that our laws were defective and ought to be altered. Lord Palmerston, however—who, as he says himself, has not forgotten the fate which attended his Conspiracy bill—convinced his colleague that any attempt to alter our laws in order to meet the demands of the American government would end in a failure disastrous to the ministry. No such proposal, therefore, has been made. But instead of altering our laws, the government has disregarded them. They ordered the steam-rams to be seized in the beginning of September, yet at this moment, after seven months' delay, they acknowledge that they have not obtained evidence sufficient to enable them to bring the case to trial. We believe that an international wrong would have been committed if these vessels had been allowed to put to sea. We believe that the conduct of the government in this matter is in accordance with equity, though not with law. But it is a dangerous precedent. The government has placed itself above the law. And it is an additional misfortune that the conduct of the government has been so self-contradictory as to give to this arbitrary measure the appearance of having been taken out of deference to the threats of the American minister.

The third class of cases which raise the important question of maritime rights between this country and America is far too numerous to be dealt with in detail. The papers on the subject are admitted by all parties to be too voluminous to be

submitted to parliament. Only a few cases are to be so submitted to parliament, and some of these are still in course of preparation. The principle of maritime law which rules this large class of cases is simple enough; but the application of the principle is a difficult matter in many cases, owing to the modifying circumstances and conflicting evidence which attend them. A ship *bonâ fide* sailing between neutral ports may carry munitions of war without being liable to capture. This is admitted on all hands. Accordingly, the trade between this country and the port of Nassau, and also between this country and Matamoras, in Mexico, ought to be perfectly free and unaffected by the belligerent operations of the American States. But from Matamoras warlike stores are easily conveyed across the Mexican frontier into the Confederate States, and the port of Nassau is the great rendezvous of vessels which are designed to "run the blockade." Hence the Federal cruisers naturally regard all trading vessels between this country and these ports with suspicion, and seek to obstruct the trade as much as possible. In their desire to do this there can be little doubt that in not a few cases they have overstepped legality, and have seized vessels bearing warlike stores simply on the moral conviction that the ulterior object of these vessels was incompatible with neutrality. The vessels so seized must be carried into port, and the validity of the seizure be determined by the American prize-courts. The decisions of these courts may be right or may be wrong—and their impartiality is not above suspicion; but there is no act of statesmanship more full of grave responsibility than for a government to object to the decision of the legally constituted courts of another country. Even in the case of the Saxon, where a foul murder was committed by a Federal officer, our government may be foiled in its efforts to obtain justice against the criminal. The Federal government will put him upon his trial, but, having done so, they will wash their hands of the business. It is by no means probable that an American jury will convict him of the crime with which he is charged, and in such an event, the public of this country will feel a most justifiable indignation. In truth, every month that this deplorable conflict in America lasts, the list of grievances between this country and the bel-

ligerent States increases, and the task of settling differences and preserving peaceful relations between the two countries becomes more difficult.

It seems as if the present year is destined to witness a tumult of war on both sides of the Atlantic, and it will require great sagacity on the part of our statesmen to keep England out of the *mêlée*. In Europe, the conflict between Germany and Denmark threatens to grow wider, and assume the character of a general war. Italy has been arming for the last three months; France is getting ready her iron-clad fleet; the Poles are preparing for a general movement, which is to include Posen and Galicia as well as the Russian provinces—nay, even Hungary and the Danubian provinces—in order to coöperate with the expected attack of Italy and France. On the other side, Prussia, Austria, Russia, taking note of the impending danger, are combining preparations to resist it. If the British government were to renew the Anglo-French alliance, war would be rendered inevitable, and a shock of nations would ensue such as Europe has not yet witnessed. Whether any policy on the part of our government will suffice to avert a European war is more than doubtful, but we feel assured that if our government make a new league with the Emperor of the French for carrying on hostilities, the result will be disastrous to ourselves. Such a league, it is true, may yet be forced upon England by the pressure of events; but at best it will be an evil hardly inferior to that which it is designed to remedy. Were we to join with France in such a crusade, we should soon find that we had no control over the movements and issue of the conflict; we should find that the objects for which we fought were wholly disregarded, and that Napoleon would not only turn the war to the aggrandizement of France, but would end it by making friends, at our expense, with some of the very powers with which we, in alliance with him, had gone to war. We profoundly sympathize with the cause of freedom and nationality in Europe, but we demur to taking part in a war in which these words are invoked merely as a cover for selfish ambition. We have a deep-rooted and amply justified distrust of the French emperor. In the event of war he will make tools (if he can) of the Italians, and leave them in the lurch. He may

fight for Poland, and he will willingly aggrandize her at the expense of Germany, but he will end by making peace with Russia. And finally, if he draws the sword for Denmark, it will only be in order that he may seize and annex the provinces of the Rhine. We trust that a general war may be avoided, but we trust still more that England will not take part in it in alliance with an ambitious despot, who plays fast and loose with every Power, and who, supremely regardful of his own interests, seeks to close every war in a manner which is more satisfactory to his antagonists than to his allies.

Europe has entered upon a transition period certain to be fraught with momentous changes; and before that period is far advanced we shall see the system of alliances (which many persons imagine to be exploded) arising on a still grander scale than Europe has witnessed. During that period, too, Europe will cast off the slough of selfishness which now deadens the hearts of nations and paralyzes the policy of governments. Governments have duties as well as interests; yet of late every one of them is bent on shirking its duties. Governments, in shaping their policy, do not inquire what is right, but what will pay. How long, then, will the present system of established rights continue to be recognized? Europe is a commonwealth, where peace and order

should be maintained by the conjoined action or balanced influence of the great Powers. At present there is no such restraining force; no alliances, no conjoined action, no common watching over the public weal. The result of this will soon be apparent. Convulsion and temporary chaos will break in upon Europe. The fabric of power, which confesses itself antiquated by the fact of its impotency, is ready to perish, and will pass away, giving place to one based upon the new facts, not on the old traditions. We look forward to the future with anxiety, but without fear. It is by cycles and changes such as these that Providence keeps alive the generous emotions of mankind, while carrying on the work of material progress. A level reach of material prosperity, when wealth and intellect accumulate, and the nobler passions grow benumbed, is ever succeeded in human history by rapids of war and convulsion, in which higher and sterner developments of national life are attained, and selfishness is purged out of men's hearts by the fires of suffering. Anxious as the German Powers doubtless are to close the present contest before it leads to graver complications, we believe they will not succeed. And the sparks of this little war, ere they can be trampled out, will in all probability give rise to a contest of infinitely greater magnitude, and in which the interests of England will be more deeply involved.

DISCOVERY OF A SUBTERRANEAN FOREST AT HULL.—During the excavations now progressing at the Victoria Dock extension works, at Hull, a discovery interesting to antiquarians has been made. In several places, at a depth of about thirty-two feet from the surface, and beneath a seam of sand several feet in thickness, may be seen the remains of an ancient forest, held almost in a state of solution. In one instance the root and part of the stem of an immense oak, about twenty feet in circumference, and in a good state of preservation, lies exposed, and, as it is on a level with the bottom of the dock, it will probably continue in its original position until the end of time. The remains of the trunks of two other large trees have also been dug up, one of which bears the evident marks of fire. In some instances the wood is mixed with clay, and mostly as black as ebony, and when cut by the workmen's spades, soon crumbles into dust by the action of the air. The forest appears to have been of very great extent,

for at present no limit has been found to its boundaries. Wherever the excavations are continued, the workmen still discover traces of its existence. It may not be uninteresting to describe the geological condition of the strata. Clay is found to about fifteen feet below the surface, and beneath that the above-mentioned seam of sand, which is followed by a stratum of sand of a moister nature, greatly mixed with cockle and other fresh-water shells, and then comes the seam containing the wood, wetter still.

THE ROCK-CUT TEMPLES OF INDIA.—Fabulous antiquity has been ascribed to the rock-cut temples and caves of the Buddhists in India. The researches of James Prinsep and other learned Orientalists have demonstrated that the very earliest of these remains date from the second or third century before Christ. The whole range of Buddhist architecture does not cover more than about thirteen centuries.

From Chambers's Journal.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

It is many years ago, probably about the date of your birth, my average reader, that I learned what I am about to tell you. At that time there stood on the northwest coast of Ireland a building known as Kyarlin Castle. The greater part of it was very ancient; and the remainder had been built not less than one hundred and fifty years. I had commenced that pursuit, the taste for which remains with me to this day—namely, the search after antiquities capable of throwing light on the early history and customs of our ancestors. It happened, that while I was talking with a man who had been collecting kelp on the beach, he pulled out a piece of greenish-looking metal. To a man who regarded it with an uneducated eye, there was nothing in the appearance of it to give it any value; but I saw at once it was an axe of the bronze period. Finding he had picked it up on the shore, I spent as much of my time as I could spare for some weeks afterward in making search beneath the cliffs for other relics of a similar kind. I was one day so absorbed in studying the appearance of certain stones that lay on the beach, and which, for reasons I will not go into now, I thought were the remains of one of the most ancient of the Celtic edifices that have been discovered, that I did not notice how high the tide had risen, till it came washing among the stones I was examining. I looked round quickly, and saw, with a very uncomfortable sensation, that the sea already reached the cliffs I had passed. To escape that way before the tide would carry me off my legs, and beat me against the rocks, was, I knew, impossible. Hope lay in going onward, and finding an opening in the cliffs before the tide had risen much higher. I stumbled along as fast as I could go, over the slippery seaweed; but the sea was surging and foaming against the rocks so strongly that I found it difficult to make any progress at all. Looking ahead, I could see no sign

of a break in the cliffs, and I was about to resign myself to death, when I arrived opposite a cave which seemed to have been worn by the waves during storms. Looking into this little cave, I observed that the line of sea-weed on the fragments of rock indicated that during ordinary tides it was not filled by the sea. To go forward seemed certain death, to remain here gave at least a hope of escape. Hastily deciding in favor of the cave, I entered, and to shield myself from the surf as much as possible, immediately began piling up the pieces of rock and seaweed so as to make as effectual a barrier as was in my power between me and it. After enduring a long period of painful suspense, I saw with fervent thankfulness the setting in of the ebb. I was calculating the chances of my being able to reach a certain point in the cliffs by which I might ascend from the beach before it became dark, when I was suddenly startled by hearing a voice, which seemed to be at my elbow, say: "Here is another blanket for you. It is more than you deserve; but I will not deny you any physical comfort I permit myself to enjoy."

A weaker voice, but also that of a female replied: "Oh, my lady, let me but see the blessed sunlight again, and I will not care for clothes or food. Think of the years I have suffered in this dark place."

To which the first speaker answered in a passionate tone: "And what have your sufferings been compared to mine? Have I any hope of escape from mine, you wretched woman? Nay, does not every day that adds to my weakness increase the pains I suffer, by making me feel more acutely the want of sympathy of which I have been deprived through you?"

The dull sound of a closing door, and a low moaning which followed, was all that I heard afterward. To find words which could give you any idea of my utter astonishment, is impossible. Though dark, the cavity was so small at the upper end

that I could satisfy myself by feeling, almost without stirring from the spot whereon I was seated, that there was no opening from it, and certainly that no other person was present in it besides myself. After much reflection, the truth began to dawn upon my mind; the only building along that part of the coast which lay close to the edge of the cliff was Kyarlin Castle, and that the voices came from inmates of that building, I was the more induced to believe by the words "my lady," which, though they did not imply that the person addressed bore that title, yet showed she was a person of some distinction. Of course, you think I at once opened a conversation with the person imprisoned; but I did nothing of the kind. At that time, every family of the least influence living in the remoter parts of Ireland had individuals hanging about them capable of any act of violence on the slightest intimation from any member of the family, or even from a confidential servant, that it would be agreeable to them. In my case, caution was especially necessary, as I was the minister of the small proportion of the inhabitants of the surrounding district who professed Protestantism, and was therefore more than usually obnoxious to those who adhered to the creed I considered it my duty to do my utmost to supplant. Moreover, I did not know how far I might be acting rightly in aiding the escape of the imprisoned woman. For the present, therefore, I determined on doing nothing; and crept as quietly as possible out of the cavity, and walked home. The next day I returned in the same direction; and when I reached the castle, I stooped down, and pretended to pick up a stone, which I threw down on the beach; but the stone I threw down I had painted before I left home, so that I should distinguish it readily among those which lay on the shore. From this place I walked slowly on till I reached the cleft by which I had ascended the previous evening, down which I scrambled to the beach, and turned back to the cave. Close to the entrance I found the colored stone, which confirmed my conjecture that the excavation adjoined an apartment in Kyarlin Castle. I went in with as little noise as possible, as it was now low water, and there was no sound to drown any I might chance to make. I listened, but all was silent. At last I determined to risk a

question; and putting my head close to the loose stones at the spot from whence the voices seemed to issue, I asked: "Is there any body shut up in there?"

A low cry followed, and a woman said: "Oh, do, for Heaven's sake, let me out!"

There was an expression of such eager entreaty in the voice, that, joined to what I had heard the day before, decided me on assisting her to escape, and thus giving her a chance of appealing to the law for protection, or, on the other hand, of compelling those who had imprisoned her here to continue her punishment in a legal manner, if there were any just ground for inflicting it. After a few more questions, I told her I would come back at the ebb of the tide that evening and release her. The operation was not a difficult one. The removal of some loose stones made an opening into a cell on a level with the beach, and through this I dragged her. The night was dark enough to make walking along the shore difficult; but it screened us from observation, if any one happened to be abroad in the neighborhood of the road we were obliged to follow to get to my cottage, which was the only place to which I could take her. Here I gave her in charge to Esther, the old woman who waited upon me. I followed them into the kitchen; but though there was no light there beyond that given by a tallow-candle and the turf-fire, the stranger covered her eyes with her hands, from inability to endure the pain it caused. She was a woman in appearance about forty years of age, with a complexion so intensely white, that I was reminded of Lot's wife after her conversion into salt. I asked no questions that evening, and what I subsequently learned from her was confirmed by Mrs. Meyrick of Kyarlin Castle, upon whom I considered it my duty to call with the aim of inducing her to make some provision for the poor victim of her passion. From other sources too, and at different periods, I heard other matters relating to the case, which enables me to give the following narrative in a connected form:

Catherine Mostyn was the daughter of a man who had succeeded to a large but encumbered estate, and by a continuance of the same careless extravagance which he had been accustomed to see from his youth upward, he had, by the time his daughter had completed her seventeenth year, reduced himself to a condition in

which he was scarcely any thing better than the steward of the estate nominally his own. Just about this time, Henry Meyrick returned from St. Omer, where he had been for several years living with a priest, who had been his instructor from his youth. His age was then twenty-two, and having neither father nor mother, it was supposed that he would not long remain at Kyarlin Castle, especially as the man who had been appointed by the executors to manage the estate attached to it had proved himself both honest and able. Shortly after his return to Ireland, Mostyn, as one of his nearest neighbors, and who had known him before he had been sent to France, called on him, and invited him to his house. Here, of course, he became acquainted with Kate Mostyn. She was remarkable for her exceeding loveliness, which was almost equaled by her pride, and the cold severity, almost sternness of her manner. Much of this latter may have been engendered by poverty, acting on a naturally proud and haughty character, and the continual discontent arising out of a comparison of her actual condition with what it might have been. Henry Meyrick soon became so deeply attached to her, that nobody was surprised when it was announced that the day had been fixed for their marriage. When this event took place, they went abroad for a few months, Mrs. Meyrick having never been out of Ireland previously. They had not long returned to Kyarlin Castle, before it was a matter of common talk that he saw only with her eyes. Childishly fond as Mr. Meyrick was of his wife and submissive as this led him to be to all her whims and fancies, he was not altogether without firmness of character in his dealings with men; and if he had remained a free man three or four years after his separation from his tutor, instead of falling in love immediately, and marrying shortly afterwards, he might have acquired experience, which would have prevented the occurrence of the evils which wrecked his own and his wife's happiness, and cruelly injured one I firmly believe to have been an innocent victim.

Mrs. Meyrick was devotedly attached to her husband, but she was exacting in the extreme in the testimonies of his affection, and jealous of every woman to whom he paid the slightest attention. Her attendant was about the same age as herself, an Englishwoman she had engag-

ed in London on her way to the continent. This girl being of lively and engaging manners, and very pretty, was a great favorite with her mistress, and for this reason probably was treated by her master with a degree of familiarity not very surprising, considering their youth, and the extent to which circumstances had compelled all three of them to associate during their journey on the continent. Intimacies of such a kind are always dangerous, even if only from misconception; and it was exemplified in this instance. Mrs. Meyrick had sent her maid to her husband's study for a book she wanted; but directly after the girl had left her room, she changed her mind, and decided on reading some other. Going to the study, she opened the door, and was about to enter. Meyrick was there and the girl; but what it was which made Catherine close the door again, and turn away with a face so deadly pale, she never told any body, I believe, unless it might have been her spiritual adviser. She went back to her room, and locked herself in, and when her husband came to her, she would neither open it nor answer him. Finding she remained obstinately silent, he left the castle, and did not return that night, perhaps thinking he would thus bring her to hear reason. It strongly favors the opinion that Mrs. Meyrick was hasty in her conclusions, since her maid did not show any reluctance to go to her mistress when she rang her bell, who, however, refused to allow her to enter the room, and rang again for another servant. That night, Jane Wilmot, her maid, disappeared.

The day was still young when Henry Meyrick returned to the castle, after a night spent on the sea-shore. He was almost as white as his wife was when she turned away from his study-door the previous day. Walking wearily along the passage leading to this room, he told the man who followed him to bring him some coffee; and throwing his hat into one corner, he was about to sit down to his writing-table, when he saw lying on it a letter, or rather a small packet, addressed to himself in his wife's handwriting. Hastily opening it, he saw, not an offer of forgiveness, for the paper it contained was a blank sheet, but something which seemed to act upon him like the fabled head of the Medusa of old on those who looked on it. When the man entered with

the coffee, which was quite half an hour afterward, he saw his master take something from the table, and thrust it quickly into the breast-pocket of his coat, and then leave the room without touching the coffee, or speaking a single word. He went straight to the stables, put a saddle and bridle on the first horse he came to, without heeding or seeming to hear the offers of a groom to do it for him, and rode off. The groom said afterward that his master looked like a man who had seen a ghost. A few days afterward, his steward received a letter from him, directing him to forward a certain sum of money at specified periods to a bank in London; and this was the last communication received from him.

The sudden disappearance of Jane Wilmot excited a great deal of talk in the country round. Various rumors were, of course, in circulation to account for it; but that which received the greatest currency, and, for a time, was most generally credited, was that Mr. Meyrick had taken her away with him. Gradually, as the circumstances under which he had left became known, this opinion died away. Before this had happened, however, a young man named William Macarthy, who had inherited a small farm from his father, presented himself at Kyarlin Castle, and requested to see Mrs. Meyrick. At first, she refused to see him; but he insisted so strongly, that she could not continue her refusal, and was forced to admit him to an interview. His object in calling on her was to ascertain what had become of Jane Wilmot. He gave no credit to the rumor that she had gone away with Mr. Meyrick, and read some letters he had received from her, proving that he had for a considerable period been paying his addresses to her, and that matters had advanced so far that he had been pressing her to fix the day for their marriage. Under these circumstances, it was natural that he should refuse to believe any thing to her discredit, or that she could have left the country without communicating with him. The inference he drew, therefore, was, that she was still in the castle. From what I have said of Mrs. Meyrick's character, you will have no difficulty in imagining the kind of reply she would give him. Macarthy, rendered bold by his love for the missing girl, insisted that she would not have left the castle without the knowledge and consent

of her mistress, nor without informing him of her intention. Mrs. Meyrick was far too proud even to suggest that her husband had taken the girl away with him. Violent language closed the interview, and Macarthy left with the threat, that he would go to a magistrate, and get him to send constables to search the castle.

In the same room with Mrs. Meyrick, when Macarthy entered, was the woman she had selected to be her attendant in place of the English girl. As the language became warmer, this woman, indignant at hearing her mistress spoken to in such terms, and, as was the nature of Irish servants then, at all events in the rural districts, more jealous for her dignity than even her mistress herself, rang the bell, and before Macarthy left, all the servants, and even the supernumeraries who happened to be in the castle at the moment, had assembled about the door and heard his closing threat as he left the room. Nothing but Mrs. Meyrick's repeated orders saved him from violent treatment before he left the castle. As it was, they were ineffectual beyond its walls. William Macarthy was found lying in the road, a few hours later, dead. The number of pieces of lead and other metal found in his body and clothes showed that he must either have been fired at by several guns, or that some peculiar weapon had been used. This latter was the suggestion of a shrewd medical man who examined the body.

Macarthy was a man who had relatives and many friends, and these not of a kind to let his murder pass unpunished. It soon reached their ears that he had left Kyarlin Castle with the intention of applying to a justice to have it searched for the young English girl he was going to marry, and they naturally inferred that the murderer must be some person connected with the family there. To find out who this murderer was, they had recourse to an expedient which I thought had been discontinued generations before. A stage was erected, and on this the body of the deceased was laid on a sheet. The whole of the men-servants employed at Kyarlin Castle were ordered by Mrs. Meyrick to attend the ceremony of touching the body. One by one his friends approached and laid their hands on the chest of the corpse, and so also did every other man present, Mrs. Meyrick's servants remain-

ing till the last. These, in their turn, drew near, and repeated the ceremony in succession, without any result, till a man named Shaw, who was employed at the castle to look after the boats, laid his hand on the deceased's chest in the same manner as the others. Unaccountable as it may appear, the wounds on the instant opened afresh, and blood began to trickle from them on to the bier. The man immediately fell down in a fit, and in this condition was thrown into a cart, and escorted by all the friends of the deceased to the nearest jail. His trial came on in due course, and an attempt was made to elicit from him that he had committed the murder at the suggestion of his mistress, but this he strenuously denied, and averred, what all the other servants could prove, that he separated from the rest of the servants before Macarthy had left the room. He added: "I went to the kitchen, and took down a blunderbuss that was always hanging there, and loaded it with all the slugs I could find, and filled it up with nails. Then I ran along by the fields, and waited for Macarthy at Nevin's Cross, and shot him as he was passing me." This man was convicted and hung; but Macarthy's death deprived the English-woman of the only friend she had in the country, and no further attempt was made to ascertain what had become of her.

Years passed away. Mrs. Meyrick never left the castle for a single day, and showed herself so cold and stern to all who visited her, that nobody cared to repeat their visit, and it was not long before she was left without a single person to converse with—even her father being treated by her in such a manner that he died without a request to see her.

This was the state of things at the time when I assisted the woman to escape from her dungeon. Her story was a very pitiful one, and in substance was soon told. On the night of the day on which her mistress had taken such offense at Jane Wilmot, the girl went to bed, and, though much grieved at what had passed, soon fell into a sound sleep, from which she suddenly awoke, and found her mistress bending over her in the act of tying a handkerchief round her neck. She was so frightened by the expression in her face, that she wanted to cry out; but before she could utter a sound, the knot of the handkerchief was forced into her

mouth, and she was made dumb. She tried to raise her hands to pull it out, and found that her arms were fastened at the elbows behind her back. Mrs. Meyrick then turned her on her face, and drew the cord tight till her elbows touched. Having rendered her entirely helpless, she ordered her to get out of bed, and come with her, and this in a tone that made the helpless girl get up as quickly as she could in her condition, and accompany her, all undressed as she was, to the cell from which I had rescued her. Her mistress locked the door, and went away, leaving her in darkness, and trembling with fear and cold. In a few minutes she returned with her servant's clothes, and threw them on the floor, and then the girl saw she had a naked knife in her hand. Almost dead with fright, the terrified woman threw herself on her knees, and entreated her mistress to spare her life. The latter replied not a word, and for a minute stood staring at her with eyes so widely distended, and a face so white and expressionless, that the poor creature before her, who was begging for her life, was seized with a new alarm, believing that her mistress had suddenly gone mad. At this idea, fresh horrors laid hold of her imagination, and the words she was uttering for mercy and pity were frozen on her tongue. Had I not myself seen the evidence of the mutilation, I should hesitate to tell you what followed. The mutilated part, with the ear-ring still attached, was what had so strongly excited the horror of Henry Meyrick, who, believing that it signified the death of the poor girl at the hands of his wife, could see no other course before him but escape from the country. In the wretched cell in which Jane Wilmot was thrown, she remained two days without food or clothing, for though her clothes lay on the damp floor, she could only partially cover herself with them in consequence of the way in which her arms were fastened. Believing that Mrs. Meyrick was insane, and that she would be left to die of hunger, the girl gave way to despair; and when at last her mistress returned with food, and cut the cord which bound her arms, she was so weak and helpless, that she had not a thought of resistance, and dressed herself, and ate with thankfulness. Year after year, and in total darkness, except at such times as Mrs. Meyrick brought her food, the unfortunate creature suffered in this

cell, or in a little one adjoining, where she slept. As for food, she needed so little, that she was never in actual want of it; nor, indeed, did she suffer from any deprivation except that of liberty.

On hearing her story, I was naturally so excited at the cruelty with which she had been treated, that I did not lose an hour before setting out for Kyarlin Castle. Here, after some obstacles had been thrown in my way, I had an interview with Mrs. Meyrick. I reproached her for her cruelty to Jane Wilmot in severe terms, and insisted on her making reparation to the extent of her ability. She readily adopted all my suggestions; and when I compared her present haggard appearance with what I had heard of her wonderful beauty a few years previously, I could not help feeling sorry for her. As a minister of the gospel, I thought it my duty to try and bring about a reconciliation between her and her husband; and when I spoke to her of this, she bow-

ed her head, and sobbed bitterly. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to answer my questions, she, at my request, gave me the address of the bank in London to which the steward forwarded the remittances for his master. On my return home, I wrote a full account of what I had learned to Mr. Meyrick, the liberation of Jane Wilmot, and the desire of his wife to be reconciled to him. Some months had passed when I received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick at Kyarlin Castle; and in the mean time Jane Wilmot had returned to England, too crushed and enfeebled, bodily and mentally, to entertain a thought of bringing her persecutor to justice. I procured for her all the pecuniary compensation she could require, but at the same time I carefully abstained from advising her what to do, thinking it was a matter for herself to decide, and that it was not for me to urge her to accept money in lieu of justice.

From the North British Review.

ANCIENT GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS OF SCOTLAND.*

MANY a long century has passed away since our forefathers began to speculate on the origin of those immense masses of clay, gravel, and sand, which are spread as a more or less continuous covering over well-nigh the whole of the surface of

Scotland. The Lowlands are buried deep beneath this mantle of detritus, save here and there where a knob of black rock, or a group of hills rises above it, while up the glens and valleys of the Highlands, parts of the same wide series of deposits

* *On the Revolutions of the Earth's Surface*. Sir JAMES HALL. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. vii. 1812.

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On the Evidences of the former Existence of Glaciers in Scotland, Ireland, and England. L. AGASSIZ. Proceedings of the Geological Society, vol. iii., and Edinburgh New Phil. Journal, vol. xxxiii. p. 217. 1840.

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On the Connection between the Distribution of the Existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles, and the Geological Changes which have affected their Area, especially during the Epoch of the Northern Drift. EDWARD FORBES. Memoirs of Geol. Survey, vol. i. 1846.

On Grooved and Striated Rocks in the Middle Region of Scotland. CHARLES MACLAREN. Edin. New Phil. Journal, vol. xlvii. p. 161. 1849.

On Glacial Phenomena in Scotland and parts of England. ROBERT CHAMBERS. Edin. New Phil. Journal, vol. liv. p. 229. 1852.

On the Ice-worn Rocks of Scotland. T. F. JAMIESON. Quart. Jour. Geol. Society, vol. xviii. 1862.

On the Glacial Origin of Lakes. A. C. RAMSAY. Quart. Jour. Geol. Society, vol. xviii.

On the Drift of the British Islands—"Antiquity of Man." SIR CHARLES LYELL. 1863.

On the Phenomena of the Glacial Drift of Scotland. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE. Trans. of Geol. Soc. of Glasg. vol. i. part ii. 1863.

On the parallel Roads of Glen Roy. T. F. JAMIESON. Quart. Jour. Geological Society, vol. xix. 1863.

may almost every where be traced. Nor does it require any geological training to be able to detect these features. They are of a kind that can not escape observation. Thus the gravel and sand are often arranged in singular ridges like huge lines of rampart, or in conical grassy hillocks, whose greenness forms in many places a strange contrast to the brown barrenness of the surrounding moors. Now and then, too, among the fertile fields of the low country, the eye rests on huge boulders, which must have come from the far-off mountains of the Highlands. And blocks of the same kind may be found high on the sides, and even on the summits, of the Lowland hills. So obvious and obtrusive are these phenomena, that they could not but force themselves on the attention, even in the rude ages, long before science had arisen to take any interest in them. Hence sprang up those legendary stories of wizards and warlocks, brownies and goblins, to whose supernatural agency the Scottish mind early attributed the otherwise inexplicable gravel-mounds and boulders. It was a quaint and beautiful superstition that peopled these verdurous hillocks or *tomans* with shadowy forms, like diminutive mortals, clad in green silk or in russet gray, whose unearthly music came sounding out faintly and softly from underneath the sod. The mounds rose so conspicuously from the ground, and whether in summer heat or winter frost, wore ever an aspect so smooth and green, where all around was rough with dark moss-hags and moor, that they seemed to have been raised by no natural power, but to be in very truth the work of fairy hands, designed at once to mark and to guard the entrance to the fairy world below. The hapless wight who, lured by their soft verdure, stretched himself to sleep on their slopes, sank gently into their depths, and after a seven years' servitude in fairy-land, awoke again on the self-same spot. Like young Tamlane:

"The Queen of Faeries keppit him
In yon green hill to dwell."

The same fancy which found a supernatural origin for the mounds of sand and gravel had similar explanations to give of the strange elongated ridges of like materials known in Scotland as *kames*. According to one tradition, these ridges are the different strands of a rope which a trouble-

some elfin was commanded by Michael Scott to weave out of sand. The strands were all prepared, but when the imp tried to entwine them, each gave way, and hence the broken parts of the kames have remained to this day. Michael seems to have had no small amount of work in altering the surface of the country. Thus there is a deep gash through a sandy ridge at the south end of the Pentland Hills, and not far off stands a green conical sand hill. The wizard is said to have dug the trench and piled up the hill in the course of a single night. About ten miles farther west he attempted to dam up the River Clyde, by getting a number of witches to carry boulders from a neighboring eminence. The spell was broken, however, in the midst of the performance, and the long line of boulders in the different stages of transport may still be partially traced on the ground. In short, throughout many districts of the country, the peculiarly obtrusive nature of the superficial geology, and the difficulty of connecting it with any of the operations of nature now visible, have given rise to many of the supernatural legends which still linger in tradition.

It was but natural that when geology as a science began to attract attention in these islands, the vast accumulations of clay, sand, gravel, and boulders scattered over the surface, should claim the notice of the early observers. These deposits formed the monuments of the last of the long succession of geological revolutions which the country had undergone. They were regarded as proofs of a violent cataclysm, whereby the hardest rocks were ground down and furrowed so as to cover the whole country with its own ruins, in the form of heaps of detritus. Nor was it difficult to see in such phenomena proofs of that great deluge which was believed to have covered the surface of the entire globe at the time of Noah. The hypothesis of violent oceanic debacles was ingeniously worked out by Sir James Hall, and influenced all the speculations of geologists on this subject for fully quarter of a century. By degrees, however, it was seen that the phenomena were of too definite and complicated a kind, and presented traces of too many different agencies, to have been the result of any sudden and transient catastrophe. Then came the hypothesis of ocean currents and icebergs, which has in turn to be abandoned, as at the best but a partial

explanation of the facts which it was proposed to elucidate. As investigations have advanced, the subject has always seemed to deepen in obscurity as well as interest. There is hardly a geologist of standing who has not been seduced into this domain, no matter how widely it might be separated from his more usual field of labor. Hence no part of the geology of the country has been so fruitful a source of scientific memoirs, papers, and notices of every variety of size and treatment. After groping in the dark for at least fifty years, geologists seem at last to be coming to an agreement as to the true origin and history of some of the superficial formations. We propose, therefore, in the following pages, to present the reader with an outline of the facts which have been observed, and a view of the general tendency of scientific reasoning regarding them.

The surface of Scotland, like that of Ireland and large tracts of England, as well as the whole of Scandinavia and Northern Europe, has a peculiar contour, which, since it is almost every where more or less visible, irrespective of the nature of the rock on which it shows itself, must evidently be the result of one great process acting long after all the hard rocks were formed. This contour consists in a rounding and smoothing of the hills and valleys into long, flowing outlines. What were once prominent crags have been ground down into undulating or pillow-shaped knolls, and deep hollows or gentler depressions have been worn in the rocks, not at random, but in a recognizable system. Thus the Lothians and Fife have had their surface scooped out into long, parallel hollows and valleys, which maintain a wonderful persistence in an easterly and westerly direction. In Galloway, we see the minor depressions diverging southward, from the mass of high ground that lies between St. Patrick's Channel and Nithsdale. Down the western coasts, from Cape Wrath to the Mull of Cantyre, and among the deep sea-lochs of the Firth of Clyde, the same evidence occurs of some agency which has pressed outward and seaward, grinding down the surface of the hardest rocks, and giving a rounded outline to the whole country. It is true, indeed, that this contour has often disappeared. The rains and frosts of ages have at last, in not a few places, succeeded in restoring to the rocks their ancient rugged character. Yet, even in the wild-

est Highland scenery, where the casual tourist may see, perhaps, nothing but thunder-riven crags and precipices, and glens blocked up with their ruins, the geologist can yet often detect traces of the same universal smoothing and moulding. Nay, it is precisely amid such scenes that he is most vividly impressed with the fact that the surface of the country has every where been ground down by a vast general agent, for he there sees what are the natural outlines which the rocks assume when left to the ordinary tear and wear of the elements. Instead of smooth, undulating outlines, he notes craggy precipices and scars, here and there, red and fresh, where the last winter's frosts have let loose huge masses of rock into the valleys below. He can trace how in this way the hand of nature is once more slowly roughening the landscape, restoring to the hard rocks their ancient cliffs and ravines, and to each knoll and crag a renewal of its former ruggedness. Yet his eye rests continually upon little hummocks of rock, or even upon whole hillsides, where the change has gone on but slowly, and where he can still view the uneffaced traces of that wonderful process by which the whole surface of the country, from Cape Wrath to the Solway, has been worn and smoothed.

This wide-spread abrasion, however, is not only a general moulding of the country on the great scale. It can be traced on hills and crags of every size down to mere hummocks and knolls, nay, even to the merest knobs and protuberances; in short, not only is the general configuration of the surface affected by it, but it may be followed out upon all the little dimples and prominences on a freshly-exposed surface of rock. The hardest rocks usually show its effects best; and when the soil and superficial detritus are stripped from them, their faces may be seen to be as smoothly dressed as if they had been cut in a mason's yard, and were designed to form part of the polished ashlar-work of a great building. Further, not only are they thus planed down, they are traversed by long and more or less parallel ruts and striae, varying in depth and width from mere streaks, such as might be made by a grain of sand, up to grooves like those worn in old pavements by the cart-wheels of successive generations. The finer striations may be seen descending into the hollows and mounting over the prominences of a rock, keeping all

the while their general direction with about as much regularity and persistence as they do over the most even surface. It is plain that in whatever manner these markings were produced, they must be due to no violent agent rushing like a debacle across the country. They can only have been made, in a quiet, leisurely way, by some force that paid little or no regard to the minor inequalities of the ground, but passed on with a steady, persistent march, pressing grains of sand, pebbles, and even large blocks of stone upon the rocks below, in such a way as to leave there at last a smooth, polished surface marked by striations of varying coarseness, according as the rude polishing paste of detritus consisted of fine sand, or gravel, or bowlders. Now, just as the whole country has been smoothed, so has it at the same time been striated. It is hardly possible any where to peel off the upper covering of clay and soil, without laying bare a striated surface of rock, if that rock be at all of a kind fit to receive and preserve such markings. Moreover these striations are distributed with a remarkable symmetry. They radiate from the main mountain masses outward toward the sea. Down all the western fiords they may be traced passing westward beneath the waters of the Atlantic. Along the Pentland Firth they may be seen in like manner descending from the high grounds of Sutherland northward to the coast-line. On the eastern side of the island the same seaward trend of the ruts and striæ on the rocks is traceable from Caithness to Berwick. In the glens that descend upon the estuary of the Clyde the rocks are striated along the line of each valley, passing inland into high grounds in the interior, and striking outward beneath the waters of the Firth. The very islands in that firth are striated in the same way. Bute, for instance, is a notable example; for the striations, after coming down the glens of Cowal, and passing beneath the Kyles, reappear on the Bute shores, actually mount the slopes of the island so as to go right across it at a height of more than five hundred feet, and descend upon the firth on the southwest side. Again, we can sometimes trace the striations out of one sea-loch over a water-shed of six or eight hundred feet in height, and thence into another of the numerous long and deep inlets that ascend from the wide basin of the Clyde.

Thus from Loch Long these strange, almost indelible markings on the rock, may be followed over the water-shed which separates that fiord from the Gareloch, and thence down the latter valley into the Clyde. In Loch Fyne also, continuing in the line of the upper part of that valley, they are not deflected when the loch makes a bend south of Ardrishaig, but actually ascend the hills above Tarbert, and cross heights of eight hundred feet into the Sound of Jura. These localities have been well described by Mr. Charles Maclaren, Mr. T. F. Jamieson, and others. Yet there are many parts of this district, as yet unnoticed, where the same phenomena are equally striking. As an undescribed example of the worn and striated aspect of rock surface, Loch Riden, descending from the northeast into the Kyles of Bute, is especially striking. If the observer will take a boat and row gently along the rocky shore, and among the numerous islets of that comparatively short estuary, he will be amazed at the freshness in which the smoothed and striated rock surfaces have been preserved. Winding his way between islets and headlands, he will notice, that on looking toward the head of the loch, his eye catches the rough, blunt faces of the different crags and knolls; that, as he passes them, their sides, parallel in a general way with the sides of the loch, are well polished and striated, and that their upper ends, or those which face up the loch, are all worn down and smoothed off. He could not desire a more instructive lesson as to the nature of that smoothing process to which the surface of the country at large has been exposed. The striæ running parallel to the loch, the blunted and worn look of those parts of the crags and hummocks of rock that point up the valley, and the comparatively fresh and rough faces of those that look toward the sea, indicate, as plainly as words can do, that the agent which smoothed and striated the sides of Loch Riden must have moved downward along the length of the valley from the high grounds of the interior. And this agent must have filled up the valley, for its traces can yet be seen high on the hills on either side, while on the islets in the middle of the loch, as well as along the rocks of its margin, the striæ are every where seen descending beneath the water.

Geologists are now generally agreed

that these smoothed surfaces of rock, along the striae and grooves which cover them, have been produced by ice. Up till now the commonly received opinion in this country has been, that they were caused, during a submergence of the land, by icebergs laden with sand and blocks of stone, whereby the rocks at the sea-bottom were scratched and worn down as the icy masses continued to be driven upon them. Within the last year or two, however, this explanation has been anew called in question, as inadequate to explain all the phenomena. The striations, as we have seen, do not merely run along the side of a hill, they sometimes run up and over it. Moreover, they accommodate themselves to all the little inequalities of the surface over which they pass. This could not have been done by a hard, rigid mass of ice like an iceberg; on the contrary, it points to an agent of such plasticity as to be able to mould itself upon the inequalities of its rocky bed. And this agent, as shown by the direction of the striations, must have moved outward and downward from the chief mountain masses, such as the Grampians and the hills of Galloway and Tweeddale. It must have filled up wide and deep valleys, pressing every where steadily and mightily upon the rocks, disregarding the minor features of the surface of the country, passing even over hills six or eight hundred feet high, as if they were but molehills, and continuing its operation over so vast a period as finally to leave the country smoothed and polished, or moulded, as it were, into a flowing, undulating contour.

To fulfill these conditions the only agent known in nature is *land-ice* or *glaciers*. The striated and polished rocks find their exact counterparts along the course of every modern glacier. There is hardly a Highland glen, nay, strange as it may sound, there are not many hillsides, even of the Lowlands, which do not remind one of the *roches moutonnées*, or ice-worn knolls of the Alps. The striae are the same, the moulded outlines are the same, and the parallelism of the striations with the direction of the long valleys are alike, the same in Scotland and in Switzerland. In comparing the rock-markings of the two countries, we are driven to admit that as in the one case we see these markings to be manifestly the work of moving glacier ice, which is still visible, and still produc-

ing the same results, so, in the other instance, precisely similar effects must be due to the same cause, although the Scottish glaciers have long since disappeared. It is more than twenty years since Agassiz, fresh from a study of the Swiss glaciers, announced this conclusion. But British geologists, after trying every other expedient, are only now beginning to adopt it. Their difficulty lay not in the admission of the existence of glaciers in Scotland, for admirable descriptions of glacier moraines and striae in Skye, Forfarshire, and Argyleshire, were published by Principal Forbes, Sir Charles Lyell, and Mr. Maclaren. But if the universal striation were every where taken as evidence of the existence of land-ice, it was plain that Scotland must not merely have been the seat of local glaciers, as Switzerland is at the present day, but must have been actually sealed in ice from mountain-top to sea-shore. This was a supposition too violent for ready belief, and hence the attempt to account for the striation of the country by iceberg action.

But the iceberg hypothesis must at last be abandoned. Geologists are at length reluctantly, and against all their previous speculations, driven to confess that, after all, Scotland must have been swathed in one vast wintry mantle of snow and ice. To such a condition of things modern Greenland affords us a close parallel. That great tract of country is covered with a thick sheet of ice, which, always receiving fresh accessions from atmospheric precipitation in the interior, presses steadily downward through the valleys and fiords, and creeps out to sea. It is the seaward edges of this great ice-sheet which are broken up and dispersed as icebergs. The constant grinding movement of so powerful an agency must produce effects of a far grander kind than any mere local glacier. The glacier wears down only the sides and bottom of the valley in which it flows; but the great Greenland ice-sheet, covering the length and breadth of the country, and allowing the underlying rocks to be seen only in occasional inland peaks and in a narrow strip along the sea-coast, but often not even there, must effect an abrasion of the whole surface infinitely greater than any mere glacier could do. We have no reason to suppose that the surface of Greenland differs from that of contiguous areas of the northern hemisphere. The portions which every sum-

mer sets free from the snow, suffice to indicate that those parts which are never bared of their perennial wintry garb, partake of the same inequalities, here intersected by valleys, and there rising into ridges and hills, nay, even sweeping up into lofty peaks, which are sometimes seen protruding black and jagged above the snow. Yet these varieties in the contour of its bed, do not appear to have much influence on the motion of the ice. One Arctic explorer, indeed, has remarked that where the ice is much crevassed, it is probably traveling over rocky or steep ground, while in other places, where the ground probably inclines more gently, the surface of the ice is unbroken. But nothing seems materially to interfere with the steady seaward movement of this great continental sheet of ice. Whether the ground be even or undulating, gentle or steep, it moves with a resistless march toward the sea. Its mass must thus be so immense, that it treats as mere pebbles in its path ridges of possibly very considerable elevation. It seems to pass as easily over them as a deep river sweeps over the stones that roughen its channel.

The Scandinavian peninsula affords an interesting connecting link between the existing condition of Greenland and the past state of Scotland during what is now known as the glacial period. The immense snow-fields of Norway are but the relics of the vast sheet of ice and snow which once covered that country and converted it into another Greenland. This sheet has shrunk up into the high grounds, from which it protrudes into the valleys in the form of glaciers, but it has not done so without leaving its stamp on the whole surface of the country. The rocks are every where *glaciated*, or worn into these flowing striated surfaces which have been described as characteristic of the rocks of Scotland. Down the valleys and fiords may be traced the ruts and grooves and polished surfaces, still often as fresh as if they had only been lately produced. From the sea-margin where these markings dip below the waves, and where no ice is now visible, we can follow them upward, step by step, till they pass into those which are now in the course of formation by the great glaciers of the interior. The inference can not be withheld that at one time these glaciers, instead of melting away where they now do, extended far down the valleys and went out to sea,

and that as the stræ can be detected high on the hillsides, the valleys must have been filled to the brim with ice. In short, Scandinavia existed at that time in the same state in which Greenland still remains. The climate has ameliorated indeed, but the great inland snow-fields and glaciers yet continue as silent witnesses of the severity of the ancient climate.

Passing southward we see the perpetual snow gradually disappear, and when we reach the British Islands it is gone, although in sheltered crannies of the Grampians patches may be seen late in autumn which have survived the summer, and will remain until covered by the drifts of the next December. And yet, though snow-field and glacier have vanished, they have left their impress as visibly and widely on the rocks of Scotland as on those of Norway. A calm investigation of the rock-markings renders this conclusion certain. No icebergs could ever have moulded the contour of the country to its present form, any more than icebergs could have worn down the hills and valleys of Scandinavia. The more we pursue this supposition, the more utterly inadequate does it appear. That icebergs produce a considerable amount of abrasion as they grate along the sea-bottom, and that much was probably done in this way in the British area during some parts of the glacial period, no one will probably deny. But to imagine iceberg action sufficient to account for the universal abrasion of hill and valley in this country, seems as absurd as to contend that "because a man can with some difficulty smooth a rough surface of wood with his thumb-nail, therefore his dining-tables must have been fashioned and polished with that little instrument alone."* On the other hand, the striation of this country is exactly such, down even to its minutest features, as is now effected by the moving of a body of land ice such as a glacier. In Switzerland the evidence of a former greater extent of the glaciers rests upon the height and distance to which the striations can be traced from the present limits of the ice. And this evidence is of such a kind as amounts to a demonstration. In Norway the surface of the country between the snow-fields and the sea presents the same rock-mould-

* Mr. Robert Chambers.

ings and striations as are even to this day produced by the movement of its glaciers. In this case also, these markings are demonstrably the result of moving land-ice. The conclusion is therefore irresistible that the very same markings over the surface of Scotland must have been produced by the same agency, and thus that this country must have been covered with ice and snow, which, pressing outward and seaward for ages, wore down the rocks, and gave the land that undulating and truly ice-worn aspect which it wears to this day. In short, our country in old times must have been very much what Greenland is now—a land of perpetual snow and ice, pushing from its numerous fiords and glens huge glaciers to the sea.

It is still possible to estimate the thickness which this cake of ice attained in some of the Scottish valleys. Thus, in Loch Fyne both sides of the valley are striated and polished, and these traces of ice-action have been noticed by the Duke of Argyll at a height of at least eighteen hundred feet. The greatest depth of the loch is six hundred and twenty-four feet, and as the whole sides and bottom must have been striated in the same way, and by the same agent, it follows, that the ice, even if the higher striations were produced some time before those at the bottom, was probably not less than twenty-four hundred feet thick. Mr. Maclaren has traced the striations up to heights of more than two thousand feet in the southwest Highlands. Mr. Jamieson also estimates that the ice in Glen Spean must have been two miles broad at the surface, and at least thirteen hundred feet deep.

The movement of a glacier from a higher to a lower level is of course attended with a very large amount of abrasion of the rocks over which the ice glides. The sides and bottom of the valley are ever undergoing this process, and the result must necessarily be to deepen and widen the valley. If we allow a sufficient length of time for the glacier to do its work, there really seems hardly a limit to the extent to which it may grind down its channel. It must be borne in mind, too, that a river of ice is not bound by the same restraints as those which determine the action of a river of water. When a glacier is, as it were, choked by the narrowing of its valley, it actually ascends and flows over the obstruction. In such places there is

necessarily an enormous amount of pressure, the ice is broken into yawning crevasses, and the solid rocks must at the same time suffer a proportionate abrasion. The increased thickness of the mass of ice at such points must augment the vertical pressure, and give rise to a greater scooping of the bed of the glacier. If this state of things last, it is evident that a hollow or basin will be here ground out of the rock, and that, once formed, there will always be a tendency to preserve it during the general lowering of the bottom of the valley. On the retreat of the ice, owing to climatal changes, this hollow, unless previously filled up with mud and stones, will be occupied by water and form a lake. It will be a true rock-basin, with ice-worn surfaces around its lip and over its sides and bottom. Professor Ramsay, the present president of the Geological Society, has proposed this explanation for the Swiss lakes, as well as for those of the glaciated parts both of Europe and America. It applies very satisfactorily to many of the inland lochs and tarns of Scotland. For these in innumerable instances are neither dammed up by detrital matter, nor lie in rents and depressions of the earth's crust, but are assuredly mere cups and basins which have been scooped out of the solid rocks. What agency could have produced them? Not running water certainly, nor the waves of the sea, nor rains, springs, and frosts. Professor Ramsay has assigned the only cause which we at present know to be capable of eroding such hollows. They lie every where among ice-worn rocks, and must be looked upon as parts of that universal tear and wear of the surface brought about by the passage of a heavy sheet of ice from the high grounds to the sea. They probably point out the places where this ice-sheet, owing to the configuration of the ground, accumulated in the thickest masses, or where, from the comparative softness of the rocks, it encountered least resistance in its abrasion of the general surface of the country.

Thus, by the evidence of the rounded and worn aspect of the hills and glens, the smoothed and striated surface of the rocks, and the frequent occurrence of tarns and lakes, we learn that the extent to which this country suffered from the action of its ancient land-ice must have been beyond all imagination enormous.

As a necessary sequel, the amount of detritus could not but be proportionally great. At the present day, among the Swiss glaciers, a large quantity of *débris* is annually produced. The Rhone, for instance, issues from its icy source charged with mud which has been produced by the friction of the glacier, and in this dun discolored state, as every one knows, it enters the Lake of Geneva. But where it emerges from the lower extremity of that sheet of water it is perfectly limpid and clear. It has thus deposited in the lake all its glacial sediment, and so marked are the results of this process, that the upper part of the lake is sensibly diminishing both in depth and extent—a Roman port being now more than a mile and a half from the water. As might be expected, the amount of detrital matter produced by the great ice-sheets of the Arctic regions is on a still vaster scale. The sea is there sometimes discolored for several miles from shore by the mud ground down from the surface of the land. In Scotland, too, since we have such abundant evidence of abrasion, there can be no doubt that the quantity of detritus must have been very great. What, then, has become of it? If the rock-mouldings and striations, and the endless rock-basins, are enough to prove the passage of a massive sheet of ice from mountain to sea, it will add not a little to the impressiveness of that testimony if we can still point to the detrital matter which the ice left behind it. Happily this is not far to seek.

Over nearly the whole of the low-lying districts, such as the great central valley of the Clyde and the Forth, the solid rocks are to a large extent covered with a hard, tough, tenacious, earthy clay, which is charged with stones, varying in size from the merest pebbles, up to boulders occasionally a yard or two in diameter. To this deposit the name of *boulder-clay* or *till*, has been given. But its origin has long been involved in mystery. The older geologists called it diluvial, and regarded it as proof of a violent flood, or a series of floods, which, sweeping across the country, produced the striations on the rocks by driving over them the stones, sand, and clay which now form the till. When this hypothesis was abandoned, no better explanation of the deposit could be given. The till is unstratified, the stones in it are stuck at all angles, as if to show that they never submitted to re-

arrangement in water; and, what is more singular still, nearly every stone of sufficient size and hardness, is as perfectly striated as the surfaces of the solid rocks. Nay, more, the lines on the stones have not been made rapidly and at random, as if a violent debacle of water might have produced them; they are usually as straight as a ruler could make them, and run chiefly along the longer axis of each stone, sometimes crossing each other, and one set even partially effacing an older group. In short, they tell, in signs which can not be mistaken, that they have been firmly fixed in some heavy body, which, turning them into the direction of their longer diameter, as the line of least resistance, moved them slowly and steadily over sand, stones, and rock, in such a way as to scratch them from end to end. In the course of this movement it often happened that a stone partially shifted its position, when a new series of striations was produced upon it at an angle with the former, which were consequently either in whole or in part effaced. The color and composition of the till vary with those of the rocks on which it lies—a circumstance which goes to show that the deposit has not been merely the work of drifting icebergs, which scattered their mud and boulders upon the bed of the sea, but that it has been made as nearly as may be in the districts in which we now find it. Its thickness in the Lowlands sometimes amounts to one hundred and sixty feet or more, and it extends from under the sea-level up to heights of at least seventeen hundred feet. The streams in the lower parts of the country have in many cases cut deep ravines through it, and there it stands up in steep walls on which the characteristic features of the deposit are well displayed. Certainly there are not many localities better fitted to perplex and discomfit an eager geologist than one of these cliffs of boulder-clay. He sees before him a stiff sandy clay without any trace of stratification, full of stones of every size up to blocks of perhaps several feet in diameter. These are grouped in no order whatever; large boulders and small pebbles are scattered indiscriminately through the clay from top to bottom, they are stuck at every angle, their surfaces are covered with ruts and striae, and if the face of the rock below be uncovered it may be seen to retain the same markings. Using his hammer upon them, he

finds them to consist almost wholly of fragments from the rocks of the immediate neighborhood. In a coal-measure district, for instance, he sees a mixture of bits of sand-stone, shale, iron-stone, coal, and other carboniferous strata, with a few pieces of the harder rocks of an adjacent geological area. He can perceive that this deposit must have been produced in the district from which it obtained its pebbles and boulders, but the mode of its formation has been for at least half a century one of the obscurest problems in Scottish geology. From the almost universal striation of the boulders, their local origin, and the thoroughly moraine-like aspect of the deposit in which they occur, it is now inferred with tolerable certainty that the till has been ground up by a moving mass of land-ice. It thus corroborates the inferences to be drawn from the striated rock-surfaces; and though there may still be difficulties connected with the details of the process of formation and deposit, these might perhaps be easily and satisfactorily solved if a competent observer could bring himself to spend some time along the margin of the great ice-sheet of Greenland.

As yet we can not tell what was the general aspect of the country previous to the glacial epoch. There seems little doubt, however, that the disposition of mountain and glen, hill and valley, was on the whole the same as now. The abrasion of the ice would of course tend to widen and deepen the depressions and to smooth down the roughnesses of the surface, and would even give rise to new hollows and inequalities. But, looking at the main features of the country, it may be assumed with some confidence that they were the same as now. The Grampians stretched across the country, rising into the same heights and intersected by the same valleys. The broad plains of the central counties, though their minor peculiarities doubtless differed a good deal from those of the present day, nevertheless stretched seaward as broad plains between the Clyde and the North Sea. The chain of uplands that form the pasture-lands of the south had doubtless the same wide sweep of undulating hill and tableland as they show to-day. In one respect only, so far as we know at present, did that old Scotland differ materially from the existing one; it seems to have stood at a considerably higher level above the

sea. This is indicated by the fact that the striations which occur over the whole face of the country go out to sea, and are found on little islands and skerries at some distance from the land. The islands of the Forth and Clyde firths, for instance, are *roches moutonnées*. Perhaps the land may not only have been higher as a whole, but particular portions of it—such, for example, as the chain of the Highland mountains—may have had a greater altitude relatively to the surrounding country than they have now. Unequal oscillations of level would help to remove several geological difficulties of a local kind which occur when we try to conceive the movement of a large body of ice over such a surface as the country wears at present. Let us, then, imagine the land to have risen several thousand feet higher than it does now, and to be subject to an increasing cold, until at length one wide mantle of ice and snow falls over it from the hill-tops to the sea. This great sheet, constantly augmented by renewed snow-falls, presses downward to the lower grounds, and, passing out by innumerable valleys, extends from the shore in long walls of ice. The unceasing friction of the ice wears down the rocks, and produces vast quantities of *débris*, which accumulates to form our till or boulder-clay. During this long process there can be little doubt that the country must have been slowly sinking. Its greatest altitude at the commencement, or during the severest part of the glacial period, was gradually reduced, and the depression went on until it had converted the island into a group of scattered islets. In Wales the extent of submergence can not have been less than two thousand three hundred feet below the present level of the country. In Scotland the limits have not been as yet satisfactorily fixed, although the evidence appears to favor a depression of about two thousand feet. As each successive zone of land went down beneath the sea, it carried with it its own share of the glacial till, which was thus gradually removed from the destructive effects both of glaciers and of the waves. Masses of ice, laden with detritus, were probably drifted far and wide over the submerged land, and dropped their rocky burdens many miles away from the hills and valleys from which these had been derived.

In the till we find some scanty indications of the denizens of the country during

these wintry ages. Bones of the "mammoth" have been found at Ratho, Kilmaurs, Airdrie, and Bishopbriggs. It was probably the *Elephas primigenius*, whose skeleton, with the flesh and skin still adhering, has been found imbedded in the ice of Siberia. Nor need we hesitate to admit the possibility of so huge a mammal enduring the severity of an arctic climate, for it is known that the skin was covered with a thick, coarse hair that must have served as a tolerable protection against the cold. Another of the known natives of Scotland at that time is the rein-deer, whose antlers have been found both in Ayrshire and Dumbarton. Horns and skulls of oxen, probably of extinct species, as well as those of several kinds of deer, have often been recorded as occurring during draining operations in different parts of the country; but it is much to be regretted that the specimens seem to have been destroyed or lost without any accurate description and comparison of them having been made. And doubtless there must still remain the relics of other animals yet to be discovered in the older glacial deposits of Scotland, for, scanty though the fauna could not fail to be, it need not have been less than that of the present Greenland. Besides the remains of these animals, the Scottish till has yielded traces of land vegetation; thin beds of peat and trunks of trees in what seem to have been little lakes or tarns formed in hollows of the glacial detritus. But no botanical examination of these remains has yet been made. Lastly, over and above these traces of life on the land, we meet, in the same deposit, with indications of life in the sea. Near Airdrie, two little patches of clay were found, containing marine shells, and an examination of these shells by Mr. Smith, of Jordanhill, showed them to belong to a species not now native in our seas, but still living in those of the far north. The occurrence both of peat-beds and land animals and of sea shells in the same great mass of detritus supports the inference, that the boulder-clay was formed during a depression of the land, whereby successive terrestrial surfaces were submerged and covered over with marine deposits.

Such, then, appears, to have been the condition of Scotland during the severer parts of the glacial period. The evidence of the till brings before us a land sealed in ice and slowly sinking beneath the sea.

The deposits by which the till is overlaid, and which continue this strange and eventful story, reveal how the land rose again, how the climate, though less arctic in character, still remained such as to permit glaciers to harbor among the mountains, and bergs to drift among the firths and bays, and how, by slow degrees, the temperature increased, the ice disappeared, and the plants and animals of arctic types died out or retreated to a more congenial abode in northern latitudes, while those of a temperate character took their place.

Much remains to be done before any connected and succinct generalization of these later drift deposits can be given. It may be enough to mention here that they consist partly of sands, gravels, and clays, which have been arranged by water, and partly of mounds of angular rubbish, which represent true glacier moraines. The sands, gravels, and clays form a striking contrast to the character of the old till. While that deposit is a coarse, unassorted mass, these are, for the most part, stratified, and are sometimes divisible into the finest laminae. Indeed, we only need to see the two kinds of deposit together, to be assured that they mark the operation of very different geological agents. The stratified series belongs, in all likelihood, to the time when the land was rising above the sea after its great submergence, when glaciers and icebergs still existed, when there were probably powerful floods, occasioned by the rapid thawing of large masses of ice and snow, and when the amount of water in the streamlets and rivers of Europe generally was much greater than it is now. If the later parts of the drift originated under so complex a series of conditions, it is natural to expect considerable complexity in their structure and arrangement. But it may be doubted if any one would suppose this drift-series to be so difficult as on examination it proves to be. Some parts were unquestionably formed under the sea, and tell their own story plainly enough. There are other portions which seem to defy all attempts at explanation. It is hard to see how they could have been produced by the sea, or by rivers; and it is as perplexing to conjecture any other agency which, by the merest possibility, could have been concerned in their formation. Let us look for a little at the unquestionably marine deposits. Their history is comparatively clear, and

it opens out, moreover, a most interesting chapter in the history of the country during the glacial period.

Along the lower parts of the country, more especially close to the sea-margin, there is developed a group of clays which are in some places extensively used for brick-making. These clays are well seen along the eastern coasts of Aberdeenshire and in the Firth of Forth at Kirkcaldy, Elie, and Dunbar. On the west side of the island they have been recognized at Fort-William, Oban, Lochgilphead, and throughout the Firth of Clyde and its long tributary fiords, from Glasgow to the south of Arran, and the shores of Galloway. In some of their bands they consist of the finest laminated clay, like so much impalpable mud. In others they are more or less mixed with stones, and contain an abundance of shells. Now, it may be asked, what proof is there that these clays belong to the icy period? The proof, however, is ample. It may be regarded as of two distinct kinds; one of which may be called *organic*, since it is derived from a consideration of the fossil remains found in the clays; the other is *physical*, and rests upon certain simple parts of the structure of the deposits.

The organic remains in these clays present one of the most delightful fields of study. More than quarter of a century has passed away since their occurrence and true character were ascertained by Mr. Smith of Jordanhill. Cruising with his yacht among the kyles and lochs of his own great Firth of Clyde, he had been collecting materials from the raised beaches of the west, to show that the land had undergone a comparatively recent elevation. One day, in company with a friend, he chanced to walk along the beach of a little bay in the Kyles of Bute. Their attention was directed to a number of shells lying among the shingle, but different from any they had ever dredged in the adjoining sea. On more close inspection it was found that the shells had been washed out of a bed of clay where they existed by hundreds, and that their association on the beach with the recent shells washed up by the tides was merely an accident. What, then, constituted the difference between the shells of the clay-bed and those living in the neighboring kyles and fiords? It was at first supposed that some of them were of

new species. But by degrees it was ascertained that they were all of species yet living, that some of them were still natives of the seas of Scotland, but that others were now to be found only in the seas of Norway and the arctic circle. Having once fully grasped this fact, Mr. Smith was not slow to perceive its significance. He traced the clay-bed along many parts of the west coast, and in order the better to compare its contents with those still inhabiting Britain, he instituted a careful dredging of the basin of the Firth of Clyde. A more charming employment can hardly be conceived. In the midst of some of the finest scenery on the west of Scotland, within easy reach of all the comforts of home, and yet among scenes as lonely and retired as the wildest Highland tarn, his self-imposed task was to bring up to the light of day the denizens of these quiet sea-lochs and bays, to explore the deeps and shallows, sunken reefs and shoals and abysses; and thus, while his vessel perhaps lay asleep on the face of a summer sea, to walk, as it were, in fancy along the sea-floor many fathoms down, threading his way now among groves of tangle, now amid rocks and bowlders, now over coral-sand, and picking up from its nestling-place many a tiny shell which had never before been known to live around the coasts of Britain. But there was not only the pleasure of discovering the forms of the present inhabitants of our seas; one great object was to ascertain how far these differed from those of the old sea-bed, represented by the sheets of clay along the coast. The result of Mr. Smith's researches (subsequently extended by Edward Forbes, Mr. Macandrew, Mr. Jeffreys, and others) went to show that of the shells found in the clays, some fourteen or fifteen species were no longer British, but were still living in the seas of the far north; that about sixteen species, though still alive around Britain, were rare there, and attained their greatest development in the northern seas; while the remaining and much larger portion were yet common as British shells. The labors of naturalists and geologists have since then been abundant in the same field, but the great fact has only been confirmed that the general aspect of the assemblage of shells in the clay-beds of the Clyde is of a much more northern character than that of the present fauna of the same region, and that, to

find a similar assemblage, it is necessary to go into the boreal and arctic seas. So that from the fossil contents of these clays we are taught that the climate of this country was, in all probability, very much more severe than it is now, resembling that of Labrador or Greenland. Moreover, if we compare the fossil shells with the same species which still linger in the deeper parts of our seas, we find the former to be by far the largest and most abundant. The fossils, instead of resembling the rare and comparatively dwarfed forms which have survived in British waters, are as large and massive as those which now live in the far north. The cold of the northern seas, in short, seems congenial to them; they become smaller and fewer as they recede southward, and their frequent great size and plentifulness in the Clyde clay-beds is probably another good indication that the climate of Scotland, at the time they lived, approached to an arctic character.

The state of preservation in which these remains occur, is often wonderfully fresh. The delicate epidermis of the shells is frequently as perfect as in living specimens. In favorable localities, some of even the more fragile shells may be gathered in dozens, with their valves still adhering, and the ligament still fresh. One species, for example, the *Tellina proxima*, occurs at the south end of the Island of Bute, in all stages of growth, in such numbers, and in such an excellent state of keeping, that a collector might, in the course of an hour or two, obtain specimens enough to stock all the museums and private collections in the country. This shell, moreover, is a characteristic one of the glacial deposits, for it is now extinct in our seas, though it still lives farther north. The clay in which the shells lie seems, in many cases, to have fallen around and over them as gently as snow settles down upon leaflet and flower, enclosing them so tenderly yet so closely that not a spine or tubercle or fretted rib which was theirs when they died has since been defaced. One can not linger among these traces of life without being convinced that the sea-bed which they reveal must have resembled, in the main, an ordinary sea-bed of the present day. There is the same evidence of gentle deposition, of long-continued life, generation succeeding generation, and each leaving its own remains among the

sediments that gathered on the bottom. There is no trace of the violent cataclysms which were once in vogue as explanatory of the phenomena of the drift. On the contrary, judging from the size and abundance of the organic remains in these clays, we may infer that the conditions necessary for the maintenance of life in the sea were probably as favorable then as, under a like temperature, they are now.

The ancient basin of the Clyde must have vastly differed from the modern one. We have seen that the evidence of the shells points to a much colder climate. This is borne out by the physical proofs, to which a brief reference may now be made. Not only do the shells indicate a low temperature, but the same fact is confirmed by the very stones among which the shells occur in the clay. The lowest of the series of clay-beds in the Clyde district is a finely laminated clay without either fossils or stones of any kind. It rests directly on the old till. Above it come the shell-clays, in which the stones are often numerous and of considerable size. Now, the circumstances under which a bed of fine mud or clay can be accumulated forbid us to call in the aid of violent currents or tides, for of course the stronger the rush of water, the more certain is it that the finer sediment will be swept away and only deposited as the rate of transportation lessens. How comes it, then, that in some of the shell-clays there should not only be plenty of stones, but even sometimes large boulders? No transitory tide or submarine current will account for them; the mere fact that even the more delicate shells around them are still perfect, and show their valves adhering, suffices to preclude all violence. Delicate barnacles may also be seen clustered on the upper surfaces and sides of the stones, just in the position in which they anchored themselves, passed their lives, and died. The stones are scattered irregularly through the clay, with shells beneath, beside, and above them. We must therefore discover some agency that could drop them among the fine mud that was gathering over the shells at the sea-bottom. In all probability coast-ice had much to do with this transportation. The stones are often just such as a cake of ice, frozen along shore, would lift with it and carry out to sea. And what supports this view is the fact that in some cases

the stones have been found well striated on one or more sides. In the Paisley clay-pits, for instance, large striated pieces of schist from the neighboring Highland mountains, are occasionally obtained.

There is thus a double testimony to the severity of the climate when the brick clays of the Clyde were deposited. The shells remind us of the seas of Greenland and northern Scandinavia. The scattered boulders bring before us ice-rafts and bergs, freighted with mud and stones, drifting across the bosom of the broad firth and its tributary lochs.

Similar evidence of the continued cold during the time when a large part of Scotland was last under the sea, is furnished by the brick-clays of the east coast, from Aberdeenshire southward. Like those of the Clyde, they overlies the old till, and, like them also, belong to a later stage of the same great glacial period. As yet it has been chiefly in the lower and more maritime tracts that these clays have been found. But there is another and more obtrusive testimony at once to the submergence of the country, and to the arctic character of the climate at the time. Scattered over the island, from sea to sea, are numberless blocks of stone, of all sizes, up to masses of many tons in weight. Unhappily, the progress of modern agriculture is inimical to their preservation, and they have, as a consequence, gradually disappeared from the more cultivated districts. But in many a mossy tract, especially around the flanks of the main hill-ranges, they may still be counted by the score. So conspicuous are they, as to attract the notice even of the rudest peasantry; and so strange often are their positions, and so markedly do they differ in composition from the general character of the surrounding rocks, that they have been, from earliest times, a theme of endless wonder. Many a wild legend and grotesque tale of goblins, witches, and elfins, has had its source among the gray

boulders of a bare moor. "Giant's Stone," "Giant's Grave," "Auld Wives' Lift," "Witches' Stepping-Stones," "Warlocks' Burden," "Hell Stanes," and similar epithets are common all over the Lowland counties, and mark where, to the people of an older time, the singularity of the erratic blocks proved them to be the handiwork, not of any mere natural agent, but of the active and sometimes malevolent spirits of another world. Nor need this popular belief be in any measure a matter of surprise. For truly, even to a geological eye which has been looking at the same phenomenon for years, each fresh repetition of it hardly diminishes the interest, nay, almost the wonder, with which it is beheld. We have rudely dispossessed the old warlocks and brownies, and yet, though we can now trace, it may be, the source from which the stones were derived, and the manner in which they were brought to their present sites, their history still reads like a very fairy tale. There they lie crusted with mosses and lichens, and with tufts of heather and hare-bell, and fern nestling in their rifts, while all around, perhaps, is bare, bleak moorland. How came they there? They have not tumbled from any cliff, for we may see them rising boldly above the soil, when not another vestige of naked rock appears within sight. They have not been transported by rivers, for they are often seen perched on the summits of the hills, high above all the streams, and even out of hearing of their sound. They can not have been washed up by floods and oceanic convulsions, for not only are they in many cases of enormous size, but they consist of rock which is frequently foreign to the district, and may not be found nearer than fifty or sixty miles, beyond successive ranges of hills and valleys. What force then could carry these huge masses to such great distances across wide and deep valleys and lines of high hills? Again we must answer, ice.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A MAIDEN IN CHURCH.

SHE stands beside a pillar fair,
A maiden girlish-slight,
But stronger than the column there
Her innocency's might;
And simple straight her thoughts go up, in purest white arrayed,
And far above the pillar's shaft their resting-place is made.

She kneels beneath the arching lines
That o'er the chancel sweep,
And on her brow the holy signs
Of peaceful conscience sleep,
And higher than the arches' height her steadfast eyes do look,
The while they meekly seem to fall upon her open book.

A sunbeam laughs into her face,
The face that knows no stain,
And laughs to see from out their place,
Within the window pane,
The olden saints, in quaint array, come sliding, gliding down,
To hover o'er her winsome face, and weave for her a crown.

St. Matthew gleams about her lips,
For all his mien so staid;
And see, upon her finger-tips
St. James's palms are laid;
The loved Apostle calmly floats o'er one so purely fair,
And hoar St. Peter, with his keys, lies tangled in her hair.

Mine eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
For oh! she is so fair:
Yet do I naught but gaze and gaze,
For glory has no glare;
And then I murmur to myself, all wondering: "How can she,
This being, in her radiancy, my own betrothed be?"

Anon the organ's minstrelsy,
And all the choir join in;
But she, albeit her silency,
Is holier than a hymn;
For "Jubilate Domine" her every look doth show,
And "Gloria" is writ upon the brightness of her brow.

Then, for his text, the Pastor takes
A verse I know full well,
And every word he utters makes
A new-born glory-spell
Come showering down from out the pane to light up every word,
Yea, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see the Lord."

For lo! I see it shining out,
A gorgeous blazoned text,
With crimson, purple, strewn about
The golden blaze perplex;
And then upon my clasped hands I bow my face and pray,
And "Blessed are the pure in heart," I softly, softly say.

UTER.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE HORSES OF THE DESERT.

WHEN we say "the Arab," he who hears us is not certain whether we mean the horse or the man. The winged steed of the Sahara is, in one respect, a "household word" with us, and yet, like a classical quotation in a lady's mouth, it is much more familiar with us than known. Our admiration for the animal is vague and legendary. When some skeptic tells us that the English race-horse is greatly its superior, we have no reasons to offer for the impression which we entertain to the contrary. I remember, years ago, a white Arab—and white is considered the most promising hue—starting for the Goodwood Cup. Its beautiful appearance excited great attention. The price said to have been paid for it was prodigious, and it had never run upon an English race-course before. "The Ring," however, the members of which are not easily swayed by romance and enthusiasm, did not "fancy" the desert-born, and the result justified their coldness. He or she—for I forget the sex—bounded off with extreme velocity, and came in—last! My belief is that such would always be the case with Arabs entered for any of our *great* races; and yet there seems no doubt that for swiftness, endurance, and sagacity *combined*, the horses of the Sahara have no rivals. General Daumas, the French consul at Mascara, accredited to the Emir Abd-el-Kader, and afterward Central Director of the Arab office of Algeria, has recently* let us know the whole truth with regard to these animals, and the treatment which they receive from their wandering masters. Of this last, which to us, as a horse-rearing nation, is most interesting, "I am not prepared," writes he, "to say that 'This is right,' or 'This is wrong;' I say simply, Right or wrong, this is what the Arabs do." The question, Can not our light cavalry be recruited from Algeria, instead of, as at present,

from foreign countries? set the French general upon the most careful personal investigations into this subject; while, in addition, his friend the famous emir has supplied him with copious remarks. These latter are, as was to have been expected, couched in rather too flowery language to be acceptable from a veterinary-surgeon point of view; but they are at least interesting, because genuine, and characteristic both of the hero and his race. This is the sort of letter Abd-el-Kader is accustomed to write upon equine matters:

"Praise be to the one God.

"To Him who remains over the same amid the revolutions of this world.

"To our friend General Daumas.

"Peace be with you, through the mercy and blessing of Allah, on the part of the writer of this letter, on that of his mother, his children, their mother, of all the members of his family, and of all his associates.

"To proceed: I have read your questions, I address to you my answers.

"Know, then, that it is admitted among us that Allah created the horse out of the wind, as he created Adam out of the mud.

"He said to the south wind: 'I will that a creature should proceed from thee—condense thyself'—and the wind condensed itself. Then came the Angel Gabriel, and took a handful of this matter, and presented it to Allah, who formed of it a dark-bay horse, etc., etc.

"Then he signed him with the sign of glory and of good fortune—a star in the middle of the forehead."

Thus the horse most esteemed is that which has a star on its forehead; and the Prophet has said: "If I were to gather together in one spot all the horses of the Arabs, and make them race against one another, it is the chestnut which would outstrip the rest."

Nevertheless, as I have said, the favorite color for a horse among the Arabs is the white.

* *The Horses of the Sahara.* By E. DAUMAS. W. H. Allen & Co.

"1. Take the horse white as a silken flag, without spot, with the circle of his eyes black.

"2. The black. 'He must be as black as night without moon and stars.'

"3. The bay. He must be nearly black, or streaked with gold. 'The dark red one said to the dispute, "Stop there."'"

The chestnuts, the dappled grays, and the yellow duns come next. The coats despised are the roan and the piebald, of which latter hue it is ungraciously remarked:

"Flee him like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow."

In spite of the praise that has been heaped upon the horse, he is certainly, in our own country, one of most senseless and helpless of all animals; timid, uncertain, and requiring abundance of care and watchfulness. The reverse of this is the case with its cousin of the desert. In early youth, indeed, immense pains are lavished upon him, and he is rarely mounted before he is two years and a half old, but his education has been such that he is by that time almost qualified to take care both of himself and his master. When the rider dismounts, and wishes his steed to remain stationary, he has merely to pass the bridle over his head; he has never any reason to ask a man to hold his horse for him. At market, or elsewhere, he leaves him for hours without disquietude, and returns to find him standing stock-still. This has been taught by a very simple process. The bridle once over his head, and dragging on the ground, a slave is stationed beside him to tread upon it whenever the animal is about to go off, and so to give a disagreeable shock to the bars of the mouth. This is the only thing approaching to harshness in the training of the Arab—although, indeed, if the training should fail, there are spurs employed such as no European would dream of using. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have little scope for employment in Algeria. Should any children, too young to reason, tease or ill-use the horses tethered in front of the tent, the Arab wife will cry: "Children, beat not the horses. Wretches! it is they who nourish you. Do you wish that Allah should curse our tent?" She does not spare her own husband, if he misuses his horse, but complains of him to the chief of the tribe. "O my lord! although he is all we have, yet my husband takes him on idle journeys, over-

rides him, taxes him beyond his strength. Scold him, I beseech you, in the name of Allah. Lead him back into the ways of our forefathers. Above all, however, don't tell him that it was I who suggested this to you."

"No sooner has the foal seen the light, than one of the bystanders takes it in his arms, and walks up and down with it for some time, in the midst of almost inconceivable noise and uproar. It is supposed that a useful lesson is thus taught for the future: the animal, accustomed from its birth to horrible sounds, will never afterward be frightened at any thing.

"To teach the foal to suck, a fig or a date soaked in milk, slightly salted, is put into his mouth. . . . But it is also necessary to accustom him to drink camel's and ewe's milk. They take a goatskin, used several years for holding milk, and fill it with air; then squeezing it gently, they blow up his nostrils a few times."

This last piece of education is essential in the desert, where water is often much scarcer than is milk; though, while there is any at all, the horse partakes of it, or monopolizes it, to the exclusion of the human. He is treated even better than "one of the family."

The Arab horse is watered, however, only once in the twenty-four hours. He is often obliged to content himself with dates instead of barley; these are given to him before they are perfectly ripe, when their stones are soft, and are eaten stones and all. In the spring, he is turned out on the pastures; but in the summer, if his master can afford it, he gets a little barley. On this scanty fare, a good horse in the desert is expected, if necessary, to accomplish, for five or six successive days, distances of a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty miles: and after a couple of days' rest and good feeding, he will be quite well enough to repeat the feat. If he shakes himself at any resting-place, or paws the ground with his foot, it is held that there is no occasion to pull up in the journey; and if you would know at the end of a day of excessive fatigue how far you can yet depend upon your horse, get off his back, and pull him strongly by the tail; if he remains unmoved, you may still rely upon him. "It is of no very rare occurrence to hear of a horse doing one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours!" The requisites which the men of the desert look for in him are, that "he should carry a full-grown man, his arms

and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag even on a windy day, and if it be necessary, drag a dead body behind him."

A horse of the Sahara is calculated to live from twenty to twenty-five years, and a mare from twenty-five to thirty; his prime is indicated by the following proverb:

"Seven years for my brother,
Seven years for myself,
Seven years for my enemy."

The Arabs prefer mares to horses, but only for the three following reasons: 1. The pecuniary profit; for the stories that represent the sons of the desert turning their backs upon proffered treasure, and remounting the beloved steed that they can not bring themselves to part with, are a little imaginary, and as much as four thousand pounds has been known to have been received for the progeny of a single mare. 2. Because the mare does not neigh like the horse in time of war—a most important matter. 3. Because she is less sensitive to hunger, thirst, and heat, and will feed on the same herbage as the sheep and camels.

The Arabs of Upper Asia have regular genealogical trees of their horses, in which the birth and parentage of a colt is affirmed by evidence such as would be taken in a court of justice; while among the tribe Annaya there are horses so priceless that it is at least impossible even for great personages and wealthy merchants to pay in cash for them: they give a number of bills, therefore, falling due at intervals of twelve months, or else bind themselves to pay an annuity for ever to the vender and his descendants. But perhaps nothing exemplifies the high value put upon a horse by these wandering people so much as this fact, that, although delighting in war and bloodshed, they never kill a farrier; they would as soon think of poisoning a well; he has only to alight, and imitate with the two corners of his burnous—raising and depressing them by turns—the movement of the bellows, and his life is held as sacred as that of a herald or a priest among more civilized nations. On the other hand, if a farrier chance to grow rich, a quarrel is often fastened upon him, and a portion of his wealth taken away, and held in hostage, to prevent so desirable a neighbor quitting the district.

The Arab horse-dealer is not the cheat

that his European brother commonly is, for he never resorts to any trickeries to disguise the bad points of his horse; but he is most seductively eloquent upon the subject of his virtues.

"'Uncover his back,' cries he, 'and satisfy thy gaze. Say not it is my horse, say it is my son. . . . He is pure as gold. His eyesight is so good that he can distinguish a hair in the night-time. In the day of battle, he delights in the whistling of the balls. He overtakes the gazelle. . . . He has no brother in the world; it is a swallow. He listens to his flanks, and is ever watching the heels of his rider.'"

It must not be concealed, however, that with all this honesty, and even chivalry, among the sons of the desert in respect to equine matters, there is also a good deal of horse stealing. The protection of the Prophet is even invoked by persons bent upon this sort of enterprise; and the twenty-first of the Mussulman month is considered the right time for setting out, and the night of the twenty-second the most favorable for putting the design into execution. Upon the other hand, an evil which has grown out of horse-training in this country to a colossal size—that of gambling on the turf—is strictly kept down among the Arabs. It is forbidden and considered disgraceful to bet upon the result of horse-races, although they themselves are authorized by the Mohammedan religion. It is enacted by the Koran that the course for trained steeds should be seven kilomètres, and for those untrained but three. Ten horses run in each race, of which only the three who come in last receive nothing; and the prizes are given by the chiefs.

Contrary to the accepted opinion, the Arabs shoe their horses, although they take the shoes off in the spring. These are very light, of a soft, pliant metal, and are put on cold. Their bridles have blinkers fitted to them—an indignity which is reserved in England almost solely for draught-horses. The Arab saddle is of wood, with a huge pommel, and a broad *troussequin* behind, high enough to protect the loins; the whole being covered and held together without nails or pegs by a camel's skin. Suspended from the pommel is a sort of bag, called a *djebira*, containing several compartments for carrying bread, a mirror, soap, cartridges, shoes, a flint, and writing materials. "I am convinced," says General Daumas,

"that the sabretaches of our hussars had their origin in these *djebiras*." The stirrups are broad and clumsy. Their lateral faces gradually diminish so as to unite with the upper bar which supports the ring for the stirrup leathers. They are used very short, and the whole foot is thrust into them. The eye of these stirrups strikes against the leg-bone of him who rises in them, and renders them at first extremely painful; but after a time

the skin hardens, and an exostosis is formed, which destroys all sensibility. It is by these exostoses that a horseman is distinguished from a foot-soldier, and so clearly indeed, that in the province of Oran a certain bey, having resolved to inflict an exemplary chastisement on a tribe that had revolted, put to death all who fell into his hands bearing these marks. He well knew that his anger was only vented on the horsemen.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PLEASURES OF DIFFICULTY.

It would be very difficult to define precisely what is pleasure—almost as difficult as to define what is happiness. We pursue happiness, or some symbol for it, through life, and occasionally, perhaps, pluck pleasure by the way. But we have not time to examine the pleasure we have seized: "'tis odor fled as soon as shed;" and though the recollection of it lingers about us, and we sigh for its renewal, we never meet it again in the same shape: when next it comes to us it is like, but not the same. The pleasures that are gone are gone for ever; the pleasures which are to come must be more or less new, as we who enjoy them are more or less changed. The difference may be almost imperceptible, as the difference in ourselves, from day to day, is imperceptible; but a pleasure which we might call the same is in reality only similar, when experienced for the second time, and presents at least one essential point of difference, the want of novelty. But as there are degrees of novelty, as of almost all things, so by frequent repetition a pleasure becomes less and less like the first experience of it, until at length many things which we once regarded as our greatest pleasures cease to be pleasures at all. The triumph with which a child jerks his first minnow to the bank with a stick and a string is not exceeded by that with which, a score of years later, he kills a gigantic salmon by a dexterous throw of the fly, and a skillful contest with the fish. As all the toys and

games of childhood cease by degrees to please, so one hears many people proclaiming that childhood is the happiest part of life. But perhaps, after all, maturity and old age may be as happy in themselves, if only they can refrain from looking back. Childhood can not discern that some pleasures are irrevocably gone—all other ages can; and childhood enjoys more than any other age the pleasures of anticipation. But childhood is scarcely left behind ere we learn a lesson which counterbalances all childhood's advantages. Whenever the anticipation is great, the pleasure is proportionately small. To anticipate is to borrow for the present at the expense of the future; and unless we go through the insolvent court presided over by commissioner Death, we can not avoid the payment of such debts. In short, to use the homely old adage, we "can not eat the cake and have it." If, then, we are willing to learn the lessons which experience repeats to us every day, and when we have learnt them to act upon them, our pleasures may be as numerous at one period of our lives as at another. We have only to be content not to mourn for pleasures past, and to "take no thought for the morrow."

And the greatest and most permanent of all pleasures are the pleasures of difficulty. They are the greatest in number and in degree, for we meet nothing more frequently than difficulty; and the highest of all pleasures is the consciousness of

having surmounted a difficulty, and the next to it the satisfaction of having made a gallant, though unsuccessful struggle. And they are in two ways the most permanent; for on the one hand the pleasure of the struggle lasts throughout the whole of the struggle, and is increased when the struggle is successfully ended; and, on the other hand, the pleasure is susceptible of unlimited repetitions, as the number of difficulties which may be encountered is unlimited; and the pleasure of dealing with a new difficulty is a new pleasure, though still belonging to the one class—the pleasures of difficulty.

But it may with very great justice be said that pleasure is not the chief feature of a great and protracted struggle with a difficulty—that there are moments of depression, of disgust, even of despair. So, undoubtedly, there are; and in that very fact lies the great proof that difficulty is a source of pleasure. It is where the energies relax that depression comes in; it is where the difficulty has been removed from the category of the difficult, and transferred to that of the impossible. Difficulty naturally inspires the hope that it may be overcome; but impossibility destroys all hope, and crushes us with the belief that our labor is labor in vain. So in a long struggle, which is fruitless until the prime object is attained, it is to be expected that there will be moments when the poor toiler will ask himself whether he is not engaged upon a hopeless task—if not absolutely impossible, at least impossible to him. Still, when he sets himself to work again, he will forget his fears in his labors, and enjoy again the pleasures of activity or of difficulty, which are one and the same; for it is difficulty which calls forth activity, and activity is pleasure; and so he who struggles with an impossibility, believing it to be only a difficulty, may find pleasure in the struggle, though he never attains to that excess of pleasure which rewards the consummation. If a child wants a piece of the moon, and sits down and cries for it, he will be miserable; but if he sets to work to devise some means of reaching the moon and bringing back a piece of it, the occupation will secure him from misery as long as it lasts. It is better to inflate a balloon and ascend with it wherever it may go than to sit still and cry one's eyes out; for even a broken neck is better than a

broken heart. It is better to die of work than to die of grief, though not wise to kill one's self with either.

But it is the proneness to regard a difficulty as an impossibility which is the source of a great portion of human misery. It may sometimes prostrate the strong man in the midst of his exertions; but it more frequently displays itself among the more inactive portion of mankind, which “never gets a chance,” or “has no luck.” But with such men—as with those who work too hard, and fall victims to their hard work—the real mischief lies in an inherent fallacy in their view of life. They forget that the object and the attainment of it are but the zest which give piquancy to life, and that the struggle and the difficulty are the true meat and drink. And that this is so there are many indications; for even success palls upon men at last, just as the same sauce served up day after day at last palls upon the epicure. Great conquerors sigh for more worlds to vanquish before they have vanquished their own. Success has become so easy to them, that they have ceased to regard victory as involving any difficulty. They must be victorious; and how wretched will they be when there are no more victories to be won! All their power of struggling with difficulty has been spent in the struggle with a particular kind of difficulty, and they have drunk deep of its pleasures; they are for the most part ignorant of the pleasures of other difficulties; they fail to see that in human life there is an infinity of worlds within worlds to be conquered. Material conquest has been the pleasure of their youth—the delight of adding land to land, and saying, “This is mine;” and though the pleasure has ceased to please, and been metamorphosed into satiety, they still can not allow that any other kind of conquest can afford equal pleasure.

We are perhaps most of us guilty of the same absurdity; we are all bigoted to our own old habits; we are all more or less like the cobbler who thought there was nothing like leather; and we are so because we have all been conversant with the pleasures of a particular kind of difficulty, and still associate the idea of pleasant occupation with the idea of that particular kind of difficulty, no matter whether that difficulty be the reduction of a warlike nation into obedient subjects, or the reduction of a refractory piece of

leather into a well-made boot. But we all of us by this very fact bear witness to the pleasures of difficulty. Men may grumble at their hard work; but as a rule, if they are good for much, they take more interest in their own particular kind of work than in any thing else. There is a sort of consciousness in them that they have experienced pleasure in the successful struggle with certain difficulties, and a lurking hope that another successful struggle with the same kind of difficulties may be in store for them. They have the desire to advance—not to make entirely new conquests, but to secure by some additional victory the acquisitions they have already made.

All mankind seem to possess the combative faculty in a greater or less degree; and its difference in one man and another is perhaps one quite as much of kind as of degree. The occupations which a man pursues, or, in other words, the difficulties which he prefers to encounter, are quite as distinctive marks of his character as the energy with which he encounters them. An Aristotle or an Euclid fights as resolutely as a Alexander, and it costs as great an effort to read one of nature's laws as to assert the human law of might; but the one contest is visible, and the other seen only in its results. The pleasures of the victory and the struggle are perhaps as great in the one case as in the other. There is in both the precious drop of triumph to sweeten life—made precious only by the difficulty by which it has been purchased. Had Alexander been born to the greatness of Sardanapalus, he might have become a Sardanapalus, but he could never have become an Alexander. Empire, which he looked upon as his by right, he could never have looked upon as the object for which difficulty and danger were to be met, and he might have betaken himself to the difficulties of devising new pleasures, or the difficulties of surpassing his master, Aristotle, in the fields of knowledge. A man of his excessively combative nature must of necessity have sought out difficulties of some kind or other; he could never have contented himself with those which came unsought, as some of us do, perhaps as most of us do.

But if the majority of men are, as must be admitted, disposed to shirk difficulty, and to look upon ease as the highest good in life, as the synonym for happiness,

what becomes of the theory of the pleasures of difficulty? Does not that which people like best afford them the greatest pleasure? If they sigh for ease when in the midst of difficulties, does not that fact prove that pleasure is to be found only in ease, and that difficulty is a source only of pain? This argument would completely dispose of the pleasures of difficulty, but for the well-known fact that those who are born to a life of ease sigh for difficulties, and travel over the whole world in search of them. Some men become politicians, some soldiers, some sportsmen—some strive to annihilate the mystery of the Nile, and some explore the prairies, or are attracted to the Pole; but all have their hobby. Some like fiery and unbroken steeds, that occasionally run away with them, and others trot discreetly on a steady-going cob; some affect pace, and are always on a race-horse, and others affect substance, and sit sideways upon a dray-horse; some ride a sound horse to death, and others keep a broken-down screw on his legs years after he should have been sent to the knackers. But every one gets a mount somewhere. Those who have not one of their own must beg, borrow, or steal; and on they all ride, fast and slow, each with a difficulty to be surmounted, each with an object in the distance—distinct, or indistinct, flimsy or substantial—and each quite certain that his own object is preferable to his neighbor's. Each of them is looking forward to the time when his hobby will carry him safely to the winning-post; each of them pictures a sort of golden age to himself, when the difficulty is surmounted and the race won.

Ah! that golden age! How delightful in poetry, how impossible in reality! and yet the desire of most men is to attain to something like it. Does not each of us desire a competence—the means of living without working? And yet, by a singular contradiction, does not almost every one consider a competence to be a little more than he possesses. Place a man beyond all want of money, and he wants something else; he wants laurels to repose upon, as well as wealth to roll in; he only wants a certain something to make him quite content; and yet, if he had that something to-morrow, he would find that his happiness could not be complete without a certain something else, of which he never felt the need until his first object

was attained. If he wanted nothing else, he would want an object and an occupation. His golden age is a paradise in the mirage, inducing him to increase his efforts, and making him forget the desert he has to cross before his journey can be ended; and as one image melts away, another rises to replace it.

The golden age! What an age of misery would it be, if it were what the poets have represented it, and mankind were all like what mankind is! Suppose there were no rich and no poor, and all men had what they wanted; suppose the land produced all its fruits without tillage; suppose every thing came at once ready to our hands; suppose that our wants were but few, and all satisfied, and that we had every thing which the poets who sing of the golden age hold necessary to make life happy; or suppose that our wants were innumerable, as in fact they are, and that they were still all satisfied—that we had but to wish in order to become masters of every science, of every art, of wealth, of all that men ever strive for—what miserable creatures should we be in either case! We should be deprived of Pandora's last and best gift—hope: we could not hope if we had nothing to hope for, and our condition would approach very nearly to a state of despair. But in place of hope we should have content—we had content when there was a golden age, the poets tell us. If so, men must have been very differently constituted in those days; they must have been incapable of suffering from *ennui*.

But while poets sing the delights of the golden age, and philosophers preach about the vanity of human wishes—and such philosophers have in a certain one-sided way more reason with them than such poets—few wishes are worth the attainment, and many are ruinous to him who attains them. What are all our objects of ambition worth, when we know that death is ever ready to pluck off the crown which success has placed on our brows? We struggle through life for the means of enjoyment, and when we have the means of enjoyment we are too old to enjoy. All this is true enough in a certain sense. It is true, if we consider idleness to be enjoyment, and the absence of difficulty to be happiness; it is as true as the poetical notion of the golden age, and as likely to breed discontent; and it is founded upon precisely the same fallacy,

but untempered by poetical fancy. The poet says "we can not be happy as we are," but conjures up a species of happiness in his imagination. We might be happy, he declares, if we were differently organized beings, placed under different conditions, the meaning of which is, when analyzed—nothing. The philosopher who prates of the vanity of human wishes implies equally that we can not be happy as we are; but he does not allow himself to be carried away by his imagination. "Human wishes are vain," he says, "and you can't deny it; and if human wishes are vain, life is vain, and happiness a chimera."

But it does not by any means follow that, because human wishes are vain, therefore human happiness is an impossibility. The hunters who have galloped about all day after a miserable little fox, which might have been destroyed in a moment by a poisoned bait, have not performed a feat in itself very great. The fox's brush is of itself worth little; but the health and strength picked up by the way are worth much. And the majority of the objects of life are in themselves perhaps worth no more than the fox's brush; but they serve to call forth the energies and affections of men. The man may be nothing without the object; but the object is nothing without the man. The gold is nothing, the position is nothing; but the struggle for the gold and the position may prove a man's affection for those who are dear to him; they may call forth all the manhood within him. There is but one danger: that in striving to master them, he may become their slave.

And in the struggle with difficulty there is certainly a danger of excessive toil, which, by destroying the power to continue that toil, sometimes destroys the pleasures of the difficulty. Difficulty supplies us with our objects in life, and every one has felt the necessity of having an object. Unfortunately but too many have sacrificed themselves to their object; and it has but too often happened that they have both fallen short of the object sought, and missed the pleasures that are to be found in the pursuit of it. Life is no life without its object, and an object that does not present some difficulty in the attainment hardly deserves the name; but it is surely an absurdity to sacrifice health and life for an object which is, after

all, but the complement of life—unless, indeed, the object is purely unselfish, and the life is given for a great cause! But how often does “vaulting ambition o’erleap itself, and fall on the other side?” How often do the most selfish of mankind make the most complete sacrifices of self, not for the sake of religion, not for the good of their fellowmen, not for the good of their kind, not even for their own good—but simply from the love of money, or position, or fame, or some abstraction, which has in the beginning served as an object giving an impulse to their lives, and in the end as a loadstone attracting them to dissolution? We cry out that we are a hard-working age; but why do we persist in working so hard? We have not all of us great objects to sacrifice ourselves for: the majority of us are hoping for nothing higher than our so many hundreds or thousands a year, or a footing in a certain society, or to make our boys gentlemen by profession, and our girls ladies by what is called education. But is it, after all, the profession which makes the gentleman?—is it the combination of accomplishments which makes the lady? All honor be to parental affection; but even parental affection may be blind to the true interests of those it loves. Is it a good example to make our toil a task instead of a pleasure—a thing to be shunned instead of welcomed—to convert the wholesome and invigorating air of difficulty into a poison, and determined energy into feverish discontent? Is not a poor man in health better than a rich man in sickness?—nay, is not stamina quite as necessary as refinement in this pushing world of ours? Why should we pluck a crown of thorns from every hedge we pass? The roses are sweeter, and will repay us for a scratch or two incurred in the gathering. There is an asceticism in money-making no less than in monasteries, and it is an asceticism which it will be found even more difficult to justify. Surely money was made for man, and not man for money.

In dealing with difficulties, as with most matters, there is a certain golden mean, the preservation of which secures the highest amount of enjoyment. When a man rushes into enterprises which are manifestly beyond his strength, he acts like a fool; but it is an act of folly which is perpetrated every day. If a man attempts to lift two hundredweight when

he is barely able to lift one, he scarcely deserves commiseration for a broken back; and yet people are continually breaking their backs in a similar way, and that too after they have had experience that they can not make the attempt with impunity. But the glory of lifting two hundredweight, or of some other corporeal or mental feat beyond their strength, appears to them an object so infinitely preferable to an unbroken back, that they are content to risk their backs or their lives in the endeavor to attain it. The greater the difficulty to be overcome, the greater the glory when they have overcome it. In the craving for the result they forget to estimate the means, and strain themselves into a premature grave: they frequently sacrifice themselves to an object, without considering whether that object is worthy of the sacrifice, or sometimes even in ignorance that the sacrifice must be made.

But still greater would be the folly of a man who, because he knew himself to be unable to lift two hundredweight, shrank back appalled from the labor of picking up a cricket-ball. There are not such men to be found, it may be said; and yet, *mutatis mutandis*, there are. It might be somewhat difficult to find any one who would absolutely refuse to pick up a cricket-ball on the score of the excessive exertion required; and yet in the matches of life there are many to be found sitting listlessly on the ground, when they should be devoting all their care and energies to the fielding. But it is probable that both indolence and excessive exertion proceed from one and the same cause—the fallacious idea that indolence is happiness. The indolent man believes that he is making the most of the present moment, and the over-active man that he is securing for himself a store of future indolence, or, as he believes, enjoyment. “Carpe diem,” says one; “Make money when you are young, and enjoy it when you are old,” says the other. And he who says “Carpe diem” has certainly most reason on his side, if he sets the right way to work to secure the enjoyment of the present moment; but if he regards the delights of indolence as the only kind of enjoyment, he will find that monotony will very soon deprive him of his pleasures. The *far niente* can be made *dolce* only upon payment of the price, and is not in itself sweet. The

sweetness must be bought by the contest with difficulty—by toil—just as appetite, and sound sleep, and calm nerves, and strong muscles are bought. Rest after toil is indeed sweet; but to be compelled for life to do nothing—absolutely nothing—would be the last refinement of torture, infinitely worse than death in harness. The true theory seems to be, that we should enjoy the present as far as we may, without detriment to the future, and provide for the future as far as we may, without loss to the present; and to make some approximation to this is not by any means an impossibility. He who is drunk to-day will have a headache to-morrow, and has bought present gratification at the price of future inconvenience; but he who runs to-day, provided he does not run too far, may run further and faster to-morrow: he may attain a greater and greater mastery over difficulties. And this is equally true of all human occupations which do not inflict any strain upon the natural functions. Each difficulty overcome leads insensibly on to another remaining to be overcome, and one pleasure leads on insensibly to another. The goose lays her golden eggs every day; but woe to him who rips up her belly—as he does who would enjoy the pleasures of rest without waiting until the time for them has arrived. Unwise, too, is he who reserves for the future the egg which is laid to-day; for that which is a new-laid egg to-day is not a new-laid egg to-morrow, and at the end of a week is to a fastidious person scarcely eatable. We may be in a condition to-day to enjoy that which we may never be in a condition to enjoy again.

The doctrine which appears to be very commonly received, that work and difficulty are absolutely evils, and that ease and indolence are absolutely blessings—that we must endure an excess of the one in youth, in order that we may insure an excess of the other in later life—must, if seriously entertained, be destructive of all happiness—most certainly, if the popular and contradictory view that youth is the only season for enjoyment be accepted. For, can there be any reason in looking forward to enjoyment at a time when the capacity for enjoyment has passed away? But it is not true that youth is the only season for enjoyment, though it is true that youth is the only season for the enjoyments of youth; and it is not true that ease and

indolence are absolutely blessings, nor that work and difficulty are absolutely evils; each of them may be good or evil according to circumstances, and according to the relation each bears to the other. Youth is the season of hopeful energy, which can extract pleasure from the toils and difficulties that would overwhelm the aged and infirm; but it is not the season to perform impossibilities. And when youth exclaims that it is worn out with excessive labor, it admits that it is striving to perform impossibilities; the pleasure of the toil has been converted into pain, and nature rebels against the excessive strain—the pleasures of activity have become the miseries of over-activity. But the efforts of the strong and the sound are one long pleasure, so long as excess is avoided—so long as the pleasures of toil and the pleasures of rest are duly balanced.

There is perhaps no saying more common than "Duty before pleasure," which obviously implies a general belief in the incompatibility of one with the other; and this is again the same antithesis between exertion and the absence of exertion: that, it implies, which requires exertion is painful, and that which does not require it is pleasurable. The reason of this is probably, that as by far the greater portion of mankind is, and always has been, compelled to exert itself, the chief object which presents itself as desirable is the absence of the necessity for exertion. From the extraordinary ingenuity evinced by those who have no profession in devising occupations, we are probably justified in inferring, that if the majority of mankind were born to idleness, exertion, and not the absence of it, would become the synonym for pleasure. And such a view would certainly approach more nearly to truth; for there certainly is pleasure in all exertion that is not excessive; and all the pleasures of idleness, to be enjoyed to their full, must be preceded by exertion.

Exertion—the combat with difficulty—and all exertion is a combat with difficulty in some form or other—is the true pleasure, and pleasure, in the common acceptance of the term, is no more than the shadow. But how many abandon the substance to run after the shadow! Less real pleasure perhaps falls to the lot of the professed pleasure-seeker than to the lot of any one. He goes out of his way in search of excitement, and loses the ready, healthy excitement of any broken animal

spirits. He pursues a name which fascinates him, and persists in believing, contrary to his own experience, that it is something more than a name. That which is called pleasure he thinks must be pleasure, and he tries to grasp it. But pleasure is not to be stolen. Stolen pleasures are said to be the sweetest; but stolen pleasures are really those which are bought at the highest price—where there is the greatest difficulty to be surmounted—where there is a spice of danger to give them zest; and it is in the contest with the difficulty and the victory over it that the additional sweetness of the pleasure is found.

There are, however, but few people who have not a practical belief in the pleasure of difficulty; and no one has perhaps a more hearty belief in them than the Englishman, whose prerogative it is to grumble, but who prides himself upon his pluck. He is a very ill-used man, but he "won't give in;" he has a dogged determination to win in the long-run; he will struggle, and make sacrifices for a point difficult of attainment, when he might "live comfortably, and enjoy himself." When men do this, having a free choice in the matter, it is evident that they must consider the combat with difficulty preferable to indolence. Nothing is more common than to hear men complain of the hardships they are compelled to undergo when it is in their power to live exempt from the hardships of which they complain. Pluck, which is the Englishman's boast, is but another name for the healthy spirit of opposition to difficulty. It speaks in its motto the English adage, "Never say die;" a brave old maxim, worth many volumes of philosophy—an exhortation to look on life with a kindly eye—to be patient, energetic, and hopeful.

It may be thought that too much has been said in depreciation of the objects of life—that the advantages of the struggle for them have been given an undue prominence, at the expense of the objects themselves; but the purpose of this essay is to show that it is folly to set an *undue* value upon the *ordinary* objects of life, and that even those ordinary objects are not best attained by so doing. The first requisite for every struggle is sound health, and that can be obtained—not by excessive exertion, nor by indolence, but by the amount of exertion suited to the powers of each individual. Every one who, by excessive work in the pursuit of the ordinary objects of life, impairs his powers, does a wrong to society. He contributes to the degeneration of the human race; and no success of mere ambition can compensate society for worn-out men and puny offspring; nor can any wealth, or fame, or station compensate the successful individual for the loss of health. But that there are objects for which life and, what is quite as important, health, may be nobly sacrificed, is a truth upon which it would be out of place to enlarge here. Such objects are not the ordinary objects of life, nor are the difficulties which surround them the ordinary difficulties of life: they differ in degree, if in nothing else. But even in such difficulties there is still the pleasure, and perhaps a greater pleasure in proportion to the excess of the difficulty; and for this reason it has been said that virtue is its own reward. But as there are great virtues, so there are little virtues—as there are extraordinary, so there are ordinary difficulties; and in each may be found its own reward.

L. OWEN PIKE.

DESECRATION OF CHESS.—There is a wonderful Hindoo chess-player at present in London. He plays three games blindfolded, and wins. At the same time he plays a game of cards and wins. During the game a bell is touched every one or two seconds, and he gives the number of times it has been touched. A man stands behind and throws little pebbles one by one against his back; these, too, he counts; and after the games are told he recites a poem in perfect rhyme which he has composed during the sitting.—*European Times*.

VESSELS ON THE AMERICAN LAKES.—The immense amount of capital invested in the commerce of our great lakes is hardly realized by the public outside of business circles immediately interested in the trade. The following statement of sail and steam vessels engaged in this business is compiled from the *Marine Register*, issued by the board of Lake Underwriters: Steamers, 134; propellers and tugs, 253; barks and barkentines, 191; brigs and brigantines, 78; schooners, 1030; sloops, 14; barges, 69. Total, 1769.—*New-York Paper*.

From Chambers's Journal.

SHOOTING - STARS.

SEVENTY years ago, a German philosopher, named Chladni, published a tract on meteoric astronomy, and in it ventured to propound the opinion, that masses of stone might fall upon this earth from unknown space, and that the traditions of such masses having fallen were not myths of ancient history, but credible facts. What little attention this publication obtained was not of a very complimentary nature; some laughed at it, more disregarded it, but in the hands of the few, it remained as valuable material for future investigation. Nature, however, came to Chladni's support. In July, 1794, twelve stones fell at Sienna; in the following year, a mass of meteoric matter, weighing fifty-six pounds, fell in Yorkshire; and on the 19th December, 1798, a splendid meteor was visible at Benares. At eight in the evening, in a perfectly cloudless sky, appeared a large ball of fire; a noise resembling thunder was heard, and then the sound of falling bodies. "The light from it was so great as to cast strong shadows from the bars of a window on a dark carpet, and it appeared as luminous as the brightest moonlight." It only lasted a few minutes. Search was made, and stones weighing two pounds and under were found buried in the earth to the depth of five or six inches. Specimens of these stones were forwarded to Sir Joseph Banks, who encouraged further inquiries; Howard aided with analysis and a remarkable paper in the *Philosophical Transactions*, which finally placed the subject before the scientific world. From that time, the most learned astronomers and geometers gave it their attention; and under their hands, it gradually emerged from its unknown state; though all their efforts could as yet, from the great difficulties in observation, effect but little.

Meteoric astronomy may at this time be divided into three parts, separate to a certain extent, but united by a common origin: aërolites, fire-balls, and shooting-

stars, which last are of more frequent occurrence than the rest. Aërolites are masses of stone which fall, in general, without any brilliant luminous display, though their descent is usually accompanied by a loud detonation. To this class belongs the famous stone of Ensisheim, a portion of which is preserved in the British museum; the account from which the following is extracted was drawn up at the command of the Emperor Maximilian: "In the year of the Lord, 1492, on Wednesday, which was Martinmas eve, November 7th, a singular miracle occurred; for between eleven o'clock and noon, there was a loud clap of thunder, and a prolonged confused noise, which was heard at a great distance; and a stone fell from the air, in the jurisdiction of Ensisheim, which weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, and the confused noise was, moreover, exceeding loud. Then a child saw it strike on a field in the upper jurisdiction, toward the Rhine and Jura, near the district of Giscana, which was sown with wheat, and it did no harm, except that it made a hole there. . . . When they found that stone, it had entered into the earth to the depth of a man's stature, which every body explained to be the will of God that it should be found; and the noise of it was heard at Lucerne, at Vitting, and in many other places, so loud that it was believed that houses had been overturned."

Fireballs are, as the name signifies, a ball of fire which generally bursts, and scatters small stony or metallic fragments. Such was the meteor at Benares. Shooting-stars, we may conjecture, are small meteoric bodies, which, (though only visible for a moment,) if they chanced to fall on our earth, would probably attach themselves to the class of fireballs. These fall sporadically (that is, as single stars) or periodically in vast swarms. In these swarms often occur fireballs; in fact, the two classes can not be considered separately. Both phenomena are frequently

seen at the same time; occasionally the larger merges into the small. As before said, if a fireball bursts, its fragments, though they may not reach the earth, would assume the appearance of falling stars.* The annual return of these meteoric showers did not attract notice for many years, although, in numerous ancient writers, the allusions to and accounts of such showers show how steady has been their reoccurrence. The two great falls are in August, on St. Lawrence's Day, and on the nights of the 12th and 13th of November. The former, in old English calendars, received the name of "the fiery tears of St. Lawrence;" the latter, or November period, though more brilliant, is less steady in its return, being liable to intervals of some years.† Others calculated that the maximum of the November period occurred every thirty-four years, and foretold an unusually brilliant display of meteors in 1867. The August stream is unfailing in its return, as many must have noticed last year, when hundreds of falling-stars were visible on the night of the 10th. The chronological tendency of the Chinese gives us notices of many starry showers; and singularly enough, Biot found that most of those recorded corresponded with the stream of

St. Lawrence's. These Chinese records take us back more than six hundred years before Christ—to the time of the Tarquins and the second Messenian war. Livy narrates that a shower of stones fell on the Alban Mount, one of the seven hills of Rome, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, about 654 B.C.; and Plutarch mentions the gigantic stone of Ægos-Potamos, which fell 405 B.C., and was seen five hundred years after by the elder Pliny, who describes it as of the size of a wagon. Four hundred and seventy-two years B.C., Theophrastus of Byzantium speaks of the sky at Constantinople being, in November, "as if on fire with flying meteors;" and in 599, on Saturday night, (say the annals of Cairo,) in the last Moharrun (October 19th, 1202,) the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, toward the east and west; they flew about like grasshoppers, and were dispersed from left to right; this lasted till daybreak; the people were alarmed. Other writers compare them to "fiery rain falling like locusts;" but the most vigorous and suggestive simile is in the Chronicle of Rheims, where a stream of meteors, in the time of William Rufus, is described as "the stars in heaven were driven like dust before the wind." Of the later detailed accounts of these unusually brilliant starry showers, one of the first is in a Portuguese record, as follows: "In the year 1366, and twenty-two days of the month of October being past, three months before the death of the king, Don Pedro, [of Portugal,] there was in the heavens a movement of stars, such as men never before saw or heard of. At midnight, and for some time after, all the stars moved from east to west; and after being collected together, they began to move, some in one direction, and others in another. And afterward, they fell from the sky in such numbers, and so thickly together, that as they descended low in the air, they seemed large and fiery, and the sky and the air seemed to be in flames, and even the earth appeared as if ready to take fire. That portion of the sky where there were no stars seemed to be divided into many parts, and this lasted for a long time. Those who saw it were filled with such great fear and dismay, that they were astounded, imagining they were struck dead, and that the end of the world had come." Humboldt, when traveling in South America, was a

* "The remarkable meteor of August 18th, 1783, traversed the whole of Europe, from Shetland to Rome, with a velocity of about thirty miles per second, at a height of fifty miles from the surface of the earth, with a light surpassing that of the full moon, and a real diameter of fully half a mile. Yet with these vast dimensions, it changed its form visibly, and at length quietly separated into several distinct bodies, accompanying each other in parallel courses, and each followed by a tail or train."—Herschel.

† Our readers may probably be interested in the following extract, which we are permitted to give from a private letter of the celebrated Mary Somerville. It is dated November 22d, 1834: "We did watch for meteors on the evening of the 12th, and Dr. Somerville saw a magnificent one, like a sky-rocket, pass right across from south to north at a quarter before ten. Soon after, my maid, who had walked from town, declared that, at a quarter past nine, *un tas de comètes* had rushed along the sky. I unluckily saw neither, and have heard nothing further on the subject; but I have written to Dr. Bowditch at Baden, in America, to ask his opinion of those that appeared there in the years 1832 and 1833, and shall let you know as soon as I get an answer. Of course, any theory as to their cause is a matter of conjecture; but a recurrence of phenomena so striking, and in such multitudes, three different years, on the same day of the month, and during the same time of the night, leads to the inference of a periodic origin."

spectator of one of the most splendid displays of this kind ever known. It was on November 13th, 1799, and was visible all over the Northern and Southern continents of America. "Toward the morning of the 13th, we witnessed a most extraordinary scene of shooting-meteors. Thousands of bodies and falling-stars succeeded each other during four hours. From the beginning of the phenomenon, there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with bodies or falling-stars. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds."

Another account of the same phenomenon, as seen from the Gulf of Mexico, says the meteors "flew about in all possible directions, except from the earth, toward which they were all inclined, more or less; and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel in which we were, so that I was in constant expectation of their falling on us." But the most recent of these prodigious meteoric showers occurred on the nights of the 12th and 13th November, 1833, and, like the preceding swarm, was visible all over America. "The stars fell, on this occasion, like flakes of snow; and it was calculated that at least two hundred and forty thousand had fallen during a period of nine hours." The phenomenon commenced at midnight, only reaching its maximum at 5 A.M.; and many of the meteors were remarkable for their peculiar form and size. One hung for some time in the zenith, immediately over the Falls of Niagara, "emitting radiant streams of light." But the appearance, and effect on the mind, of this spectacle will be best understood from the account of a planter in South Carolina, who was an eye-witness. "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of the three plantations, amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment, I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying: "O my God, the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say

which excited me the most—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressing cries of the negroes. Upward of a hundred lay prostrate on the ground, some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth—east, west, north, and south, it was the same."

The reader will notice that the interval between these two swarms, the most prodigious on record—1799, 1833—seems to support Olber's theory of the maximum recurring every thirty-four years. Of course, it is only lengthened observation in the future, and careful examination of past accounts, which can decide the correctness of this hypothesis.

In Milner's *Gallery of Nature*, the meteors of the last-mentioned swarm were described as of three kinds: 1. Phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point. These were the most abundant; they passed along the sky with immense velocity, as numerous as the flakes of a sharp snow-storm. 2. Large fireballs, which darted forth at intervals across the sky, describing arcs in a few seconds. Luminous trains marked their path, which remained in view for a number of minutes, and in some cases for half an hour or more. The trains were commonly white; but the various prismatic colors occasionally appeared, vividly and beautifully displayed. Some of these fireballs were of enormous size; indeed, one was seen larger than the moon when full. 3. Luminosities of irregular form, which remained stationary for a considerable time. The one mentioned above as having been seen at the Falls of Niagara was of this kind.

The circumstance of prismatic light attending the train of fireballs, is well attested; also the light of the train remaining visible so long after the disappearance of the fireball itself. "Admiral Krusenstern saw, in his voyage round the world, the train of a fireball shine for an hour after the luminous body itself had disappeared, and scarcely move throughout the whole time." Sir Alexander Burnes, in his travels in Bokhara, dwells on the exquisite loveliness of variously-colored falling-stars, and says the atmosphere is there so pure, that "there is a never-ceasing display of the most brilliant meteors, which dart like rockets in the sky; ten or

twelve are sometimes seen in an hour, assuming every color—fiery red, blue, pale, and faint.”

Of sporadic stars, there is an average of from five to seven visible every hour on a clear night. These are stray visitors, in contradistinction to the prodigious swarms of November and August, which observation during twenty-five years has decided as accurately returning phenomena. Arago gives a summary of the times in each month when meteors are chiefly seen; it is as follows: January. Shooting-stars are rare, 1st to 4th, if at all. February. The ancient showers of meteors announced for this month by the chroniclers seem to have failed for the last eight or nine centuries. March. Occasionally. April. From 4th to 11th, and 17th to 25th. May. Shooting-stars are rare. June. Shooting-stars are *very* rare. July. The apparition of showers begins now to increase in number; we may expect them about July 26th to 29th. August. The well-known period of 9th to 11th. September. Rare, but possible from 18th to 25th. October. In the middle of the month. November. As usual from 11th to 13th, though less abundant. December. About 5th to 15th.

From this it will be seen that shooting-stars are much more numerous during the latter half of the year, when the earth is passing from summer to winter, or, in astronomical phraseology, from aphelion to perihelion. The same increase of number in the last six months of the year is observable in the appearance and fall of fireballs and *aérolites*.

Now, by what theory can we account for this accurate return of meteors in each year? In only one way: that there exists an annulus of small bodies, revolving with planetary velocity round the sun. When these bodies come within the limits of our atmosphere, they are rendered visible to us as shooting-stars or fireballs, which last perhaps “let fall more or less strongly heated stony fragments, covered with a shining black crust,” known to us as meteoric stones. This way of accounting for *aérolites*, as emanations from exploded fireballs, occurred to the Greeks, one of whom (Diogenes of Apollonia) says “Stars that are *invisible*, and consequently have no name, move in space together with those that visible. These invisible stars frequently fall to the earth, and are extinguished, as the stony star which

fell burning at *Ægos-Potamos*.” We are accustomed to the idea of invisible cosmical bodies, from more than one brilliant star having suddenly disappeared from sight; and when we think of the trifling size of even the largest known meteor, we can receive the idea of them moving by millions, silent and invisible to us, through infinite space. They can only be, when compared with the other bodies of the solar system, as motes dancing in a sunbeam.

But the scientific world was reluctant to believe that we could “touch, weigh, and chemically decompose metallic or earthy masses, which belong to the outer world, to celestial space.” To have done this, would have been simply acquiescing in the opinions of our great Newton, that all the members of the celestial world were composed of the same materials as the earth, variously concocted. Rather than accept this theory, it was thought necessary to suggest hypotheses, more flattering to the ingenuity than the judgment of the learned. First came the atmospheric theory, which supposed that minute atoms were drawn up from the surface of our planet, and being collected far above the clouds, were there consolidated into masses of the desired size, which fell, by the force of gravitation, as meteoric stones, to their common origin—the earth. Scarcely more probable was the volcanic hypothesis, which admitted the possibility of volcanos ejecting stones with such force as to carry them far into the atmosphere, whence they would descend with immense force and velocity to the earth. This returning force, however, would be as nothing compared with that which Popocatepetl must exert to impel a stone a hundred and forty miles into space! In both these cases, there was a difficulty to overcome in the oblique direction in which most meteoric stones have struck the earth. In the former case, the atmospheric currents diverted the descending *aérolite* from its vertical direction; in the latter, they were supposed to have been ejected at corresponding obliquities. Another volcanic source was proposed—from the volcanos of the moon. From them they were to be impelled with such force as to reach the limits of terrestrial attraction. When once under this influence, the bodies would circulate in constantly diminishing orbits round the earth until they fell upon its surface. As soon as this selenic origin was suggested, Olbers, Laplace, Poisson, and

other geometricians, began to calculate the amount of initial force requisite to bring a body from the lunar regions. This inquiry continued during ten or twelve years, and ended by proving that an original force of projection would be required equal to one hundred and fourteen thousand feet to a second. As this even did not allow for atmospheric resistance, the theory was reluctantly abandoned.

The acceptance of the planetary hypothesis as the most rational way of accounting for the systematic reëcurrence of meteoric showers, is a great testimony to the sagacity of Chladni. As he first drew attention to the subject, so his theory has proved the one generally adopted after much controversy. The periodicity and parallel divergence of all the shooting-stars from the same apex or point in the celestial sphere, could only be accounted for by the supposition of a ring, or elliptical annulus of meteors. Supposing this ellipse is crossed by the earth twice in her annual course, and that the traversing of each node occupies a day or two, we may at once account for the periodic profusion of meteors. And the parallel divergence of the stars from the same place in the heavens at each period, is exactly what would occur if the orbits of the earth and planet meteors intersected. In the November period, all the stars emerge from the region of γ Leonis; in August, from β Camelopardali; the latitude of the apex is changed, but not the geometrical fact of divergence from a common source.

But on this principle the contact of the orbits having occurred once, *must* continue each year. This is not the case; there are breaks in the return of the November period, and also great inequality in the splendor of the displays; or there are total cessations of other periods, as in the February showers, which, though recorded

for years by ancient chroniclers, have not been encountered for eight or nine centuries. Two solutions of the difficulty have been proposed. The one by Herschel suggests that it is not a ring of equally-distributed bodies; but "if the ring be broken, or if it be a succession of groups revolving in an ellipse *not* identical with that of the earth, years may pass without a rencontre; and when such happens, they may differ to any extent in their intensity of character, according as richer or poorer groups have been encountered." Or these interruptions may be caused, as suggested by Poisson, from the superior attraction of the large planets on the very small bodies. "If the group of falling-stars form an annulus round the sun, its velocity of circulation may be very different from that of our earth, and the displacements it may experience in space, in consequence of the action of the various planets, may render the phenomenon of its intersecting the plane of the ecliptic possible at some epochs, and altogether impossible at others."

But these points, and many others connected with this branch of astronomy, are still subjects of speculation, and of speculation beyond the limits of this paper. Among these is the question, where and how do these stony masses ignite and become luminous? Is it within the limits of our atmosphere, or far beyond it in unknown space? Or do they gain their light but for the moment by reflection, to lose it again in the shadow of the earth, and pass into darkness? These matters still require time to solve. If this is "a new planetary world beginning to be revealed to us," we may hope that its principles may become known to us, as have been those of the greater members of the cosmical family to which these multitudinous meteor-planets belong.

CAPTIVATING BOOKS.—That book is good in vain which the reader throws aside. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hopes of fresh pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveler casts upon departing day.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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TWENTY-FIVE tons of maple sugar have been made in Plainfield, Mass., this year, and one of the Smith family there has sold forty-two hundred pounds for twenty-two cents a pound.

PAPER is now made from sorghum stalks at mill in Wood county, Ohio. The quality resembles that of straw paper, but it is stronger.

From the English Churchman's Magazine.

THE JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.*

THE city of Jerusalem fills a place in the history of the world which is perfectly unique and unparalleled. We do not mean this merely with regard to the sanctity of her associations with the facts of our redemption, and the supernatural events of our Lord's resurrection and ascension. Apart from this she attracts the attention of the historian and the archæologist by the extraordinary length of time over which her authentic and unbroken history extends. Jerusalem was a city in the days of Abraham, and it is now nearly four thousand years since the memorable meeting between her King Melchizedek and the patriarch victorious over the Canaanitish kings. The mountain of Moriah was the scene of the offering of Isaac, and there is not wanting a certain probability to the opinion of those who hold that there also was the true scene of the mystic vision of angels which cheered the flight of the patriarch Jacob.

Then comes the only gap in this marvellous history. Pass over the interval between the days of the patriarchs and the conquest of Canaan, and from thence forward we never lose sight of Jerusalem and of her vicissitudes. Her next appearance is in the story of Joshua's campaigns in Palestine. Adonizedek (Josh. 10: 1-21) is now her king—a name whose affinity to that of Melchizedek agrees with the opinion that the Salem of the days of Abraham is one with the Jerusalem of the days of Joshua. From the distant days of Adonizedek to our own the annals of Jerusalem are absolutely continuous, and the history of the world may almost be said to be written in the massive remains of her walls, her fortifications, and her conduits. There we may yet discern the enormous stones laid by Jebusite masons in the old foundations of the defenses of Zion. There we may yet see the works of David, of Solomon, of Hezekiah, of Ma-

nasseh, of Nehemiah, of Herod, of the Romans, of the Crusaders, and of the Saracens. The cities of ancient Egypt have an antiquity perhaps even more towering, but the current of their history was intercepted in the far-off ages, and they speak to us only of a mysterious past which holds no communion with the intervening life of the world. Rome yet remains laden with the associations of her long career, but by the side of Jerusalem she is only a modern creation. The historic age of Jerusalem was already old ere the fabled Romulus and Numa came upon the scene. Even as her sacred Scriptures are interwoven with the religious life of almost every nation under heaven, so also her long annals are crossed by those of nearly every historic people of the world.

Not less remarkable have been the vicissitudes of this strange city. Regarded by the light of her actual fortunes, her *name* Jerusalem would seem to have been given in a sad and sarcastic irony. Jerusalem, "Inheritance of Peace," of all cities in the known world she has least answered to her title, if by peace we are to understand a peace outward, and secular, and historic. "The City of the Sieges" is the name which her actual history would rather have suggested had the name been given with any prophetic forecast of her material history. It is the one distinctive mark of Jerusalem—the number and the severity of her sieges. No city in the known world has endured so many or so destructive captures. Her continuous history opens with a siege, when we read, in Judges 1: 8, how the children of "Judah had fought against Jerusalem and had taken it, and smitten it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire." And even then we find the evidence of its peculiar strength as a place of defense; for though the "children of Judah" had thus reduced the portion of it which lay within the borders of their own tribe, that is, the "Lower City," we read further on in the same chapter

* *Jerusalem Explored.* By ERMEY PIEROTTI. 2 vols., folio. Bell & Daldy. London, 1864.

(verse 21) that "the children of *Benjamin* did not drive out the Jebusites that inhabited Jerusalem"—that is, who inhabited the fastness of the "Upper City," or Mount Zion. And not only so, but these Jebusites still retained their ancient stronghold until the eighth year of the reign of King David, and even he did not attempt its reduction until all the rest of the country was subdued, so that its capture marked his completed conquest of the whole territory of Palestine (2 Sam. 5: 6-9). From the first siege mentioned in the Book of Judges to the great siege under Titus—a space of fifteen centuries—the city was seventeen times besieged; it was razed to the ground twice, and twice its walls were destroyed. In A.D. 614, it was taken by Chosroes II., King of Persia; in A.D. 629 it was recovered by the Emperor Heraclius; the Khalif Omar took it in A.D. 636; and, to pass over other occasions, it was taken by the crusading army under Godfrey of Bouillon, in the year 1099.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the memorials of *ancient Jerusalem*, and the determination of the *ancient localities*, have to be sought painfully beneath the surface of the actually existing city and far below the level of the ground on which most of her modern buildings stand.* It is no wonder that her minor eminences have been leveled, her valleys and her hollows filled up; that the spade and the pickaxe are the true instruments of antiquarian discovery, and that the identification even of her ancient *physical* outlines should, in many particulars, have become matter of vehement discussion and debate. The last thirty years have been peculiarly fruitful in writers upon the topography of Jerusalem. Scholars and antiquarians and artists have not been wanting, until the present condition of the Holy City, the chief questions as to its historic sites, and the physical peculiarities of its position have become familiar to every educated man. But M. Pierotti comes before us with claims and qualifications distinct from all who have preceded him, inasmuch as he has enjoyed opportunities such as have never before fallen to the lot of any Frank explorer. He was

eight years resident in the Holy City, as architect-engineer to the Pasha of Jerusalem. During this period a large amount of building was in progress, so that his opportunities of actual excavation have been greater than those, not merely of any living man, but perhaps of any individual whatever during modern times. His own description of the sumptuous volumes now before us announces them as "the fruits of eight years of continual labor . . . in which I have been constantly occupied in excavating and removing the rubbish accumulated over the place during so many centuries, in retracing the walls, in examining the monuments and ancient remains, and in penetrating and traversing the conduits and vaults; so that I trust I am in a position to throw some fresh light upon the subject of Jewish archæology. In arranging the plan of my work, I have rested chiefly upon the Bible, the traditions of the Rabbis, and the works of Josephus, and have made but little use of any other authorities upon the ancient topography of the city; but to compensate for this I have made excavations, and watched those made by others, have formed intimacies with the inhabitants of the country, have sought for information on the spot; regardless of personal risk, have worked with my own hands under the ground, and so have obtained much knowledge of that which lies below the surface of the soil in Jerusalem; and have pursued my purpose, at one time with bribes, at another with force, and always with patience, perseverance, and courage."

It is clear, therefore, that M. Pierotti has enjoyed opportunities of investigation altogether unprecedented, and yet with all these he scarcely seems to set at rest many of the points in debate respecting the topography of Jerusalem. There are indeed some conclusions which we can hardly think will ever be again questioned. The site of the Holy Sepulcher and the identity of the Rock under the Mosque of Omar with Solomon's Altar of Burnt Sacrifice, are surely settled for ever. So also is the fact of the former existence of a deep valley, extending the whole way from the present Damascus gate to the valley on the south of the city. Yet with all the evidence of laborious research which it contains, there is nothing in the whole book which strikes us so forcibly as the extraordinary obstacles which were con-

* As an example we may refer to the well-known fact that a depth of *fifty feet of rubbish* was passed through before meeting with the rock, when the foundation of the Protestant church on Mount Zion was laid.

tinually interfering with the desired *thoroughness* of exploration. Armed as M. Pierotti was with official authority, even he was compelled to content himself with brief and stolen visits to the places of interest, to disguise his objects, and to lie in wait months or even years for favorable opportunities. On some points, as, *e. g.*, the exact course of the outer northern walls and of the valley which anciently bounded the northern side of Mount Zion, time and further observation are clearly needed to test or to confirm his views. In the mean while, we will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the very vivid picture of Jerusalem and its general features, which the careful perusal of M. Pierotti's book has brought once more before our mind.

For the purposes of a general explanation, we may describe the position of Jerusalem as follows: There is a high mountainous ridge stretching from north to south through Palestine. Its valleys are deep, sudden, and irregular. On the western side lies the maritime plain which fringes the Mediterranean; on the eastern side is the deep valley through which, in a most winding and irregular course, and with a most remarkably rapid descent, the Jordan rushes. This ridge reaches its greatest height, about 3000 feet, at the situation of Jerusalem, and the individual hill, or mountain, on which Jerusalem stands, resembles a kind of promontory of table-land, surrounded on three sides by some of those deep, sudden valleys already mentioned as frequent in the region. On the fourth or northwest side it is united by land of a high level with the general mountain system of which it forms a part. Thus Jerusalem stands on a kind of tongue-shaped mountain amid mountains. On the east, and south, and west, deep valleys cut it off from the neighboring heights, so that the plan of the high ground thus described is a kind of irregular oblong from north to south, connected by an elevated plateau on the northwest with the general table-land of the country.

This tongue or oblong is itself divided by a smaller depression or valley severing it in two also from north to south, and each portion terminates in a sharp, precipitous, rocky, pointed end, so that the tongue-form we have spoken of becomes really a *double tongue*, or one which is divided by the central valley above named, so as

to end in *two* points. Of these two divisions, the western is higher than the eastern: this western portion is the Mount Zion of David, and is the site of the old Jebusite fortress which held out against the Israelites all through the times of the Judges, through all the days of Saul, and until David's capture of it in the eighth year of his reign. The slopes of this hill to the eastward, toward the minor valley which divides it from the eastern hill, were occupied by the town which the children of Judah captured in the early days of their invasion. So much for the present for the western mountain. Eastward from the dividing valley, and exactly opposite to Zion, that is, at the southern end of the tongue of land in question, we have the not less famous mountain of Moriah. Here was the scene of Abraham's sacrifice, here was the threshing-floor of Araunah, and here subsequently was the Temple of Solomon. Here also, in later times, at the northwest angle of the Temple inclosure, was the fortress Antonia, the "Castle" mentioned in the Acts (21: 34, etc.), and in which was the Roman governor's residence, and the pretorium or hall mentioned in St. Mark 15: 16. Both these famous mountains, Zion and Moriah, are at the southern extremity of the ground-plan of Jerusalem, and they look down upon the deepest portions of the surrounding valleys. Northward from each stretches the remainder of the plateau, and this remainder was in later times built over and included within the city walls, but the Jerusalem of David included only Zion and its eastward slope, and the Jerusalem of Solomon included only Zion and Moriah. These two distinct elevations were, moreover, cut off from the rest of the plateau by an irregular cross valley running east and west, so that, to recur to our former figure, the double tongue is crossed half way by a valley running east and west. The city of David and Solomon lies to the south of this valley, while to the north of it lie the subsequent additions which grew up before its final destruction by Titus.

M. Pierotti's experience as an architect enables him to speak with confidence regarding the date and character of the workmanship of successive ages and periods. He considers that the old Jebusite fortress "covered the platform of Zion which reaches from its southern extremity to the castle still existing on the north,

and is bounded on the east by the tomb of David, the Armenian convent, and the English church. This opinion is confirmed by the remains of an old wall, which the Armenians found on building a seminary and rooms for pilgrims, and by the discovery of an ancient pool. Both these appear to be the work of a very early age, and anterior to the introduction of Phœnician art into Jerusalem."

At a subsequent period M. Pierotti made a series of excavations with the view of tracing the line of David's fortifications on the south and east of Zion, and "found the rock hewn vertical, or cut into steps, or else steep and broken; on it fragments of ancient masonry still remained, built of large, irregular blocks, fitted together without mortar; in some places other rows of stones, joined with greater skill, were laid upon these, which in turn supported others rudely rusticated in high relief, with the surface rough. I am inclined to think that the lower rows belong to the period of the Jebusites, the next to that of David, and the upper to a later date. Near the Pool of Siloam the vertical hewn rock is again plainly seen, and also inside the city, on the west side of the Tyropean valley. . . . I believe, therefore, that the wall of David can be traced on the south and west. A careful examination of the western brow of Zion, and the configuration of the ground, show that this wall must have followed its present course."

The Tyropean valley, or Valley of the Cheesemongers, mentioned in the above quotation, is the north and south valley which separates the two mountains of Moriah and Zion. The western side was, of course, the slope of the mountain of Zion and of David's city, which occupied this mountain only; it was fortified by him on the side facing Moriah, as well as on the other sides. The Pool of Siloam was outside the town at the end of this valley, and underneath the precipices of Zion and Moriah. Such, in a few words as we can describe it, was the city of David.

In the days of Solomon Mount Moriah was added. "David bought the threshing-floor of Araunah, a rich Jebusite, at which time it was evidently outside Jerusalem; but when Solomon built upon it, he joined it to the city of David." (See 1 Kings 9: 15, 11: 27.) Solomon's wall began on the north side of David's, and

was traced so as to include all Mount Moriah, which it encompassed on the north, east, and south, and then returning a little way up the valley so often spoken of, crossed it, and made a junction with David's fortification of Mount Zion. The magnitude of the works executed by Solomon in this building of the Temple, and still more in preparing, leveling, and even extending the mountain-top to receive the Temple, is indeed astonishing. The summit of Moriah was hardly of sufficient area for the required purpose. The valley on the east was upward of six hundred feet below the level of the mountain platform. A vast wall was therefore built to the eastward, and the interval between it and the mountain-side was filled in with earth so as to give the requisite extension to the platform above. The details of the Temple buildings are familiar to our readers and need not detain us here; but there is one point on which M. Pierotti spends much care and space, and which ought not to be unnoticed in any account of his researches and opinions. Beneath the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and occupying nearly the whole space below it, there is a rough, unhewn prominence of native rock, which all Mohammedans treat with peculiar veneration. The Mohammedans regard the Mosque of Omar as the legitimate successor of the Temple of Solomon, and M. Pierotti considers their sites to correspond exactly. In this sacred rock—too sacred to be touched or fashioned by any workmanship of man—M. Pierotti considers that we have the actual threshing-floor of Araunah, and the unaltered actual altar of burnt-offering in Solomon's Temple.

The steps of his argument are these:

1. He assumes that Solomon was extremely unlikely to have chosen any other spot for his altar than that originally indicated by the prophet Gad. Thus, then, if this prominence of rock be the threshing-floor of Araunah it must also be the site of the altar of burnt-offering, and *vice versa*. The highest portion is about six feet above the pavement.
2. Next, we know that the altar was to be of unhewn stone; so that the bronze altar of Solomon must only have been an ornamental casing for the rock, which must have remained unchanged, so as to form the actual altar. Again, the altar was to be reached by a slope, and not by steps. The shape of the present projection of rock coincides

with this condition also, for it has a regular slope on the south side, leading up to the higher portion; and this agrees with the Rabbinical tradition, that the worshippers used to approach the altar *from the south*. On the remaining sides the rock is vertical, so that it is clear that when the remaining space was leveled for building purposes there was some object in view in leaving this portion of the rock projecting and with an approach on one side only. 3. The altar was a square of twenty cubits, which agrees with the size of the present projection of rock, exclusive of the space left for the inclined ascent. So far, well.

But now we come to further questions connected with the sacrifices and sacrificial arrangements connected with the altar. The prodigious number of sacrifices required by the Jewish ritual rendered a corresponding amplitude of drainage absolutely necessary, and also an abundant water supply for washing the victims and cleansing the ground from blood. Let us take these separately. Is there any arrangement for *drainage* connected with this sacred rock? Here we come upon ground peculiar to M. Pierotti, whose special qualification it is that he has enjoyed opportunities of subterranean exploration such as no Frank before him has obtained. There are two connected caverns below this particular rock, and the point which strikes us as most interesting in M. Pierotti's view is, that these caverns serve equally in identifying the rock with Araunah's threshing-floor, and with Solomon's altar. On the northeast side of the rocky prominence, and at the upper part of it, there is an opening into a cistern or cavern, and beneath this cavern a *second* cistern also is found. What can this have to do with the threshing-floor of Araunah? The answer is, that an eastern "threshing-floor" is something very different from any thing which our western notions would lead us to expect. It is usually a rocky plot of ground, leveled so as to allow of the crops being spread out to the air and the sun, ready for the laborers. Within the inclosure, or very near it, are cisterns hewn in the rock, some for water, some for storing the grain. The cisterns for holding water are usually *single*; those for grain are usually *double*, having two chambers, one below the other, communicating "by a hole (about four feet wide) in the middle of the floor of the

upper, which [that is, the upper chamber] itself opens to the threshing-floor by a sloping passage (about three and a half feet wide). The lower cavern is deeper and larger than the upper. I have met with very many of these cisterns during my frequent journeys in Palestine, where they are still applied to their ancient uses; they are especially common in those Arab villages which stand upon sites mentioned in the Bible, as at Beth-Shemesh; Ramah, the home of Samuel; at Gibeon, and Beth-Horon, and many other places." The two connected cisterns of the rock in question are sufficient, in M. Pierotti's judgment, to prove the existence of a threshing-floor at this spot in ancient times. What is there to mark it as the actual altar of Solomon's Temple? The Levites slayed the victims on the *north* side of the altar. Hence there must have been a provision for drainage on the *north* side; and what more natural than that these ancient caverns should have been used for the receptacle of the blood? From these and other corroborative circumstances, such as the connection of these and other cisterns with the complicated system of vaults and cisterns, by which the whole Temple area seems to be honeycombed, M. Pierotti concludes that we have here the unaltered site of Solomon's altar, and the actual rock on which David made his great sacrifice on "the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite."

We can not follow M. Pierotti through all the details of his long and often interrupted subterranean explorations. It must suffice to say in general that his researches beneath the surface of the Temple area bring to light a series of arrangements for the supply of water, for carrying off the blood of sacrifices, and for disposing of the ashes of the victims, which corroborate in the most striking manner all that we learn from Scripture and Jewish records of the extraordinary number of sacrifices prescribed in the Jewish law. If any one has felt bewildered by Dr. Colenso's arithmetical puzzles about the sacrifices in the wilderness, we would advise him to study M. Pierotti's account of the cisterns and conduits of Mount Moriah. It requires no small patience, text and plans in hand, to read and master the details which his long researches have doubtless made familiar to himself; but we have felt ourselves amply rewarded for the otherwise tedious pains, by the

unexpected confirmation of the Scripture account of the Temple sacrifices, which thus comes to light out of these clefts of the rocks. It seems to us a not altogether fortuitous coincidence that such a confirmation should have been brought prominently before the public at a moment like the present; and, however in some particulars we may be disposed to think that M. Pierotti's conclusions may have to be modified, whenever the investigations can be resumed at the point where he has left them, we can not but regard his actual tracing of the subterranean constructions of the Temple area, so far as he has carried it, as a priceless contribution to our realization of the sacred history.

The detailed account of these two cisterns is as follows: "On entering the northern one (twenty-nine and a half feet deep), I found the floor covered with wet mud to a depth of about one and a half feet. At the first glance, I saw an opening on the south side, three feet wide, and four and a half feet high, half built up with Arab masonry, and after clearing away some of the stones, earth, and mud that blocked it up, I peeped through it into another cistern in the same direction, thirty-two feet deep. These are both very ancient, and are wholly excavated in the rock; and I have no doubt that they belonged to the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite." Thus, then, Araunah's cisterns would receive the altar-drainage, but how would the cisterns themselves be cleared of accumulation? M. Pierotti finds also the passages or conduits by which the builders of the Temple carried away the drainage eastward to the boundary of the Temple rock. Not that he could trace them the whole way, but *partially*, and in the eastward direction, and then following that *direction*, he finds outside the eastern wall the openings of conduits which he infers to be the eastern outfalls of those he traced within. And what is also very much to the point, he finds subterranean conduits from known fountains, conveying water into this drainage system, so as to "flush the sewer," and carry off the accumulations from the sacrificial altar. "The reader may imagine my joy at this result of my labors, so long denied, and so anxiously sought, and the gratitude I felt to God for granting me this boon of ascertaining the position of the altar of burnt-offerings, and the cisterns and con-

duits for blood belonging to the ancient Temple—an ample recompense for all my toil."

Closely connected with this subject of Solomon's enlargement of the city of David by the addition and fortification of Mount Moriah, is the subject of the aqueducts. The nature of the sites, equally of Zion and of Moriah, makes it evident that their water supply must necessarily have been artificial; and the immense demand for water, both for the numerous dwellers on Mount Moriah and for the purposes of the sanctuary, is equally manifest. Moreover, as a place of defense, in a land of little rain, an adequate water supply within the control of the inhabitants was a prime requisite. Accordingly, next to the Temple itself, the most astonishing works of antiquity connected with Jerusalem are its aqueducts, its reservoirs, and its conduits. It is not a little surprising that, while the works themselves are of so great size and importance, we are almost altogether destitute of historical notices of their construction and formation, and are left in great measure to circumstantial and internal evidence with respect to their date and history. We are compelled to ascribe to them an antiquity at least equal to that of the Temple, because without them the Temple itself would have been useless. But whether Solomon was the original designer and builder of the whole system, or whether he did but extend, and perfect, and complete another series of aqueducts, is a question which, at present, we have no data to determine.

Jerusalem was, in the main, dependent for its water supply upon the pools at Etham, a place two hours and a half distant, in a southerly direction, with a slight inclination to the west, sixty stadia, or about seven miles off. Here again we come upon the traces of the magnificent Solomon. At Etham, not far from Bethlehem, was his summer palace, and we can not help feeling that to him is due the magnificent works which connect this distant valley with his mountain-temple on Moriah. Here, then, in this Etham valley, which slopes rapidly from west to east, are yet three connected reservoirs, fed partly by the rain-water which drains into them from the mountain-sides, and partly by a very copious spring. This fountain M. Pierotti carefully examined. It is now called the "Fons Signatus" by

the Christians, because of its proximity to Solomon's summer residence, and in allusion to his expression in the Canticles (4: 2): "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse, a *spring shut up*, a *fountain sealed*," which may possibly be connected with this very fountain. On descending into the cistern which contains it, M. Pierotti found "the lower part of the walls formed of the great blocks characteristic of the era of Solomon." Visiting this fountain "at the various seasons of the year," he "found the fountain flowing most copiously in winter, but there is no deficiency in summer; so that if the reservoir and conduits were properly kept up, Jerusalem would never be in want of spring water, and the health and comfort of its inhabitants would be improved by the decrease of fevers and the increase of cleanliness." In the walls of the three large reservoirs above mentioned, "and especially in their lower parts, very ancient Jewish work is seen, which may be assigned to the reign of Solomon; not the slightest trace of mortar is visible, and where the wall has been wantonly injured, pieces of iron appear with the holes in the stones for clamps." Besides this fountain, two others, one in the neighborhood of Hebron, contribute their waters to this great conduit, which conveys the water a distance of seven miles and a half from the valley of Etham to Jerusalem, arriving there on the western side opposite to Zion. Here it divides into two portions, the one for the supply of the city of David, the other a magnificent work which doubles round the southern projection of Zion, ascends the valley between Zion and Moriah, and finally entering the Temple area supplies the prodigious number of cisterns which are excavated beneath its surface. "The whole course of this aqueduct still remains, and we can observe that a large portion of it is hewn in the rock, and covered up with large slabs; while in other parts it is formed of earthenware pipes, eight inches in diameter, which are skillfully laid with strong cement between stones cut in a proper shape, and protected above with solid masonry." All this M. Pierotti ascribes to Solomon, and he quotes the Talmud as stating that the aqueduct which supplied Moriah delivered its waters at the "Brazen Sea," and started from a spring twenty-three cubits above the level of the Temple pavement. This altitude he ob-

serves to agree exactly with the elevation of the springs at Etham. Besides this, there was an aqueduct supplying Mount Zion with water from a pool called the "Upper Pool," in the hills on the western side of the city. This pool is so frequently mentioned by this title in the Old Testament, that we must not omit to mention it. It was a pool or reservoir just opposite to Mount Zion, and the aqueduct in question was most probably the work of Hezekiah about the time of the siege of Sennacherib. It was constructed with the view of draining away the waters of the pool, so as both to add to the supply of the city and reduce the supply of the besiegers. (See 2 Chron. 32: 3-5, 30.) All this serves to explain the otherwise remarkable fact that while in every siege of Jerusalem the besiegers suffered extremely from the want of water, the defenders were always amply supplied from the distant springs of Etham and Hebron and their neighborhood. From the ancient city of Solomon we must now pass on to the Jerusalem of the days of Herod, of Pontius Pilate, and of the Crucifixion of our Lord. In spite of all its vicissitudes, the changes in its general outline are soon stated. The chief alterations, since the old days of Solomon and of Hezekiah, consist in the occupation of the hill (Bezetha) north of Moriah, as a part of the city; and in the *second* wall, originally constructed by Hezekiah before the siege of Sennacherib, from the northwest of Zion to the northwest of Moriah. At the time of our Lord, then, according to M. Pierotti, the city, roughly speaking, occupied three parts of the total oblong area which we have endeavored to describe—that is, Mount Zion and Mount Moriah on the south, and Bezetha or the "new city" on the northeast. The *northwestern* corner, that north of Zion and outside the *second* wall (that, namely, of Hezekiah's building), was still uninclosed by walls in the days of our Lord. Here, according to M. Pierotti, were gardens; here was Calvary; here the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea; and here consequently the scene of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection of Christ. It is to be observed that here is the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher, and here the church which was built by the Empress Helena to commemorate the event of the Resurrection. M. Pierotti defends at great

length and with much care the ancient opinion as to the scene of the Resurrection. The traditional Via Dolorosa he utterly rejects, but as he argues the genuineness of the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher with all his might, we think it only fair to give his opinions and their grounds at some length.

The arrest of our Lord of course took place in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the eastern side of the city. The several trials before the Sanhedrim, the Roman governor, and before Herod, would all be held in the immediate vicinity of the sanctuary. That before the Sanhedrim in a building probably on the site of the present court of justice close to the Temple; that before Pilate in the Castle of Antonia at the northeast angle of Mount Moriah, and within the Temple area; that before Herod at his palace hard by, in the new town on Bezetha, just to the north of Antonia. Now, to bear out M. Pierotti's view of the position of Calvary and the tomb, it must be remembered (as stated above) that the northwestern portion of the plateau, which the Jerusalem of later times has occupied, was still uninclosed. Two walls only defended it on this side as yet. The third was built by Herod Agrippa, and as his accession does not date before A.D. 42, this portion of the city was as yet open. From the northwest corner of Moriah, where, in the Castle of Antonia, the final sentence was given, it would be but a moderate distance to the present site of the Church of the Resurrection; and, if M. Pierotti has traced the second wall correctly, as we think in the main he has, the distance of the traditional sepulcher is sufficient to comply with the legal requirement that all tombs should be at least fifty cubits from the outside of the wall. Now, the place of our Saviour's passion, though outside of the city, is distinctly recorded to have been *near to it*. "This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was *nigh to the city*" (St. John 19: 20). Moreover, it is probable that it would not be much beyond the required "distance, as the enraged populace would be likely to place the cross where those in the city could glut their eyes with the spectacle." Now, the traditional position of the sepulcher agrees with all this, and M. Pierotti is at a loss to understand how the tradition itself should be regarded as untrustworthy unless it obviously disagrees with

manifest probability. *First*: The true sepulcher could not be forgotten during the interval between the Resurrection and the destruction of the city by Titus. *Next*: The sepulcher was not like a building which would be destroyed, but was an excavation in the living rock, and therefore would be most probably unaltered by the general destruction of the edifices of Jerusalem which accompanied and followed the Roman capture. *Thirdly*: The Christian residents in Jerusalem did not perish in the siege. Had it been so, there might have been some doubt as to the correctness of the original source of the testimony to the site. But the Christians escaped the general wreck. They retired to Pella before the siege began, carrying with them their knowledge of the sites connected with their religion; and since there was an unbroken succession of bishops of the *Holy City* from the days of James to those of Constantine, it is difficult to understand how or when a *wrong* site should have come to be accepted in lieu of the true one. It may be said that Titus forbade the rebuilding of Jerusalem, or the inhabiting of its area. But though this was carried out so far as regarded the reconstruction of a "city" and defenses, it was not carried out so as to exclude *all dwellers from its site*. This is certain, for when it was rebuilt by Hadrian, there were many inhabitants whom he drove away to make room for his Roman colony. Thus then, coupling these facts with the unbroken succession of bishops to the time of Hadrian, we can hardly understand how there should not have been a continuous succession of Christian residents, the descendants of the Pella refugees, who would preserve the memory of a spot so sacred as that of the tomb of Christ. In a word, it is far easier to believe than to reject the ancient tradition. It is altogether different with the *street* of the Via Dolorosa, for why should a Roman emperor *rebuild* a street exactly on the course of one destroyed seventy years before?

For these reasons M. Pierotti considers it antecedently probable that the tradition of the Holy Sepulcher would be faithfully preserved, and he regards it as encumbered by no inherent improbability. Moreover, the very form and structure of the tomb agree with the customary arrangements of tombs of that age and date. It has "two chambers; the eastern is called the Chapel of the Angel, the western is

the actual tomb in which our Lord's body was laid. . . . The upper part of the walls of the tomb is masonry, but the lower is formed by the *native rock*. I have been able to ascertain this for myself at two points, one at the small *entrance-door*, which is *entirely hewn in the rock*,* and the other . . . where I was able to see the rock at a height of *four feet* above the ground. . . . It seems, then, impossible to deny that the tomb of Christ still exists upon its traditionary site, and that in all respects it resembles one of those sepulchral chambers, hewn in the rock, which can be seen at the present day in the neighborhood of Jerusalem; in which the corpse is extended upon a shelf, under an arched niche, excavated in one of the side-walls of the tomb, some little distance above the ground. . . . A strong proof . . . is afforded by the shape of the entrance, which has every appearance of the doorway of a sepulchral chamber, and closely corresponds with that leading to the tombs of the kings, which was closed with a large elliptical stone, still to be seen on the spot."

As may be supposed, M. Pierotti has not much to say on behalf of the traditional site of Calvary itself, but we must congratulate him on what we conceive to be the very complete way in which he has handled the two great questions of the Holy Sepulcher and the Altar of Burnt-Offering; and, although we can hardly think his observations completely conclusive, we are disposed to concur, in general, with his tracing of the wall of Hezekiah, and of his limitation of the third or Herodian wall to something very nearly coincident with the present northern wall, and

with his complete rejection of the more extended line of other Jerusalem explorers.

Here we must take leave of this sumptuous and most interesting work. It is curious that it was written in Italian, that it is dedicated to the Emperor of the French, but published in an English translation made by a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and printed (admirably) at the Cambridge University Press. To Mr. George Williams, a veteran in the field of Jerusalem topography, M. Pierotti is indebted for the opportunity of publishing his great work in England, and for the manifold assistance rendered both by Mr. Williams himself and other members of the University during his long residence in Cambridge. The somewhat startling charges brought against M. Pierotti in reference to some of the illustrations which accompany his book will, we hope, meet with full and complete refutation. Should any considerable proportion of these charges prove well-founded, they may not damage the value of the actual observations of M. Pierotti, but they will considerably diminish the interest with which we regard his accounts of them where they are incapable of being tested by comparison with the observations of other explorers. Even supposing that all which can be proved against him is, that in some cases he saved himself trouble by adopting some previously existing pictorial illustrations, it will seem inconsistent with his previous lavish expenditure of pains and trouble in the prosecution of his explorations, and hardly fair toward those Cambridge friends who spared no pains in assisting him in bringing out his book in its present splendid English form and dress.

* The italics throughout are ours.

CAUSE OF THE PERIODICAL RISING OF THE NILE. We learn from Barth's *Travels* (vol. ii., p. 478) that the waters of the rivers Taro and Bónuwé, in about the eighth degree of northern latitude, rise annually to a height of from forty to sixty feet above their lowest level, and preserve their highest level for forty days—namely, from about the 20th of August to the end of September. Dr. Livingstone tells us that the water of the Zambesi, at eighteen degrees south latitude, rises annually to a height of about twenty feet; so great is the

mass of the annual tropical rains. From the same cause the Nile must overflow its banks when it is fed from a large lake in the neighborhood of the equator, and is, in fact, the only outlet through which that lake rolls its superfluous waters to the Mediterranean.

THE heir of the czar is about to propose for the hand of the Princess Marie Dagmar, sister of the Princess of Wales, and daughter of the present King of Denmark.

From Chambers's Journal.

T H E A E R O N E F .

EVERY octogenarian can remember the excitement caused in his young days by the practical illustration of the possibility of mounting into the air and moving through it with a speed which no express-train can yet equal. Kings and princes, counselors and wise men, the man of science who vegetated in a study, and the happier man who whistled at the plow-tail, were all smitten with the balloon fever. Clergymen had grave doubts whether it was not an unlawful act for man to spurn the laws of nature, and ascend into regions which he was manifestly not adapted for; and peasants, without any ideas of this kind, very commonly adopted a more effectual method of putting a stop to its continuance by chopping the balloon into little bits whenever they had the opportunity. Those were the halcyon days of ballooning, when an aeronaut was thought to honor a nobleman by dining with him, and princes were proud to shake him by the hand in public. Even the majors and colonels who ascended as amateurs were regarded as lions in every drawing-room, and received flattering testimonies of public admiration at Ranelagh and Vauxhall. There is no gainsaying the courage of these early aeronauts. With a few score yards of linen, plastered within and without with paper, they made themselves a bag, to which they attached a wicker-basket, in the center of which they placed a fire-pan resembling that now used by wandering tinkers, and with a supply of chopped straw, wool, etc., they shot up into the clouds, to be carried wherever the wind happened to be traveling at the time. Nor were they deterred from repeating these voyages by such casualties as occasionally happened of the balloon taking fire, and dropping the basket with its occupant from mid-air. Ladies shuddered when they heard of these things; and the people who had congregated at places of amusement to witness the ascent, were tender-hearted enough to disperse without waiting for the conclusion of the entertainments, when

such an unpleasant circumstance occurred. Things have changed since then; and to attract a crowd to witness a balloon ascent, it has been found necessary for the aeronaut to substitute a pony for the wicker-basket, or to go up in a fancy costume, and perform feats with a pole outside the car at such a height in the air that it was difficult without a telescope to distinguish when he was standing on it upon his head and when upon his feet.

There is, however, still one way in which a crowd, including at least one emperor, may be drawn together to witness a balloon ascent in which none of these extra attractions are offered as inducements, and that is by introducing the element of bigness. M. Nadar's balloon possesses this element to an extent which well entitles it to the name of the *Giant*. Imagine an orange which would just fit into the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, with a small excrescence attached to it by a gradually-diminishing isthmus of stalk, and hanging below both a caravan with the wheels nearly resting on the ground, and you will have a pretty exact idea of the dimensions and appearance of this already famous balloon. The little balloon is intended to receive the gas forced out of the upper one by its expansion in the atmosphere, to preserve it, and not to be filled previous to the ascent. The interior diameter of the dome is one hundred feet, and the height from the pavement to the crown is two hundred and fifteen feet; and if the balloon were placed within the dome, it would fill it so completely as to leave only space enough for a mouse to run along between it and the wall, while the wheels of the car could be almost reached by a tall man standing on the pavement. Ladies may like to know that nearly twenty-two thousand yards of silk, at seven francs twenty-five centimes a yard, were used in its construction—that all the sewing was done by hand, and that it took three hundred women and men a month to complete it. The car is divided into several compart-

ments, for the convenience of the captain and passengers, their baggage, beds, and provisions, a printing-office, and a photographer's operating-room.

The object for which this huge balloon was made is to raise a fund large enough to pay for the construction of the machine which is to supersede balloons altogether—it is, in fact, to be the last of the balloons. The idea that balloons could be made to travel through the air in a certain direction at the will of the aeronaut, has been exploded long since, and its impossibility is so thoroughly established, that the Académie des Sciences, which receives communications relative to inventions for all sorts of purposes, pass these by unnoticed. But M. Nadar is as ready as any scientific man to admit that the idea of steering a balloon is absurd; he asserts that the machine to be steered must be heavier than the air. The real difficulty to be overcome is the invention of an engine light enough to be raised in the air by known means, the lifting-power of which, however, is comparatively small. For years past, there has existed a toy, made of a round piece of wood, say, for example, a pencil; round this pencil four oblong pieces of paper, slightly bent, with the convex side uppermost, bordered with wire, were fixed, not at right angles with each other, but arranged spirally, after the fashion of a corkscrew. This pencil was dropped through a handle like that of a humming-top, and a piece of string wound round it exactly the same as with the top. A brisk pull of the string gave a rapid rotary motion to the toy, which immediately started upward, and continued to mount in the air as long as this circular motion lasted; but as soon as this motion ceased, the toy fell to the ground, by reason of its weight being greater than that of the air it displaced. The principle is that of the screw-propeller, and the possibility of navigating the air by means of the screw is said to have been affirmed years before Montgolfier invented his balloon. That which can be done on a small scale, can, as a rule, be done on a greater, but there are special difficulties in its application to aerial navigation. To enable the machine to rise in the air, and maintain its position at the desired height, there must be a continuous rotation of the screw, for the instant this ceased, it would fall to the ground. This rotation can only be communicated with sufficient

rapidity by means of an engine of some kind, and the only engine known capable of effecting this is the steam-engine. Now, it is almost inconceivable that a steam-engine can be made so light, and at the same time possess sufficient power to cause a screw to make so many revolutions a minute as to render it possible for the screw to raise itself, the engine and fuel, and the engineer—to say nothing of the passengers—into the air, and maintain its position there, ascending and descending at the will of the captain, who is to direct the movements of this aerial ship by means of another screw working horizontally. M. Nadar is of a different opinion, and he is supported in his opinion by no less an authority than M. Babinet of the Institute. He says, in effect, that if an engine of one-horse power is not sufficient, he will have an engine of two-horse power; and if that is insufficient, he will go on increasing the power till he has what he requires, the dead-weight of the engine not increasing in the same proportion as the increase of power.

It is, however, frequently the case in regard to engines that the existence of a want leads to an invention capable of satisfying it; and it may possibly happen that when it is found the lifting-power of the screw is not equal to the task of raising a steam-engine and fuel, that a new motive power, or a modification of one already known, may be made available for the purpose. It is quite immaterial by what means the screw is made to rotate, provided the means can be discovered to make it rotate with sufficient rapidity. MM. d'Amécourt and De la Landelle have made a model of the *Aéronef*, which was exhibited before the Association Polytechnique. The screw was made to revolve by means of a spring; and so long as the spring retained its tension, the model worked its way up through the air to the roof of the amphitheater of the Medical School. When the machinery had run down, the model came down, too. It is not impossible, therefore, that if the invention can not be made available for aerial navigation, it may be found of great service in saving life in cases of fire and shipwreck, and in a variety of other ways.

It will naturally occur to those who have read the foregoing that he must be a bold man who would venture among

the clouds, or even within a considerable distance of them, in such a machine, considering the possibility of one of those accidents happening to it which are so frequent in the case of land-engines. But M. Nadar has provided for such a contingency by surmounting the screw with a parachute, which remains closed while the machine is winning its way upward, but opens as it descends. This parachute is connected with the car by means of cords. Every body must have noticed that birds, when they have ascended into the air by working their wings, descend toward the point they desire to reach by keeping the wings fixed and floating on the atmosphere, with only an occasional flutter to alter their course. By means of the cords connecting the parachute with the car, the aéronaut will have the power of inclining the former at any angle, or in any direction he may think fit. The parachute will therefore answer a double purpose: it will let the aéronaut down easy, in the event of an accident to the vertical screw; and will enable him, by darting to the right or left, to avoid contact with trees or other objects.

The idea of being able to traverse the air charms the imagination, in spite of its apparent danger, which accounts for the manner in which its discussion has recently filled men's mouths. The plan which M. Nadar and his friends propose to pursue for carrying out this idea is thus set forth by M. Babinet: "The plan

which MM. Nadar, D'Amécourt, De la Landelle, and myself have adopted for advancing with safety in the way of aerial navigation by means of the screw is this: A small model on an exact scale will be constructed at a moderate expense. A small high-pressure steam-engine will be formed of a thin tube and a light piston; its force will be applied to the motive-spring of the apparatus already constructed (that exhibited at the Medical School), and will constantly wind up this spring by giving back to it the force it expends by its action on the double-ascending screw. Once in possession of a machine capable of raising merely a couple of pounds, it will be easy to calculate the cost of a machine capable of lifting a man, or any given weight whatever, and of being steered by means of the aerial propeller (the lateral screw)—within certain limits of speed—in the atmosphere, when the wind is not too violent. We may remark that the screw, the sails of which are nearly horizontal, gives but little hold to the wind." And in another of his lectures, the same authority says: "I could produce infallible mathematical calculations which guarantee the success of this aerial navigation." Those who share M. Babinet's conviction, and M. Nadar's enthusiasm, have an opportunity of promoting the object these have in view by going to look at what is indisputably the greatest, and, according to the latter, is to be the last of balloons.

From Fraser's Magazine.

T O G A R I B A L D I .

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1860.

ONCE more I pass Alps' icy chains,
And feel already in my veins
The blood more light and free;
Into new life it seems to leap
As I descend thy mountains steep,
Enchanting Italy!

Here pregnant earth and nature seem
With rank exuberance to teem,
Unlike our latitudes;
The very grape upon the vine,
As if anticipating wine,
Its amber juice exudes.

Again I hear the glowing tongue
That Petrarch, Tasso, Dante, sung;
To me, its simple sound
Appears more sweet than all the sense,
Than all the wit or eloquence,
In other language found.

But hark! who does his thunders launch,
Collecting as an avalanche
Fresh force from every side?
Who, rolling onward, gathers strength
From kindred souls, aroused at length—
Their joy, their hope, their pride?

Who came, saw, conquered? nay, whose name
 Won bloodless victories ere he came?
 Whose shadow stared away
 The ruffian hordes whom tyrant power
 Had bribed with gold?—but in the hour
 Of danger, where were they?

They could not save the Bourbons' throne
 From one who bearded them alone
 And did a realm o'erthrow.
 Who won their hireling ranks, and took
 St. Elmo's fortress by a look,
 Nor struck a second blow?

Like noxious vapors, which the sun
 Dispels, by simply shining on:
 So at his mere advance
 The king fled howling in dismay,
 The motley hosts dissolved away
 At Garibaldi's glance.

To thee and to thy loyal king
 The inebriate people peans sing
 From rise to set of sun;
 On Milan's dome the snowy spires
 Blaze with the light of thousand fires
 That tell of freedom won.

And soon there will be heard no more,
 From Venice to Trinacria's shore,
 The Goth's barbaric twang;
 But in its place will ring the "Si"
 Of one united Italy,
 As Dante dreamed and sang.

But though Utopian sophists wrote,
 With giant force thy right hand smote,
 And so broke through the charm.
 The poet's hope, the patriot's scheme,
 Had still remained an idle dream,
 Without thy trenchant arm.

Hence unborn ages will not fail
 Thee, Garibaldi, yet to hail
 As the most glorious son
 Of that fair land thy arm did free
 From tortures, chains, and slavery,
 Thou second Washington!

Thee we shall see, the contest o'er,
 Thy saber sheathed, retire once more
 To lone Caprera's isle;
 Despising earth's most sought-for ranks,
 Content to read thy country's thanks
 In her awakened smile.

J. KINGSTON JAMES.

From the Leisure Hour.

S P E C T R A L I L L U S I O N S .

UNDER this title, physicians and physiologists include a number of strange appearances, the causes of which are still somewhat obscure and mysterious. They are perfectly distinct from all those apparitions and "ghost scenes" produced by mere optical deceptions. They differ also from the delusions of insanity, in that the mind is so far sound as to be aware of the fallacy of its perceptions, although in individual cases, fear, credulity, or superstition may lead to such spectral illusions being believed in and acted on, just as the delusions of insane persons.

The following instances are selected chiefly from the works of medical men of the highest repute, so that there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the facts.

A gentleman of a great many endowments, more than eighty years of age, and of a spare habit, who had had unin-

terrupted health, was subject for years to almost daily spectral illusions. Heads and busts with shadowy lower members appear to have been the usual appearances. The costumes were various, and the figures sometimes in miniature and sometimes of the size of life. He saw them with almost equal distinctness in daylight and in darkness, and with closed or open eyes. He took little or no wine when these visions began to appear, and his abstemiousness was persevered in; but any increase in his usual quantity of wine caused an increase in the number and vivacity of his spectral visitors. After these visions had appeared for a considerable number of years, this gentleman had an attack which affected his mind, and from which he did not recover.

Another gentleman, who died at the age of eighty, never sat down to his meals for some years before his death

without the impression that there was a large party present dressed in the fashion of fifty years before.

Dr. Dewar, of Stirling, communicated to Dr. Abercrombie the case of a lady who was quite blind, but who never walked out without the illusion of a little red-cloaked old woman with a crutch, who appeared to go before her. In the house she was free from illusions.

A case was communicated to Dr. Abercrombie, in which a gentleman in the prime of life, of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in business, was said to have been all his life curiously affected with spectral illusions. He could not even distinguish a friend immediately from one of these figures, should he meet him in the street. He could also bring up spectral objects at will, which might be either a figure or a real or imaginary scene. But he could not dismiss the illusion thus produced. Another individual in his family had a similar affection in a lower degree.

An eminent medical gentleman who had remained up late one evening, and who was anxious about one of his children, fell asleep, and had a frightful dream. A huge baboon was a chief figure in this dream. He awoke, rose up immediately, and walked to a table in the middle of the room. Close by the wall at the end of the apartment he saw the baboon distinctly, and the specter remained for about half a minute.

Dr. Hibbert mentions the following case: A gentleman was deeply affected by the sudden death of an old and intimate friend. In the evening he went out alone to walk in a small court behind his house. As he went down stairs he was not thinking of his friend; but, when he had gone slowly about half way across the court, the figure of this friend appeared quite distinctly at the opposite corner of the court. The gentleman recovered himself, and went briskly to the spot, fixing his eyes intently on the specter. It disappeared as he drew near, appearing to dissolve into air.

In the *Christian Observer* for 1829, we read: "An intimate friend of my early years, and most happy in his domestic arrangements, lost his wife under the most painful circumstances, suddenly, just after she had apparently escaped from the dangers of an untoward confinement with her first child. A few

weeks after this melancholy event, while traveling during the night on horseback, and in all probability thinking over his sorrows, and contrasting his present cheerless prospects with the joys which so lately gilded the hours of his happy home, the form of his lost wife appeared to be presented to him, at a little distance in advance. He stopped his horse, and contemplated the vision with great trepidation, till in a few seconds it vanished away. Within a few days of this appearance, while he was sitting in his solitary parlor late at night, reading by the light of a shaded taper, the door, he thought, opened, and the form of his deceased partner entered, assured him of her complete happiness, and enjoined him to follow her footsteps." Dr. Abercrombie attributes this last appearance to a dream, and the former one to intense mental emotion.

Dr. Gregory went across the Firth of Forth to visit a near relation in an advanced consumption, and on his return he took a moderate dose of laudanum to prevent sea-sickness. As he was lying on a couch in the cabin, the figure of the lady appeared distinctly and vividly before him. He was unable to dismiss the vision. He used to mention the case of a gentleman subject to epileptic fits, which were usually preceded by the appearance of an old woman in a red cloak, who came up and struck him on the head with a crutch. At the moment of the blow he fell down in a fit.

Dr. Abercrombie attended a lady who awoke her husband one night, and begged him to rise instantly, for she had distinctly seen a man enter the room, pass the foot of her bed, and go into a closet. Even after examination, it was difficult to satisfy her that she was in error.

Another lady repeatedly saw her father during a severe illness, although he was many hundred miles distant. He would come to her bedside, withdraw the curtain, and speak to her.

A farmer, returning from a market, thought he saw a very brilliant light upon the road, which he supposed to be our Saviour. Greatly alarmed, he galloped home, was seized with fever, and died in about ten days. Fever was prevalent in the neighborhood, and he had complained of headache and languor on the morning of the day upon which he saw the vision.

A lady about fifty years of age, the near relation of an eminent medical gentleman, returned one evening from a party, and went into a dark room to put aside some part of her dress. Here she saw the figure of death, with an uplifted dart in his skeleton hand. He aimed at her, and struck her on the left side. Fever, attended with symptoms of inflammation in the chest, seized her the same night, and her illness was a severe one; but she recovered.

Dr. Abercrombie attended a highly intelligent friend, in a slight but very protracted fever, who often had an old and gray-headed spectral visitor of most benignant aspect. The same gentleman, when quite well, saw a female figure kneeling in the corner of the room in which he was sitting.

In the following case we have the advantage of the narrator—a distinguished physiologist, Dr. Bostock*—himself describing his symptoms: "I was laboring under a fever, attended with symptoms of general debility, especially of the nervous system, and with a severe pain of the head, which was confined to a small spot situated above the right temple. After having passed a sleepless night, and being reduced to a state of considerable exhaustion, I first perceived figures presenting themselves before me, which I immediately recognized as similar to those described by Nicolai; upon which, as I was free from delirium, and as they were visible for about three days and nights, with little intermission, I was able to make my observations.

"There were two circumstances which appeared to me very remarkable—first, that the spectral appearances always followed the motion of the eyes; and, secondly, that the objects which were the least defined, and remained the longest visible, were such as I had no recollection of ever having previously seen. For about twenty-four hours I had constantly before me a human figure, the features and dress of which were as distinctly visible as that of any real existence, and of which, after an interval of many years, I still retain the most lively impression; yet neither at the time, nor since, have I been able to discover any person whom I had previously seen that resembled it.

"During one part of the disease, after the disappearance of this stationary phantom, I had a very singular and amusing imagery presented to me. It appeared as if a number of objects, principally human faces or figures, on a small scale, were placed before me, and gradually removed, like a succession of medallions. They were all of the same size, and appeared to be all situated at the same distance from the face. After one had been seen for a few minutes it became fainter, and then another, which was more vivid, seemed to be laid on it, or substituted in its place, which, in its turn, was superseded by a new appearance. During all this succession of scenery I do not recollect that, in a single instance, I saw any object with which I had been previously acquainted; nor, so far as I am aware, even the representatives of any of those objects with which my mind was most occupied, presented to me. They appeared to be invariably new creations, or at least new combinations, of which I could not trace the original materials.

"The circumstance, which I at the time considered to be so extraordinary, that the motion of the specters followed that of the eye, has also been observed by Sir David Brewster, and must therefore be regarded as not so anomalous a fact as I, at the time, considered it to be."

The case of Nicolai (of Berlin), referred to by Dr. Bostock, was also a personal narrative with great minuteness of detail. It is often quoted in works on physiology.

It is evident that, in all these cases of spectral illusion, there was a diseased condition of the nervous system, sometimes perhaps of the retina only, but more generally of a portion of the brain. Dr. Hibbert, in his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, thinks that they are "nothing more than morbid symptoms indicative of intense excitement of the renovated feelings of the mind." But in some of the cases there was nervous depression, not excess of action; and the vision of new and unknown objects seems to prove that the part of the nervous system which is affected, is in a condition which it has never before experienced. Dr. Bostock's case, in both these points, is opposed to Dr. Hibbert's theory.

In all the cases the mind seems to have been capable of being convinced of the fallacy of the perceptions, if not at the

* *Elements of Physiology*. By JOHN BOSTOCK, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. iii., p. 204.

time aware of their being mere illusions, thereby distinguishing this morbid state from delirium or insanity when ideas are really taken for perceptions.

These cases are also to be distinguished from "apparitions" arising from false perceptions and disordered imagination, without any disease either of the brain or the understanding, as in the following instance: Two friends of Dr. Abercrombie were traveling in the Highlands. As they were sleeping in the same room, one of them awoke, and, by the light of the moon, saw a skeleton hanging at the head of his friend's bed. He arose to examine the cause of this appearance, and found that it was produced by the moonbeams and the bed drapery. He returned to

bed and fell asleep, but awaking again, the skeleton was still there. He arose to reinvestigate the cause of the phantom, and brought down the curtain, which had been thrown back, into its usual state. This put an end to the illusion.

In the same class of natural, not morbid phenomena, must be assigned those terrible visions of material objects which sometimes haunt the mental vision of those who are burdened with guilty consciences, as when a murderer sees his ghastly victim. This is but the vivid reproduction or abiding impression of an actual perception, although the mind may be so overwrought as at length to affect the brain and induce insanity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

IN considering the merits of any work of Mr. Carlyle's, it is convenient to assume once for all that there are many persons to whom his style is unintelligible or distasteful. To a much larger number poetry is disagreeable; and if it were possible to dissociate poetry from metre, Mr. Carlyle would be preëminently a poet. A profound and peculiar humor still more inevitably isolates its possessor from ordinary sympathies. Not one man in ten, and not one woman in a thousand, enjoys the writings of Swift. Mr. Thackeray himself was frightened and irritated by the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Judgment of Jupiter*. The amiable Dean of Canterbury somewhere asks with a plaintive simplicity whether any human being was ever made better by satire. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, is neither cynical nor even savage, but he regards events and characters from a special point of view, and he always represents them as they appear in his own peculiar focus. Any change of distance or of direction alters the appearance of

the object, and puzzles the disciple who is not sufficiently imaginative or docile to adopt the position of the master. Readers of history are often inclined to resent as a paradox Mr. Carlyle's sound and fundamental doctrine that kings, and generals, and statesmen, whatever may have been their virtues or demerits, were at least living persons. For similar reasons a Greek student who had thought that fixed stars were spots of luminous ether shining through the perforated blue curtain of the sky, might be startled if he were removed to a modern observatory by finding that the heavenly bodies were contemplated as vast and solid spheres. There is perhaps a certain mannerism in the constant reference to the gunpowder complexion of Leopold of Dessau, or to the prominent eyes and small stature of George II.; but Mr. Carlyle's very oddities have a purpose in reminding his readers that men are men, and not bundles of contradictions or even of abstract qualities. He could scarcely be supposed to interest himself in the dispute of modern schoolmen, whether there is a philosophy or science of history. If his own convictions were evaporated into a formula, they

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. Vol. IV. London: Chapman & Hall.

would perhaps be nearly equivalent to the Platonic proposition of "power to the powerful," or "to the stronger," who is also the better—τὸ κρᾶτος τῷ κρείττονι. Disciplined subordination under legitimate rule is always implied as the opposite of the "anarchies, the mad volcanos," and the other synonyms of chaos which provoke Mr. Carlyle's opponents, and sometimes weary his admirers. He treats with perhaps undue impatience the question of who is the Pretender and who is the rightful King; nor is he disposed to trust the solution of the problem to any kind of popular suffrage. His own judgment is fragmentarily suggested by the selection of his heroes, who are all distinguished by the common attribute of practical vigor. A great man, in addition to other and perhaps higher qualities, must in the first place know what he wants and whether his object is attainable. Frederick and Cromwell differed from one another in almost every element of their characters, but they both possessed supreme good sense. It would not be difficult to show that the despotism of even the ablest sovereign by no means represents the natural order and harmony of which Mr. Carlyle is the zealous prophet. The wise and modest are, however, thankful to learn, though the lesson may be incomplete. Critics who can find no intellectual nourishment in the *History of Frederick the Great*, waste their time while they dilate on its alleged imperfections.

Mr. Carlyle's genius is only incidentally satirical, while it is essentially objective and dramatic. Like a Greek tragedian, he intersperses the action of his personages with comments, as of a Chorus; but the story itself stands out in the boldest relief from the background of reflection or doctrine. He evidently finds that an image or picture of every person or scene is indispensable to his own satisfaction, and he reproduces his own impressions with the serious and literal fidelity of Dante. Few historians or biographers have devoted so much study to portraits and personal descriptions; and although he may sometimes have been misled, his judgment in physiognomy increases the value of his estimates of character. Notwithstanding his constant ridicule of picturesque tourists, his skill in verbal ichnography, if not in the representation of landscape, is almost un-

equaled in literature. No historian makes battles equally intelligible as far as he undertakes to describe them, although he instinctively avoids the technical details of Napier and Thiers. He appears to have examined all Frederick's battle-fields with the minutest care, and what he saw his readers may see almost as distinctly. The country between the Elbe and the Aupa, in the northwestern corner of Bohemia, in which Frederick fought the battle of Sohr, "is a triangular patch of country which has been asleep since the creation of the world; traversed only by Boii (Boiheim-ers, Bohemians), Czecks, and other such populations in human history; but which Frederick has been fated to make rather notable to the moderns henceforth. Let me recommend it to the picturesque tourist, especially to the military one. Lovers of rocky precipices, quagmires, brawling torrents, and the unadulterated ruggedness of nature, will find scope there; and it was the scene of a distinguished passage of arms, with notable display of human dexterity and swift presence of mind. For the rest, one of the wildest, perhaps (except to the picturesque tourist) most unpleasant regions in the world. Wild stony upland; topmost upland, we may say, of Europe in general, or portion of such upland; for the rain-storms hereabouts run several roads: into the German Ocean and Atlantic by the Elbe, into the Baltic by the Oder, into the Black Sea by the Donau; and it is the waste out-field whither you rise by long weeks' journeys from many sides. Much of it toward the angle of the Elbe and Aupa is occupied by a huge waste wood, called Kingdom Forest (Königreich Sylva or Wald, peculiar of old Czeck majesties, I fancy), may be sixty square miles in area, the longer side of which lies along the Elbe. A country of rocky defiles; lowish hills chaotically shoved together, not wanting their brooks and quagmires; strait labyrinthian passages; shaggy with wild wood. Some poor hamlets here and there, probably the sleepest in nature, are scattered about; there may be patches plowable for rye (modern tourists say, snappishly, there are many such; whole regions now drained; reminded you of Yorkshire highlands with the western sun gilding it that fine afternoon), plowable for rye, buckwheat; boggy grass to be gathered in summer; charcoaling to do;

pigs at least are presumable among these straggling out-posts of humanity in these obscure hamlets. Poor plowing, moiling creatures, they little thought of becoming notable so soon." It is true that history is not generally written in similar detail, but the description of the country renders the subsequent account of the battle extraordinarily clear, and it fixes the event in the memory by associating it with external objects. The far-off Boii of Roman history, the scattered Czeck villages of the present day, and above all the threefold water-shed pointing to the Atlantic, the Baltic, and the Euxine, add reality to a bare topographical account which might otherwise easily be forgotten.

Mr. Carlyle's purpose is biographical rather than historical; or rather, it is in the lives and actions of great men that he finds the chief interest of history. It is fortunate that a conscientious curiosity impels him to collect the minutest facts which affect the fortunes of his hero. It was not perhaps strictly necessary for the elucidation of Frederick's character that the early annals of the House of Hohenzollern should be traced through the darkness of the Middle Ages; but English literature contains no equally valuable contribution to the neglected history of the German empire. The detailed account of Frederick's youthful troubles has less intrinsic value, nor is the subject in itself attractive. The king's relations to his friends or companions, especially to Voltaire, are more welcome, although they have little or nothing to do with history. The failure of the experiments of *Sans Souci* was, from the first, inevitable. Frederick thought that social enjoyment was possible, in the absence of personal affection and respect. In place of friendly intercourse he obtained, as he deserved, only a transient intellectual excitement, and he exposed himself to frequent irritation and disappointment. His harsh and rude reprimands to Voltaire were by no means undeserved; but it is strange that they should have been thought incompatible with continued intimacy. Voltaire has always been, to a certain extent, a favorite with Mr. Carlyle, nor have all his exhibitions of meanness and bad feeling during his visit to Potsdam destroyed the original liking. The account of his jealousies, of his quarrels, and of his pecuniary frauds, though

it is not pleasant, is admirably life-like. The general impression remains that Voltaire would have been a far greater man if he had deserved, by dignity, by delicacy, or by self-respect, the character of a gentleman. He had little reason to love a king who had repeatedly insulted him; but the libel which effectually avenged his wrongs is even more disgraceful than witty. The episode, as it is narrated by Mr. Carlyle, is one of the most singular passages in literary history; and the subject henceforth may be said to be exhausted. The humorous treatment of the story will perhaps be tolerated even by the severest stickler for the dignity of historical composition. Voltaire, and Frederick himself, had anticipated Mr. Carlyle in levity of style, though not in the pervading irony which reduces squabbles and trickeries to their natural insignificance.

Like other great humorists, Mr. Carlyle occasionally wraps a sound doctrine in a paradoxical form of expression. He has especially scandalized timid readers by his repeated assertions that Frederick was essentially veracious. The abortive peace with Austria, which was negotiated with Lord Hyndford at Klein-Schellendorf, in October, 1741, is the most startling instance of conduct which might seem to deserve an opposite name. During his alliance and active coöperation with the French, Frederick concluded a separate peace with Austria, and he even gave advice and information as to the most effective method of injuring his own confederates. "Frederick's talk to Neipperg is how he may assault the French with advantage: 'Join Lobkowitz and what force he has in Böhmen: go right into your enemies before they can unite there. If the queen prosper, I shall—well, perhaps I shall have no objection to join her by-and-by. If her majesty fail, well—every one must look to himself.'" Under one of his own assumed personalities, Mr. Carlyle, as Smelfungus, "indignantly calls it an immorality and a dishonor, a playing with loaded dice;" "which, indeed," Mr. Carlyle, in his own character, adds, "it surely was." It is no excuse that Frederick "thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wiggled mendacity it is that he has to do with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers—their dice all cogged, and he knows

it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it." There is little skill and less profit in playing with loaded dice. If there were no other objection to the practice, inevitable discovery is fatal to the future prospect of winning. Many of Frederick's later difficulties arose from the general impression which prevailed throughout Europe of his systematic perfidy. The suspicions were, perhaps, for the most part, unjust, but they were excused by a certain number of dishonorable acts. His bargain for the acquisition of a portion of Bohemia in consideration of his attack on Austria in 1744, was not in itself severely censurable; but when he publicly and solemnly denied the agreement, he destroyed all confidence in his assertions.

If Mr. Carlyle were in the habit of replying to his critics, he would perhaps admit that truth is infringed whenever a lie is told. He would add, however, that verbal adherence to fact is but one portion of the virtue which he admires and preaches as veracity. To see and know the truth is a rarer quality than to abstain from falsehood. In the sense which Mr. Carlyle attaches to the words, disregard of the laws of nature and reason is the worst and most incurable form of mendacity. The hope of gathering grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, indicates an inability to see things as they are, which proceeds from essential indifference to truth. Votaries of the coarser forms of heathenism or Popery, and comparatively educated believers in less flagrant forms of superstition, have the spirit of lying inextricably ingrained in their minds and habits of thought. Mr. Carlyle calls Frederick veracious because he was practical and sagacious, and always ready to recognize facts. The use of a peculiar phrase to describe judgment, sense, and ability, is not to be ascribed to caprice. It is difficult in some cases to distinguish moral excellence from intellectual soundness, and Mr. Carlyle desires to impress upon the world the intimacy of the relation between goodness and wisdom. A king and even a general may regard the practice of his highest duties as substantially identical with the successful prosecution of his special business. In the conduct of a campaign, a crime, as well as a folly, is committed when the known maxims of war are violated. During the second Silesian campaign, Frederick exposed

three of his garrisons to capture from unwillingness to leave a third of the number of wounded men to the mercy of the Austrian irregulars. Few commanders are equally exempt from similar infirmities of judgment or of will; but, as Mr. Carlyle says, Frederick ought to have known that war is not a school of the weak pities. Measures of aggrandizement, such as the seizure of Silesia, must be judged by their own merits, nor do they form any part of the ordinary business of kings. Good government, which is equally profitable to the ruler and the subject, is the highest exercise of virtue as well as of ability. In Mr. Carlyle's judgment, Frederick performed the task of his life with unsurpassed fidelity, while he undertook to direct and regulate all the social and economical concerns of the community. If the work was to be done at all, probably no more skillful administrator could have been found. It is also possible that the nation required to be urged and stimulated from above into the very conception of industrial enterprise. On the whole, however, the royal interference was misdirected, nor can there be any reasonable doubt that Frederick's object would have been most effectually promoted by the concession of perfect freedom of trade. Discipline is necessary for an army, and civil government requires a police, because soldiers would not march of their own accord when they are wanted, and because enlightened self-interest is not sufficient to control private violence and infidelity. The sole use of industry is to procure commodities, and the desire of gain quickens individual intelligence, and provides a sufficient motive for preferring the most profitable forms of exertion. By simply opening his ports to the colonial produce, and to the manufactures of England, Frederick might at once have doubled or more largely multiplied the value of all the timber and grain in his dominions. When he attempted to create a mercantile navy by excluding foreign vessels from the carrying trade he cheapened his own produce and increased the price of every article which his subjects more especially required. The "Dismal Science," as Mr. Carlyle nicknames political economy, is as invulnerable as the rule of three. Neither universal suffrage, nor cabinet decrees, nor contemptuous ridicule, in any manner affect the expediency of buying

in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. The petition of Bastiat's tallow-dealers and candle-makers against the free admission of sunlight, would perhaps have touched Frederick's fancy sufficiently to disturb his faith in the general theory of protection. In this instance, if in no other, he incurred the reproach of mendacity by ignorantly swimming against the stream in defiance of the principles of gravitation. His kingdom grew richer during his reign; but his own economic measures and maxims only retarded the advance of prosperity. It is perhaps a sufficient excuse that few of his cotemporaries were wiser, although in his later years he was cotemporary with Turgot, with Adam Smith, and almost with Pitt. A Frederick of the present day would have been among the most zealous disciples of the great economic teachers; but notwithstanding Bacon's well-known application of his canonical proverb, it is not a kind of glory often attained by kings, to discover a matter, if it lies below the surface.

In policy and war, which he practically understood, Frederick conformed more successfully to truth, or to the laws which determine success. It was proved by the result that, in resolving to take and keep Silesia, he was in harmony with Nature and Destiny. Mr. Carlyle has shown by a laborious deduction of his legal title, that he had also a tenable or plausible claim to the province. It may be doubted whether at the commencement of his enterprise, he relied on the conviction of his right rather than on the consciousness of his power to enforce it. When his conquest had once been formally secured to him by the treaty of Breslau, he for the rest of his life sincerely regarded the attempts of Austria to recover the lost territory as mere usurpation. It might perhaps be possible to meet the argument, which is founded on old pedigrees and compacts, with counter demonstrations. The dispute was settled by the decision of war; and the Silesians themselves, though their wishes were not consulted by either litigant, appear to have tacitly acquiesced in the verdict. Above all, German opinion has for more than a century approved with cordial gratitude the establishment, by the annexation of Silesia, of a powerful monarchy in the north. Mr. Carlyle has drawn a just and forcible contrast between the definite undertaking of Frederick and the wanton French proj-

ect of parceling out Germany into four independent kingdoms. "Frederick had business in this war, and Maria Theresa *versus* Frederick had likewise cause to appear in court, and to do her utmost, pleading against him. But if we ask what Belleisle or France and Louis XV. had to do there, the answer is rigorously—Nothing. Their own worldly vanities; ambitions, sanctioned not by fact and the almighty power, but by phantasms and the babble of Versailles; transcendent self-conceit, intrinsically insane; pretensions over their fellow-creatures, which were without basis any where in nature, except in the French brain alone; it was this that brought Belleisle and France into a German war." Belleisle, nevertheless, finds a certain amount of favor with Mr. Carlyle, as the man who has formed "the biggest projects any French head has carried since Louis XIV., with his sublime periwig, first took to stocking the stars." The indolent recklessness of Louis XV., under the inspiration of his mistress, is sketched with more disrespectful freedom: "To raise France to its place, your majesty; the top of the universe, namely! 'Well, if it could be done, and quite without trouble,' thinks Louis. 'Bravura magnanimity, blown upon by Belleisle, prevails among these high improper females, and generally in the younger circles of the court; so that poor old Fleury has no choice but to obey it, or retire.'"

The traditional projects of France against Germany, and even the pretexts by which they are excused, have been but slightly modified by the revolution. "Belleisle, Louis XIV., Henry II., Francis I.; it is long since the French have known this state of matters, and been in the habit of breaking in upon it, fomenting internal discontents, getting up unjust wars, with or without advantage to France, but with endless disadvantage to Germany. Schmalkaldic war; thirty years' war; Louis XIV. wars, which brought Alsace and the other fine cuttings; late Polish Electoral war, and its Lorraine; Austrian succession war: many are the wars kindled in poor Teutschland by neighbor France; and large is the sum of woes to Europe and to it chargeable to that score, which appears even yet not to be completed—perhaps not even yet." Under the old monarchy France was to be raised to the top of the universe for the glory of the

king. In more recent times the French armies are supposed to carry on their bayonets certain ideas, or as they are sometimes called, the principles of 1789. The Belleisles of the present day are the popular writers of every school. Michelet, Victor Hugo, Thiers, have in turn done their utmost to stimulate a cupidity which is largely founded on national ignorance of history. There are even Englishmen who are not ashamed to encourage the seizure of the frontier of the Rhine, whenever a German State is thought to furnish a cause of complaint. If there were a Frederick the Great in modern Prussia, instead of allying himself with France against Austria, he might consolidate his power by assuming the guidance and championship of Germany. It is well for Frederick's fame, that in his last and greatest struggle he was thrown, against his will, into direct antagonism with France.

The third volume of Mr. Carlyle's history brings Frederick through the first Silesian war, and to the verge of the second. The recognition of his conquests in the treaty of Breslau, or Berlin, had been extorted from the Queen of Hungary by the Prussian victories, and by the urgent remonstrances of her allies; but she never concealed her belief that she had been the victim of a lawless robbery; and Frederick was well aware that sooner or later he would have to fight once more for his new possession. The peace between Prussia and Austria was concluded in the summer of 1742; and within the two following years the French had been driven out of Bohemia, and the Bavarian emperor from his hereditary dominions. George II., after fighting the battle of Dettingen, as a mere imperial feudatory, had at last, as King of England, formally declared war against France, and Prince Charles of Lorraine was threatening the frontier of Alsace. Maria Theresa, in the confidence of recovered power, refused to acknowledge the emperor or to restore the imperial archives which had long been deposited at Vienna. The treaty of Worms, between Austria and England, while it recapitulated numerous other treaties, from Utrecht downward, omitted all mention of the treaty of Breslau, or of the more definitive treaty of Berlin. According to Mr. Carlyle, Frederick regarded the omission as an indication of coming danger, though the enumeration of previous engagements would naturally be con-

finied to treaties in which both the contracting parties had a share. On the whole, there could be little doubt that Austria would take the first opportunity of reopening the Silesian dispute; and Frederick thought that while France was still in the field, he might not only secure his acquisition, but extend his dominions beyond the Bohemian frontier. The harsh treatment of the Emperor Charles VII., by the Queen of Hungary, furnished an excuse for a new alliance with France, and for a declaration of war. The King of Prussia solemnly declared that all his rights were fully secured by the treaty of Berlin, he had nothing to demand for himself—his loyalty as a German prince and elector alone caused him to take arms, for the purpose of vindicating the freedom of the empire and the rights of its elected head. The mode by which the object was to be accomplished, consisted in the reëstablishment of Charles VII., in Bavaria, and in the conquest of Bohemia on his behalf. Incidentally, the emperor's disinterested Prussian ally, was to be rewarded with the possession of three Bohemian districts or circles, although every project of territorial aggrandizement was positively disavowed. That another consequence of success would have been the reëstablishment of French influence in the empire, was a consideration which failed to alarm Frederick's German patriotism. It must be admitted that the enemies of Prussia had some excuse for their charges of inconsistency and falsehood. The veracities were to a certain extent compromised, not only by the remoteness of the avowed reasons for war from the motives which produced it, but by the chimerical project of dismembering Austria for the benefit of the helpless Bavarians. The French had shown in 1742, how little they could be trusted to give effectual aid; and Frederick, notwithstanding the perfect organization of his armies, and his own military genius, must have been conscious that Prussia was inferior to Austria in power and resources.

Nevertheless, the declaration of war may have been both prudent and substantially justifiable. As the event proved, Frederick, after overrunning the north of Bohemia, and even taking Prague itself, was unable to retain his conquest; but within the mountain frontier of Silesia he once more proved himself invincible. In the midst of the

struggle, he was fortunately released from his supposed or pretended obligation to the emperor, by the death of the unfortunate Charles VII. After a desperate contest, which lasted for a year and a half, he remained once more, by the treaty of Dresden, in undisputed possession of Silesia; but he had proved that his tenure of the province was neither casual nor transient, and henceforth he held it by a better or a safer title. All Europe had by this time learned to esteem and to fear the Prussian army; and probably the strategic abilities of the king himself were, for the moment, even overrated. It was in the second Silesian war that he became master of his trade, under the severe tuition of the Austrian General Traun. In the succeeding years of peace he had time to revolve and digest his experience; and in the great crisis of his life, from 1756 to 1763, he proved himself the most consummate captain of the age. In estimating his merits, it is proper to remember that he was always opposed to superior adversaries, and that in all his wars he was compelled to practice the most rigorous frugality in the expenditure both of men and money. Napoleon accomplished great achievements by reckless sacrifices, with France in arms, and, during the greater part of his career, with half Europe at his back. The petty Marquis of Brandenburg, as he sometimes ironically called himself, or as he was designated by his enemies, held Austria, France, and Russia collectively at bay, with the force which he could raise in a mere corner of Germany. With the exception of Hannibal, no general or king has sustained a great war in reliance so exclusive and complete on his own genius and energy.

Historical moralists in England would perhaps be less scandalized by Mr. Carlyle's alleged paradoxes if they knew and understood the feeling with which the memory of Frederick is regarded in Germany. His countrymen are fully aware that he despised their literature, that he talked their language incorrectly, that he disliked the national religion and manners, and that in his earlier enterprises he allied himself with the traditional enemy of his race. Yet to scholars and statesmen, as in the popular imagination, he appears as the representative German hero. Charles the Great, Henry the Fowler, and Conrad, and even

Frederick Barbarossa, belong to the legendary Middle Ages. Charles V. was rather a Spaniard or a Fleming than a German, and he persecuted the dawning Reformation. The honor of the thirty years' war belongs to Gustavus of Sweden; and Louis XIV. was humbled by the English Marlborough, and the Savoyard Eugene. Frederick the Great, in spite of his French theories and dialect, inherited the traditions of his father and of the Great Elector; and though he trifled away his leisure time with Voltaire, or with d'Argens, the task of his life was wholly transacted with German materials, and for Prussian objects. The most credulous reader of Voltaire's witty libels, if he also remembers the mere outline of Frederick's history, must understand that the more serious part of his character and purposes lies far beyond the scope of the satirical memoir writer. Frederick William's character also is popular in Germany; but his greater son impersonates all the national aspirations. While the royal house of Prussia still derives power from his fame, constitutional reformers and democrats appeal to the example of the most absolute of kings, and partisans of German unity applaud the inveterate enemy of Austria. A conviction so general deserves to be understood before it is condemned, for it can scarcely be neglected as an unaccountable crotchet. It is unimportant to consider whether Frederick was personally selfish, if he identified his interests with the welfare, or at least with the greatness, of his country. The fact was, that, like many humbler men, he learned in his maturer years that merely personal objects are scarcely worth pursuing. As Mr. Carlyle often remarks, his letters during the first Silesian campaign, are full of commonplaces about glory; but after he understood the serious nature of the enterprise of his life, he never again spoke of idle rumor as a motive or reward for action. The unconscious elevation of his character as he became more thoroughly master of his craft, supplies a forcible example of the lesson which Mr. Carlyle has spent his life in teaching. Docility and good sense in the adaptation of means to ends exclude levity, caprice, and disregard of human motives and feelings. In the course of his career, Frederick committed several acts of questionable violence; but his political and mili-

tary administrations were ordinarily distinguished by regularity and justice. As Mr. Carlyle often says, success in any department of industry necessarily implies loyal conformity to the laws of nature. The creation of a powerful monarchy in the north of Germany was, as experience proved, a practicable enterprise; and it was achieved by the exertion of consummate prudence and daring. Among all the confused struggles which occupied the middle of the eighteenth century, Mr. Carlyle regards as necessary or legitimate causes of war, only Frederick's efforts to consolidate his power, and the English quarrel with France and Spain for the dominion of America, or, as he calls the dispute, after his peculiar fashion, the "Question of Jenkins's ear." Happily for the unity of his story, the two controversies became in the seven years' war almost accidentally connected. The perverse ingenuity of Kaunitz brought Austria into an unnatural alliance with France; and consequently Pitt established English supremacy in America, while Frederick fought almost single-handed against the three greatest Powers of the continent.

Mr. Carlyle is perhaps not devoid of patriotic prejudice; but he is perfectly consistent with his own principles in holding that the disputed West rightfully belonged to the nation which could most effectually cultivate the land, and most profitably trade on the sea. "Ocean highway to be free; for the English and others who have business on it? The English have a real weighty errand there. English to trade and navigate, as the law of nature orders on those seas; and to ponderate or preponderate according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have. Or, English to have their ears torn off; and imperious French-Spanish Bourbons, proceeding on extinct Pope's donations *gloire*, and other imaginary bases, to take command? The incalculable Yankee nations, shall they be in effect *Yangkee* ('English' with a difference), or *Frangcee* ('French' with a difference). A question not to be closed by diplomatic patter, try it as you will." Canada was then wholly French; there was a small French colony in Louisiana, and on various pretexts the whole of the country west of the Alleghanies was claimed, so as to unite the French settlements into one, while the English colo-

nies were confined to the coast of the Atlantic. "Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humor, claims for itself the whole basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole basin of the Mississippi as well. 'Have we not stockades, castles, at the military points: fortified places in Louisiana itself?' Yes; and how many plowed fields bearing crops have you? It is to the good plower, not ultimately to the good cannonier, that these portions of creation will belong. The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, 'to restrict those aspiring English colonies,' mere plowers and traders, hardly numbering above one million, 'to the space eastward of the Alleghanies Mountains, over which they are beginning to climb, and southward of that Missiquash, or at furthest of the Penobscot and Kennebeck' (rivers *hodie* in the State of Maine). That will be a very pretty parallelogram for them and their plows and trade-packs; 'we, who are fifty thousand strong, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world.' Such is the French exuberant notion; and October, 1748, before signature at Aix-la-Chapelle, much more before delivery of Cape Breton, the commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders 'to oppose peremptorily every English establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio and its tributaries; by monition first, and then by force if monition do not serve.' Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is death; 'from the Canada lakes to the Carolinas were hunting-grounds of the Six Nations, dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous squatter's "farm," to whom now the French are to say, "Home, you, instantly, and leave the desert alone."' The French have distinct orders from court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct orders from nature, and do not want energy or mind to obey them; confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual."

The disaster of Braddock, on his advance up Fort Duquesne, is an example of the force and brevity with which Mr. Carlyle always describes military movements. His pity for the defeated and dying general is still more characteristic.

Braddock, after five horses had been shot under him, was carried senseless off the field; and "the poor general ebbing homeward, he and his enterprise, hour after hour, roused himself twice only for a moment from his death-stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully: 'Who would have thought it?' And again once he was heard to say, days after, in a voice of hope: 'Another time we will do better,' which were his last words, death following in a few minutes. Weary, heavy-laden soul; deep sleep now descending on it, soft, sweet cataracts of sleep and rest, suggesting hope and triumph over sorrow, after all; 'another time we will do better;' and in a few minutes was dead." Only a great imaginative writer could interrupt a historical narrative with an episode so touching in its eloquent tenderness; yet if the purpose of literary composition is to impress the subject matter on the imagination and memory, a picture effects its object better than a page in a catalogue. Hasty censors of Mr. Carlyle's occasionally eccentric style, will do well to study the pure and simple English in which he describes Braddock's death-bed and its vague consolation. The contortions and condensations of philosophic humor, require or employ corresponding eccentricities of language; but in telling a story, whether of a domestic incident or of a battle, Mr. Carlyle is the plainest, the most lucid, and almost the most simple of writers. It is his pleasure to adopt an entirely different style, "when swift Camilla scours the plain;" when Voltaire is planning intrigues and resenting disappointments, or when "the sun-god" Belleisle and the royal mistresses are persuading Louis XV. to place France "at the top of the universe." The *History of Frederick the Great* contains much matter which would be omitted in ordinary histories, but it includes all the prosaic facts, though they are sometimes overlaid or concealed; nor has any historian investigated and sifted his materials with more laborious accuracy. It is, perhaps, owing rather to good fortune than to merit that Mr. Carlyle has happened to explode two French anecdotes, which seemed finally to have passed from legend into history; but, as occurrences which make good stories only happen to good story-tellers, lucky discoveries always fall in the way of acute and skeptical inquirers. Thirty years ago, in the sec-

ond edition of his *History of the French Revolution*, Mr. Carlyle proved beyond dispute that the captain of the *Vengeur* was at luncheon in an English cabin, and that his crew were eagerly climbing the sides of the same vessel, at the time when, in French popular belief, all hands were magnanimously sinking with the defiant shout of "*Vive la République*." Every French historian who has since described the battle has deliberately repeated the fiction which Barère first invented; and when a French writer again describes Fontenoy, he will probably reproduce Voltaire's pretty narrative of the exchange of civilities between the French and English guards, and of the triumph of courtesy on the part of the French interlocutors, who were "never the first to fire." Mr. Carlyle shows, from Lord Charles Hay's original letter, that as commanding officer of a regiment of guards, instead of complimenting his enemies, he requested them not to swim the Scheldt, as they had swum the Main at Dettingen. Lord Charles Hay then "speeched" his own men, who cheered. The French failed to cheer, but after all they were the first to fire. A painful doubt arises whether any of the touching and pointed sayings of history were ever uttered. Though Mr. Carlyle frequently quotes Frederick's comprehensive description of mankind, as *une verdammte Race*, he mournfully admits that the original denunciation was uttered in French.

The influence of Frederick's character and example had before his death become universal on the continent. In the early part of the eighteenth century, royal and noble society throughout Europe was still absorbed in admiration of Louis XIV.'s magnificence. Every prince built palaces in imitation of Versailles, and the elaborate etiquette of the French court was as far as possible mimicked at the little German residences. It was only thought unnecessary to imitate the systematic attention to business, which in some degree redeemed the selfish ostentation of the ideal French sovereign. Louis XV., at the beginning of his reign, affected to dispense, in accordance with the precedent of his great-grandfather, with the office of prime minister; and in 1745 he exhibited to his admiring subjects the familiar spectacle of a king of France who took the field with his household and mistresses, and gave his name to sieges. It was no-

torious, however, that Louis XV. governed only in the same sense in which he commanded armies; and the sovereigns with whom he was cotemporary in his youth, were for the most part luxurious idlers. French manners and tastes retained their popularity down to the eve of the revolution, and even Englishmen in the social position of Walpole and Selwyn, habitually recognized Paris as the exclusive seat of refinement and taste. Frederick himself hoped for immortal fame from the praises of Voltaire, and he wrote French doggerel and French prose in imitation of those whom he regarded as the only masters of literature. After Prince Ferdinand, of Brunswick, had become famous as a leader of German and English armies against France, he declared that his highest conception of happiness was to live in Paris and to associate with Frenchmen. Voltaire himself sometimes used an imaginary English character for satirical purposes, as a contrast to the frivolity of his countrymen; but the social superiority of France to the rest of the world was almost universally admitted. Unfortunately, the victories of the republic and the empire popularized and confirmed the belief which had long prevailed among the upper classes. The English have, however, in modern times, learned respect for their own character and history; the Germans have for nearly a century struggled to believe that they are a nation; and perhaps hereafter Spain and Italy may respect their independence in civilization and in political action.

Although Frederick unintentionally promoted German literature by the national spirit which his exploits elicited in Germany, it was impossible that the primitive provinces which he amalgamated into a kingdom, should acquire in his time an intellectual preponderance in Europe. It is true that Kant was a philosopher incomparably more profound than the lively writers of the *Encyclopedia*, and perhaps Lessing might be placed on an equality with any Frenchman of his time, with the single exception of Voltaire; but before Göthe, Germany could scarcely be said to possess a literature, and the Prussians were behind the English as well as the French in the graces and luxuries of life. Frederick, however, succeeded in making his army and himself objects of universal wonder, and in some degree models to be copied. From the close of the seven

years' war to the outbreak of the revolutionary struggle, the Prussian discipline and tactics were regarded with the respect which had attached with still stronger reason in the early part of the sixteenth century to the famous Spanish infantry. Even after the triumphs of the republic, of the consulate, and the empire, the Prussians believed, until they were deceived at Jena and Auerstadt, that the traditions of a great name would avail them against the skill and vigor of Napoleon. They knew that in 1792 the Duke of Brunswick's advance on Paris had at first been deemed irresistible, and they suspected with reason that the subsequent retreat was to be attributed to diplomatic rather than to military causes. The reputation of his army enabled Frederick for the last twenty years of his life to enjoy almost uninterrupted peace. The unworthy seizure of Poland was scarcely a military operation, and the threatened encroachments of Joseph II. on the princes of the empire were checked without recourse to arms.

The Prussian theory of government, which Frederick inherited from his father and illustrated in his practice, was still more generally imitated by the younger generation of rulers. Utilitarian absolutism supplanted in royal imaginations the elegant license and epicurean splendor which had been admired at Versailles and Dresden. It began to be thought that kings ought to be men of business, or that at least their ministers should take some care for the greatness of the state and for the welfare of the people. A despotic instinct combined with reasons of administrative convenience to recommend the curtailment of aristocratic privileges and the suppression of the representative institutions which had survived from the Middle Ages. The accidents of Frederick's disposition and education were studied as servilely as the essential qualities of his character. It became fashionable to be exempt from religious prepossessions and prejudices; and perhaps the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Catholic States of Europe was indirectly caused by the influence of Frederick, who himself received the fugitives. In Prussia, the clergy had never been formidable; but Choiseul and Pombal acted in the spirit of Frederick when they attempted to destroy a power which was independent of the crown. Joseph II. was a professed disciple of the

King of Prussia, both in his absolute methods of government and in his genuine attachment to the public interest. In reducing the power of the pope in his dominions, and in striving to recover a part of the old imperial prerogatives, the emperor attempted, with imperfect success, to make himself the agent of beneficent reforms. Charles III. in Spain, and previously in Naples, partially followed the same pattern, until in his old age he sunk into a childish passion for shooting and for dull court ceremonials. The not dissimilar propensities of several modern sovereigns, may, perhaps, be derived rather from Napoleon than from Frederick; but the singular fancy of kings for amateur soldiery has probably a Prussian origin. Alexander and Nicholas of Russia, the present Emperor of Austria, and the present King of Prussia, have all been accustomed to maneuver regiments and to inspect brigades, as Frederick the Great reviewed his guards every morning on the parade at Potsdam. Mr. Carlyle ought to hold that when kings affect the character of drill-sergeants, they are far distant from the eternal veracity of things.

The concluding volume of the history will contain the most important part of Frederick's military career, and it is unfortunately probable that it will include an apology for the partition of Poland. The *Liberum veto*, or *Nie-poz-walam*, is especially odious to the champion of subordination and obedience; and, indeed, wherever Mr. Carlyle meets with a Slavonic population out of Russia, he summarily recommends it to Germanize itself as soon as possible. The old Polish constitution was undeniably absurd, and the anarchy which it produced invited the final spoliation; but the Poles themselves had discovered their error, and they were about

to correct it, when Frederick and Catherine forbade the only means of cure, because they were determined to profit by the death of the nation. On Frederick's part the opposition to Polish reform belonged to a political system which was also applied to the injury of Sweden. When there was a question of strengthening the Swedish government by diminishing the privileges of the nobility, the King of Prussia, who is applauded by his biographer for his contempt of the franchises of his own estates, interfered to prevent the change with remonstrances and threats, on the assumption that he had himself a vested interest in the weakness of his neighbors. It was because Posen lay between Brandenburg and the province of Prussia, and not in the interest of regular administration, that Frederick shared or originated the first partition. The undeniable superiority of German civilization has been since proved by the increasing prevalence of German habits and language in the western part of the conquered territory; but the Poles themselves are still disaffected to the Prussian crown, and they heartily sympathize with the hostility of their Warsaw neighbors to the more tyrannical government of Russia. As Poland was too large to be absorbed, it ought to have been reformed. The partition will, on the whole, not form an inviting portion of the history; and it may be hoped that a larger space will be allotted to the remainder of the seven years' war. Mr. Carlyle's discussions, his episodes, and his apostrophes, are all acceptable to those who understand and value his peculiar genius; but it is in the conduct of a continuous narrative, and especially in the description of military operations, that he becomes thoroughly interesting and attractive to all intelligent readers.

V.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. — There are now published in the United Kingdom 1250 newspapers, distributed as follows: England 919, Wales 37, Scotland 140, Ireland 140, British Isles 14; of these, there are 46 daily papers published in England, in Wales 1, Scotland 9, Ireland 14, British Isles 1. In 1854 there were published in the United Kingdom, 624 journals; of these papers, 19 were issued daily, namely, 14 in London, 1 in Liverpool (the only English provincial daily), 1 in Glasgow, and 3 in Ireland; but, in 1864, there are now es-

tablished and circulated 1250 papers, of which no less than 72 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has doubled itself in ten years, and the daily issues standing 72 against 19 in 1854. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 537, of which 196 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities. — *Publishers' Circular*.

From the Churchman's Magazine.

A QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY SETTLED AT LAST.

ALL readers are doubtless well aware of the deadly nature of the bite of the celebrated cobra di capello, or hooded snake of India,* and many perhaps have heard of that active little enemy of the poisonous reptile, known to the natives of India by the name of *Mongoose*, and to naturalists by that of *Herpestes griseus*, or Indian ichneumon. That the ichneumon family of *Carnivora* are amongst the most formidable enemies of the serpent tribe has long been known. The Egyptian species (*Herpestes ichneumon*), still common in the ancient land of the Pharaohs, was one of the sacred animals of that extraordinary people. Its hostility to the huge and formidable crocodile, by destroying its eggs—a habit frequently represented on the monuments of Thebes and Beni Hassan—and its antipathy to serpents, procured for this interesting and useful animal not only scrupulous care for its protection, but even divine honors after its death. It was embalmed and deposited in sacred repositories, principally in the town of Heracleopolis,† where it was principally honored, and perhaps yielded to the cat alone in the place it held in the affection of the Egyptians. It appears that the ichneumon sometimes accompanied the people in their fishing excursions;‡ and it is certain that it can be readily tamed. Hasselquist, who traveled in Egypt about the middle of the last century, gives the following account of the ichneumon of the Nile:§

"It is met with both in Upper and Lower Egypt, living during the inundation of the Nile in gardens and near the villages; but in the dry season it lives in the fields and near the banks of the Nile. It creeps slowly along, as if ready to seize its prey. It feeds on plants, eggs, and fowls; killing the latter in the night when it frequents the villages. In Upper Egypt

it searches for the eggs of the crocodile, which lie hid in the sand on the shore, and eats them, preventing by that means the increase of that dangerous animal. The ichneumon may easily be tamed, and frequently goes about the houses like a cat. Mr. Barton, who has been the English consul nineteen years in Egypt, has kept a tame one for several years. It makes a growling noise, and barks when it is very angry. The Arabians call it *Nems*. The French in Egypt, who give every thing they don't know names of their own making, have called this 'Rat de Pharaon,' which the Latin writers of Egypt, namely, Alpinus* and Bellonius,† have followed and called it 'Mus Pharonis' (the mouse of Pharaoh). . . . The Egyptians were too intelligent in the time of Pharaoh to call it a mouse, having knowledge enough to give true descriptions of, and significant names to, all natural bodies; nor is it at this day called *Phar* by the Arabs, but they call it *Nems*."‡

It is this animal of which the marvelous feat of jumping down the crocodile's throat, while he sleeps with expanded jaws, and eating his intestines, is related by Strabo,§ Pliny,|| and other ancient writers. It is needless to state that this is a ridiculous fable; but it is interesting to observe that Herodotus, the earliest writer who mentions the ichneumon, records nothing that borders on the marvelous in this instance at all events.

The deadly feud that exists between the ichneumon and the cobra is often the subject of observation by ancient writers.

To some of these observations we will briefly allude, because they bear upon a very curious question in the natural history of the mongoose, to which attention has recently been turned.

* Prosper Alpinus. *Hist. Egypt. Natur.* Pt. i., p. 234.

† *Les Observations*, etc., p. 212.

‡ *Phar*, or *Pharah*, is the Arabic name for a "mouse." *Nems* is the name for "the ichneumon," and appears to be derived from the Arabic verb *Namasa*, Conj. iii., "he entered a lurking-place," in allusion to this creature's habits.

§ Geograph. xvii., 39. Ed. Kramer.

|| Nat. Hist. viii., 23.

* *Naja tripudians*. The Egyptian cobra, probably the *asp* of the ancients, is another species, the *Naja haje*.

† See Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, ii., p. 96.

‡ Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*.

§ Travels, p. 186. Ed. Lond., 1766.

It is a singular but undoubted fact, that poisons produce different effects upon different animals; thus strychnia, one of the most powerful poisons known, not only is not injurious to certain *acari*, but is absolutely *their food*; and Sir Emerson Tennent, in his classical work on Ceylon,* tells us that the hornbill (*Buceros*) feeds with impunity on the deadly fruit of the strychnos, or *Nux vomica* tree; so much truth has the old proverb, "What is one man's food is another man's poison."

The tsetse fly, so fatal to the cattle and horses of the African hunter and explorer, inflicts no mortal bite on man; while the milky juice of some species of euphorbia, which is harmless to oxen, is, we are told, invariably fatal to the zebra. Now, it has long been a matter of observation that the ichneumon is able to bear the bite of a venomous serpent with comparative impunity; although, as we have been informed by Mr. Blythe, who has seen these contests, the ichneumon sometimes suffers pain. Various modes of accounting for this unusual fact have been advanced as satisfactory solutions:

According to Aristotle† and the naturalists of Greece and Rome, the Egyptian ichneumon would not attack the asp before taking the precaution of rolling itself in mud as a protection against its bites. If a viper had been devoured by a tortoise, the latter took care to eat the herb origanum, and no harm happened to the testudinous stomach. The weasel does not attack a serpent without it has previously eaten rue, to which all serpents were supposed to have a very decided objection; and so we might multiply examples. Of course naturalists nowadays entirely discard these accounts as pure fiction, which they undoubtedly are; but the story of the ichneumon, in his battles with a poisonous snake, having recourse to some plant as a prophylactic, was long, and is indeed now, maintained by some persons. "The common Indian species" (*Viv: mungos*, Linn.), says Cuvier,‡ "is celebrated for its combats with the most dangerous serpents, and for having led us to a knowledge of the *Ophiorhiza mungos* as an antidote to their venom." Kämpfer,§ who had a tame mongoose

that used to follow him about like a dog, mentions a story of this animal resorting to a plant called *Hampaddu tanah*,* as antidote for a serpent's bite; and Captain R. Percival † has left on record that, on a certain occasion, when a venomous snake and a mongoose were placed together in close quarters, the latter, instead of attacking the reptile, ran prying timidly about, seeking means of escape, and at length found shelter in its master's bosom. But on turning the enemies out on an open space, with "fair field and no favor," the mongoose attacked the serpent and destroyed it; after the deadly strife, the little creature disappeared for a time, and then returned. Captain Percival supposes that during its temporary absence it had found the necessary specific.

Of course Captain Percival's supposition is pure conjecture, and it is worthy of consideration that the natives of Ceylon at the present time attach no credit to the notion that the mongoose resorts to some antidotal herb; still it is not a little singular that Sir E. Tennent was informed by a gentleman who had been a frequent observer of the exploits of the ichneumon, that it "does sometimes retreat into the jungle to eat some vegetable," which was usually grass, but if this were not at hand, almost any other herb that was accessible. If this is the case, it is only reasonable to suppose that the animal sought some plant which, when eaten, would prove an antidote to the poison of the enraged snake. And though it is clear, from the fact of grass being the usual herb resorted to, or in default of it, *any* accessible herb, that this is *not* the motive, it is difficult, we own, to assign any other. However, this curious question, so long regarded by cautious naturalists as problematic, seems to have recently been solved by the following interesting experiment, a record of which appeared in the pages of *Notes and Queries* (pp. 205, 206), of the 12th of September last:

"Inclosed is a cutting from a Madras newspaper, which I am sure is worthy of a place in your columns. The point has long been a disputed one whether the

* Some plants have been named as the ichneumon's specific, amongst which may be mentioned the *Aristolochia Indica*, the *Ophiozydon serpentinum*, and the *Mimosa octandru*.

† *An Account of the Island of Ceylon*. Lond., 1805.

* Ceylon, i., p. 147.

† Hist. Anim. ix., 7, 8. Ed. Schneider.

‡ *Animal Kingdom*, p. 93. Lond., 1851.

§ *Amenitates Exotice*, p. 574.

mongoose owes its impunity from the cobra's bite to the knowledge of an antidote, or whether the serpent's poison had no effect on the animal. This question is at last settled, and as the only carefully drawn up account of a fight between the cobra and mongoose I have ever seen, I trust you will make a note of it.

"W. KINCAID,

"Capt. 22d Regt. M. N. I., Bangalore.

"FIGHT BETWEEN A MONGOOSE AND A COBRA.

"DEAR SIR: We think the long-vexed question, whether the mongoose on being bitten by the cobra retires into the jungle and finds some herb an antidote for the poison, or whether the venom of the serpent produces no effect on the animal, has been at last settled.

"On Saturday morning last, whilst seated in the mess-house with several officers of the regiment, a servant came and stated that a snake had been seen by one of the guard to enter a hole in the ground, close to where the guard was. We immediately sent for a mongoose (a tame one, the property of an officer), and put him to the hole. He soon began to scratch away the earth, and in half an hour a fine cobra, about a yard long, came forward, with head erect and hood distended, to attack the mongoose, who seemed to care nothing for the reptile, but merely jumped out of the way to avoid the blows which the snake struck at him. The mongoose, unfortunately, had just been fed, consequently did not show sufficient inclination to go in at him, and kill him; so we secured the snake, and carried him over to the officers' quarters, to have the contest carried out there, after the mongoose should have had some little time to get over his breakfast.

"After a couple of hours' rest, we placed the cobra in a room with closed doors (we having, in the mean time, taken up a secure position in the room, from which we could observe all the movements of the combatants). The mongoose was let in, and the fight commenced.

"*The Fight.*—The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but devoid of any appearance of fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, who, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. The mongoose, quick as thought, sprang back out of reach, uttering at the same time savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, approached so near to the snake, that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back considerably; this lessened his distance from the ground. The mongoose at once seizing the advantageous opportunity, sprang at the cobra's head, and ap-

peared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants put themselves in a position to renew the encounter; again the snake struck at his wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him. It would be tedious to recount in further detail the particulars of about a dozen successive rounds, at the end of which time neither combatant seemed to suffer more than the other.

"*The Last Round.*—The fight had lasted some three quarters of an hour, and both combatants seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing his position of defense for that of attack, advanced, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' Slowly on his watchful enemy the cobra advanced; with equal courage the mongoose awaited the advance of his still unvanquished foe. The cobra had now approached so close that the mongoose (who, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backward, as it had done in the previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed his object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra, quick as thought, struck again, and, to all appearance, fixed his fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing his head after he had inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing his teeth in the head of the cobra. This seemed to convince the cobra that he was no match for his fierce and watchful antagonist; and now no longer exhibiting a head erect and defiant eye, he unfolded his coils and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on his retreating foe, and burying his teeth in his brain, at once ended the contest.

"The mongoose now set to work to devour his victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the snake had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour of the infliction of the bite; showing, beyond doubt, its capability of inflicting a deadly wound.

"After the mongoose had satisfied his appetite, we proceeded to examine with a pocket-lens the wounds that he had received from the cobra; and on washing away the blood from one of these places, the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose.* . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever.

"We beg to subscribe ourselves as witnesses to the above narrated encounter, between a mongoose and a cobra; and remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"K. MACAULAY, Major 23d Regt. L. I.

"C. J. COMBE, Captain ditto.

"H. G. SYMONS, Lieutenant ditto.

"TRICHINOPOLY, July 15th, 1863."

A paragraph appeared lately in the pages of *Galignani*, to the effect that vipers are alarmingly on the increase in certain districts of France—no less than three distinct kinds are recorded as occurring there. The French government have, accordingly, suggested the propriety of voting a sum of money for their destruction. The park of Château-Vilain (Haute-Marne) being infested with these noxious animals, the proprietor put some wild boars into it, and “in a very short time there was not a viper to be seen; but after the destruction of the reptiles, the boars turned their gastronomic talents to the investigation of the rich truffle-beds, for which the park was celebrated, and committed such havoc therein that the proprietor had all the boars hunted down. Immediately afterward vipers reappeared in such fearful numbers that wild boars had again to be introduced.” The total number of vipers destroyed in the space of six years was fifty seven thousand and forty-five in one single department! The destruction is said to be best effected by favoring the multiplication of crows and pigs. What a happy thing it is that vipers are not so fearfully abundant in the woods and heaths of England! There is, however, we think, some cause of apprehension that these and other noxious animals will, in course of time, abound more than they do now; for if gamekeepers and others will persist in the wholesale destruction of all birds of prey and other really useful animals, because they do now and then run off with “the Squire’s” pheasants and young hares, and thus destroy that beautiful balance which nature has ordained, they have only themselves to blame for the serious consequences that may not improbably ultimately ensue.

What is the reason of pigs being able to destroy vipers with impunity? Does any prophylactic exist in their constitution, or

are these pachydermatous animals possessed of so tough a skin that the poison-fangs of the serpent are unable to penetrate it? It is said that the American rattle-snakes are destroyed by pigs. The report of M. Léon Soubeiran to the French Society of Acclimatization goes far to corroborate this assertion.

Shall it be, in the course of an all-merciful Providence, that we shall one day be enabled to discover some substance that will prove a certain specific against the effects of a venomous serpent’s bite upon the human subject? We know not; but there is no reason why we should not live in hope.

The Indian ichneumon, or mongoose, the Asiatic representative of its African cousin, is a smaller animal than it, being about the size of a ferret, the Egyptian species measuring about twenty-one inches, not including the tail, which is some sixteen inches more. The color of the mongoose is a most pleasing mixture of gray and dark freckled hairs; it is an inquisitive little creature, fond of poking its sharp nose into every corner, and frequently hiding in holes. From the description of its manners the mongoose must be in this respect very like the weasel of our English lanes and hedges. The Greek name, *Ichneumon*, which signifies “the tracker,” or “hunter,” was evidently given to the animal on account of its exploring and inquisitive habits. The generic term *Herpestes* denotes “a creeper.” Although both these species are valuable on account of their destruction of poisons and dangerous animals, yet they are too partial to the flesh of a delicate chicken to be trusted near hen-roosts. A European species was discovered not long ago in Andalusia by Captain Widdrington, and called after him *Herpestes Widdringtoni*. It closely resembles the Egyptian species.

It is questionable whether there is an instance in the history of the composition of our army to match the following, which we find in the *Portland Advertiser*: A widow in Union, Me., who has twelve children, eleven of them boys, has just sent the eleventh son into the army. On the occasion of his enlisting, some officers and friends made up a purse of \$200 and presented it to this patriotic matron, who said she was sorry her other child was not a boy, so that she might make still another offering to her country.

A STRICKEN SOCIETY.—A strange fatality seems to attend the officers of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Within a few years Captains M’Conochie and Washington, Major Charters and Col. Jackson, have passed away. Prof. Trithen and Mr. Wheeler died lunatics; Dr. Norton Shaw—a medical man—escaped only by a timely resignation; Dr. Niblett, his successor, disappeared almost as soon as appointed, and now, within a year of his election, Mr. Greenfield lies dead at the house of the Society.—*Athenæum*, April 16th.

From the Leisure Hour.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

THREE centuries and a half ago the ancestors of many of our peers were what would be called obscure country gentlemen, of the untitled aristocracy. Of our present peers there are but seventy-five whose ancestors were landholders at the period just named. The rest are mere mushrooms compared with county squires whose ancestors held land at the same period. It is found that the Scottish peerage will stand this test better than the English. We can think of only two titled Scottish families whose ancestors did not possess land at the beginning of the sixteenth century—Primrose and Hope. The present head of the former family, the Earl of Roseberry, descends from James Primrose, the printer, who in 1616 had license to print the tract "God and the King" for twenty-eight years, in English or Latin, abroad or at home.

We have spoken of "mushrooms;" and it is manifest that if peers only reckoned their nobility from the date of their patents, they would be of the mushroom quality. But the newest peer may have a very old pedigree, and after being on the list of noble British gentry, may attain, as peer, to a higher rank in that nobility, and enjoy privileges which were previously beyond his reach. So, when a proud old squire declines to be made a modern peer, his pride blinds him to the truth that the new title would not at all affect his being an ancient gentleman.

At the close of the last century there were 9548 families in England entitled to bear arms. To the founders of those families the sovereign had at some time granted this privilege; and such a grant ennobled the recipient and his successors. It mattered nothing whether there was a title or handle to the name or not. The owner held land and wore coat-armor, as the shield of his arms was called; and therewith "John Hampden, twenty-fourth hereditary Lord of Great Hampden," the squire being Lord of the Manor, was as good a nobleman as Buckingham—better,

if it be true that Buckingham's mother, Mary Beaumont, had been a menial servant. In old times, at least, a man was not noble who could not prove his "sixteen quarters" nobility untainted in his family, on both sides, from the time of his great-great-grandmothers. Under the later Bourbons, whose subjects assumed titles with the alacrity of "the most noble Count Bassett," no one was permitted to take part in the royal hunts whose nobility did not date from before the year 1400. In France, too, which assumed to be the most polite of nations, a descent through a female branch lessened the honor of those so descended; but in England all the most ancient baronies descend through females without deterioration or disparagement. Even if the wife be of the humblest condition, she ranks with her husband. Roger de Clifford so loved his meanly born mistress, Gillian, that he would wed with no other woman. The Yelverton who married his cook did little or no harm to the blood of Avonmore. The lady Juliana Talbot, who married Bryan the strolling actor, and Lady Fox Strangways, who wedded with O'Brien of Drury Lane Theater, did neither harm nor honor to the families into which they married. Lord Mansell's son married the daughter of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who had been a shoemaker, without tainting his father's blood. There was a Dowager Countess of Winchelsea who married a wine-merchant, by which there was less harm done than might have been by the marriage of the Marchioness of Antrim, in her own right, with Mr. Phelps, a chorus-singer, which marriage, however, was without issue.

The peerage, however, has suffered in other ways, its members having contributed a very large number to the untender hands of the executioner. Since the Conqueror's days some fourscore temporal and spiritual lords have tasted the bitter quality of that grim official. The long list opens with Waltheof, Earl of North-

umberland, Huntingdon, and Northampton, who was beheaded by order of King William, his wife's uncle, in 1075. The gloomy record closes with Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, who was hanged for murder in 1760. Almost midway between the Saxon earl politically beheaded by his Norman uncle, and the half-mad and entirely bad earl who went to Tyburn in his wedding suit, stands the first prince of the blood who stepped on scaffold doomed legally to death, in the person of Thomas Plantagenet, grandson of Henry III., and Earl of Lancaster and Leicester, of whom the common people made a saint. So revered was the memory of this troublesome and turbulent prince, that at one time Thomas of Lancaster threatened to supersede Thomas à Becket.

Very few indeed are the cases in which peers have been rightly executed for any but political offenses, such as high treason, whereby they were made traitors because of their lack of success. Two or three have suffered for crimes of unutterable enormity; but in the very worst of these cases there is room for suspicion that the witnesses were of a class ready to prove too much. The spiritual peers have for the most part suffered enforced death, when called upon, with great dignity. Human sympathy is always with them. We know of no exception, save in the instance of an unworthy member of the Irish prelacy, who was, however, a Somersetshire gentleman, Atherton, Bishop of Waterford. He was hanged at Dublin in 1641, to the great satisfaction of every honest and pure-minded man.

If the law was sometimes rigorously interpreted against noble offenders, its enactments were as carefully applied for the protection of the good fame of the well-deserving. These enactments still exist. According to their declaration, a man may say of a commoner what would be *scandalum magnatum* when spoken, even truly, of a peer. So Dr. Hughes discovered when he said of my Lord Townshend, "He is an unworthy man, and acts against law and reason," and found, to his cost, that the words were actionable, as being used against a peer. The recent Libel Act of Queen Victoria, however, has probably taken the sting out of the once terrible writ of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

It was not merely by the block or attainder that peers and peerages in the old

times ceased to exist. In those early days a titled nobleman often grew weary of his dignity, and, yielding it to his heir, withdrew to a monastery. The instances are not few of peers flying from their estates, stripping themselves of their dignities, and immuring themselves in some isolated retreat, because they were stricken with leprosy. We may notice as a cumulative sample, the instance of the Baron Brian Fitzcount, whose two sons, becoming incurable lepers, Brian and his wife Maude, after providing for the care of the two luckless heirs, shut themselves up in religious houses, and heard unmoved that the king, Henry I., had seized their lands, as if lepers were, as dead men, incapable of inheritance of title or estate.

Surrenders of title were, otherwise, not infrequent. We could enumerate at least a dozen peers who were thus "degraded" because of their poverty. One of the Beauforts, in Henry IV.'s reign, descended from the rank of Marquis of Dorset to that of Earl of Somerset. Indigence in a peer was probably supposed to render him dangerous to the government, and it was undoubtedly an ancient rule of the Civilians that nobility was annulled by poverty. But the rule could not hold, thus interpreted; poverty did not annul nobility—it only suppressed the title. Every cadet of a noble house, though he be a gravedigger, is as noble as the titled head of that house; but in old times, if a gravedigger could have proved himself to be the rightful heir to a peerage, the law would have recognized his nobility, but neither law nor custom nor king would have hailed him by his title. In one respect, extreme periods afford us similar illustrations. In by-gone ages disappointed hopes drove more than one peer from state and power into the deepest seclusion. In our own days there exists an Irish earl and English baron, who could not indeed resign his title, but who has made surrender to his son of all the privileges and enjoyments he derived from it. This earl resided in the most lovely spot in all Ireland, enjoying the paradise of water, wood, and mountain, with a wife who was to him dearer than the paradise which they both loved. But death suddenly took her from his side, and the stricken lord, condemning himself never again to look out upon the scene on which she could gaze no more in company with him, withdrew from the world to the refuge of

a "religious house," to live upon sweet, sad memories and heavenly aspirations.

Never was such devastation made in the ranks of our nobility, titled and untitled, as during the English Thirty Years' War of the White and Red Roses. In the thirteen battles fought between York and Lancaster, from that of St. Albans, in 1455, to that on Redmore Down, near Bosworth, in 1485—in nine of which struggles the Yorkists were the victors, yet they ultimately lost the great prize at Bosworth—there perished in fight, by murder, or under the axe, two kings, four princes, ten dukes, two marquises, one-and-twenty earls, two viscounts, and seven-and-twenty barons. To these may be added one lord-prior, one judge, one hundred and thirty-nine knights, all noble; four hundred and forty-one squires, the eldest sons of knights; and a body of gentlemen, or untitled nobility, of coat-armor and ancestry, the number of whom is variously stated, but which number, being incorporated with the death-roll of private soldiers, swelled the great total to nearly eighty-six thousand men. Such was the cost to the country of that country's best blood, shed in a quarrel which, after all, ended in a wedding by way of compromise.

By death and by attainder the ranks of the peerage were thus diminished: they do not seem to have been very rapidly replenished. In the reign of Elizabeth, in the year 1572, the order of dukes was totally extinct; and we learn from one of Ben Jonson's plays, that in James I.'s time it was a—

"received heresy
That England bears no dukes."

The title was distasteful to divers nobles, who held it ominous, on the ground that so many who had borne it had lost their heads. King James, however, revived the ducal order in 1623, by advancing George Villiers to the rank of Duke of Buckingham.

The omen was fulfilled in this case. Of the three Staffords who had been Dukes of Buckingham before him, Humphrey was slain, and Henry and Edward were beheaded. And then this George Villiers was assassinated, and his son died a beggar and childless. In the Sheffield's this dukedom passed but from one father to one son. That son died a minor, and him

and his house Pope celebrated in the Epitaph on the last of the Sheffield's:

"A race for courage famed, and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute, in a saint to heaven."

Young Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, at least died in his bed. Other lines ended in other ways. Although peers be titled gentlemen, who enjoy such privileges as freedom from arrest in civil suits, and the right to wear their hats, if they choose to be rude, in courts of justice; and although they have the exercise of various judicial functions, the grandeur of the position has oftentimes suffered much abatement. There was formerly in titled life as much peril as grandeur. Take, for instance, the eighteen earls of Northumberland. The first three were slain; the fourth, Cospatrick, from whom the Duncases are descended, died in exile; the fifth was beheaded; the sixth, who was also Bishop of Durham (Walcher), was murdered; the seventh (the Norman Alberic) was deprived, and pronounced "unfit for the dignity;" the eighth died a prisoner for treason; the ninth and tenth hardly come into the account, for they were Henry and Malcolm, princes of Scotland, who were a sort of honorary Earls of Northumberland; the eleventh earl was the old Bishop Pudsey, of Durham, who bought the earldom for £11,000, but was subsequently deprived of it and thrown into prison. Then came the Percys. The first earl of that house, but the twelfth in succession, after the death of his son, Hotspur, at Shrewsbury, was himself slain in battle; the thirteenth earl fell at St. Albans, the fourteenth at Towton, the fifteenth at Barnet, the sixteenth was murdered, the seventeenth was the first to die a natural death, and the eighteenth left no children. He, indeed, left a brother; but Sir Thomas Percy was attainted, and his honors became extinct. The son of Sir Thomas was restored in blood and title after Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was beheaded; but the restored earl was himself beheaded in 1572. It was his nephew, Earl Henry, the husband of Dorothy, one of the sisters of Essex, who suffered fifteen years' imprisonment in the Tower, and was mulcted in a fine of £20,000, not so much because he failed to prove that he was not concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, as because

the Percy who *was* actively engaged in it was his kinsman and servant. He was the last earl of his line who suffered personal constraint; and in his grandson, Josceline Percy, the male line became extinct in 1670.

We could cite the lines of other noble houses, the honors of which have had as much gloom as glory, more peril than comfort, about them. We will rather complete the sketch of the Percy family by stating that the Earl Josceline's sole child and heiress, Elizabeth, married the "proud Duke of Somerset," in which title their son, Algernon Seymour, succeeded them, with that of Earl of Northumberland added thereto. This Algernon Seymour, like Josceline Percy, had but one child, Elizabeth, sole heiress now of the Somerset and Northumberland property. This Elizabeth once expressed her surprise at a lady having refused an offer of marriage made to her by the handsome baronet Sir Hugh Smithson, whose father is described by some writers as a London apothecary, but whose family, landed gentry in the north, from the time of the Conquest, was as noble as that of the Percys, and only inferior to it in the fact that the hereditary title of the one was higher in the scale of precedence than that of the other. Sir Hugh married the Percy heiress, and was subsequently created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. In the well-nigh hundred years that have since elapsed, there have been four dukes—Sir Hugh, his son, and two grandsons. In the latter, as in the earlier days, these Northumbrian nobles have had to risk their lives in battle; the present duke was in Lord Exmouth's expedition to Algiers, and his father distinguished himself in America. The latter, too, came into collision with the government of his day, as his remote predecessors had often done; but in his case with less calamitous issue. George III. had promised him the governorship of Tynemouth; but the king broke his royal word. When he was, subsequently, asked to go out to America as commissioner, with a promise of the Garter on his return, he peremptorily refused; and when asked for the grounds of his refusal, he as promptly answered—his experience of what court promises were!

It has been remarked that the cadets of noble families, however low they may have fallen, lose nothing of their nobility,

and may be the true representatives of a line whose elder branches are extinct. If this rule be exactly as we have stated, Percy, the Irish trunk-maker, who claimed to be the heir of Josceline Percy, to the detriment of the great heiress Elizabeth, may have had no grounds for his claim as next heir, and yet may have been a cadet of the family. In the last century, the old noble Scottish line of Ormiston had a cadet of the house, and probably a representative of the lords of the land near Montrose, in the person of Ormiston, the Edinburgh hangman.

To return to England: let us observe, that in an essentially hereditary peerage, peerages for life are undoubtedly an anomaly. The grant which made Sir James Parke, Baron Wensleydale for the term of his natural life was so questioned in the Upper House, that the Crown yielded to the pressure, and the title was re-granted to him and his heirs male. In the earlier case of Chief Justice Gifford, a life peerage was proposed, but declined; and the learned lord ultimately obtained his baronial coronet with the usual stipulations. He is distinguished as being the only English peer who was at the same time Master of the Rolls. In King James I.'s time, however, there was a Scottish peer, Lord Bruce, who held the same office.

It must be remembered, nevertheless, that precedents for authorizing creations of life peerages exist. Henry VI. created Richard Beauchamp (Earl of Warwick) Earl of Albemarle for life. At his death, his son Henry succeeded him in the earldom of Warwick, and he was subsequently the sole Duke of Warwick (with precedence next to Norfolk and before Buckingham) on the roll of the peerage; but the title of Albemarle expired at Richard Beauchamp's death in 1439, nor was it heard of again till 1660, when George Monck was created Baron Monck of Potheridge (his birthplace) and Beauchamp, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle.

The only other instances we can recall to mind of a peerage granted for life were in 1377, when Guiscard d'Angle, of Poitou, was created Earl of Huntingdon *totâ viâ suâ durante*; and again in 1416, when Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, was created Duke of Exeter for life. On the other hand, the creation of peeresses for life has been exceedingly common. We need not only cite the Baroness Bel-

lasyze, the Countess of Buckingham, the Countess of Chesterfield, and the Duchess of Cleveland; the Duchess of Dudley, the Countess of Guilford, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Portsmouth, the Countess Rivers, the Baroness Sandys, the Countess Shepey, and the Countess Stafford, as the most familiar samples. Perhaps the most curious title ever conferred on a lady was that of *Baronetess* in her own right, which was conferred, in 1635, on Mistress (who then became Lady) Bolles. This "dame" lies buried at Ledsham.

Misalliances by way of marriage have not been so cruelly visited in England as on the continent. Even in the celebrated case of Winifred, the dairy-maid, it will be remembered that the great historian of the fact of her marriage allows that if she a little spoiled the blood of the Bickerstafes, she very much improved their constitutions. There was no such concession made in Germany in a similar and actual case. In 1436, Agnes Bernauerinn, a peasant-girl, was married by Duke Albert the Pious. The bridegroom's father, Duke Ernest of Bavaria, could not forbid the banns, but he very readily murdered the bride. She was flung from the bridge of Straubing into the Danube by his order. The poor young beauty, who had unwillingly become a duchess, rose to the surface and struck out for the shore screaming for help; but there was none to help her. The ducal executioner was there, but only to satisfy his master's pride and thirst for vengeance. As she neared the bank, he passed his long pole through her luxuriant hair, forced her under the water by it, and held her there till she was drowned.

One of the most curious errors with which we are acquainted is that in the last volume of the "*Archæologia*;" in which it is said that this poor Duchess Agnes was drowned by order of her own instead of her husband's father. The latter was the murderer, by the hands of his own hangman. Perhaps the hangman was made a *Freiherr* for his manly work. In our own country, an idea has always prevailed that an executioner who beheaded a state criminal for high treason became by the fact an esquire. The mistake arose from Brooke, York Herald, having made out a coat-of-arms for "Gregory Brandon, gentleman," the hangman of Charles I.'s days. York palmed the

arms on Garter, who negligently confirmed them; but both heralds were imprisoned—one for the hoax, and the other for not finding it out. The hoax gave rise to the old popular error.

In old days in this our England, all noblemen, by whatever title they were known, were barons. The "*Council de Baronage*" included peers of every dignity. In the reign of Henry III., an Act of Parliament decreed that no nobleman could sit in parliament without a writ of summons. Nor was a new peer considered actually possessed of his dignity till he had undergone the rite of investiture. On this point Sir Bernard Burke has fallen into a singular error for a King of Arms to make. "In olden time," he says, "it was deemed necessary to invest with robes the newly created baron in open parliament, and so lately as the era of King James I. that monarch in person solemnly inducted the barons created by patent, in the fifteenth year of his reign, by enrobing each peer in scarlet, with a hood furred with miniver; but in the same year it was determined to discontinue those ceremonies in future, the legal advisers of the crown having declared that the delivery of the letters patent constituted a sufficient creation." Nevertheless, it is certain that investiture was in practice as late as the reign of Charles II. "In the Banqueting House," writes Pepys (20th of April, 1661), "saw the king create my lord chancellor and several others earls, and Mr. Crewe and several others barons, the first being led up by heralds and five old earls to the king, and there the patent is read, and the king puts on his vest and sword and coronet, and gives him the patent, and then he kisses the king's hand, and rises and stands covered before the king. And the same for each baron, only he is led up by three old barons, and they are girt with swords before they go to the king." Coronets were not worn by barons previous to this reign. Charles conferred this honor, as Elizabeth had done on viscounts. As connected with this matter, we may notice that a peer's robes cost about £1000: but just previous to George IV.'s coronation, Mr. Wayte offered to supply them for that occasion at £220, and to take them back at £80, which left ample profit for their use.

On the subject of the creation of peers we will here mention the exceedingly pretty custom which was once in force in

France. In the time of the old parliament a "duke and peer," on his nomination, and even if he were a prince of the blood, was obliged, in the spring next after his nomination, to present a tribute of roses to the parliament. This was called the "Ceremony of the Roses." The new duke, moreover, was accustomed to decorate the hall in which the parliament sat, and every adjacent chamber, with a profusion of flowers and foliage. Previous to his introduction, he gave a magnificent breakfast. On his introduction, pages

preceded him bearing a large silver basin filled with roses and violets, which were presented to the president. The pretty ceremony could not be avoided. In June, 1541, the parliament decreed that Louis de Bourbon Montpensier, created duke and peer in February, 1538, and François de Cleves, created "Duc de Nevers" in January of the same year, should present the flowery tribute, and that Louis de Bourbon, though the last in date of creation should bring his roses and violets first. —*Athenæum*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD.

WE all recognize more or less, that the celebrity and the success of a man during the period of his active life will not always meet with a similar estimate when he has withdrawn from it. It is not of that high and sacred thing, Fame in the large sense, and enduring through many generations —fame such as that

Semper florentis Homeri—

of which we are speaking; but of those lower species of it which throw a halo round almost every body who has been in any sphere frequently before the world's eye during his existence. Such celebrity as this—*adhuc vivo* glory we might call it—may be gained simply by honest work and fair abilities; it surrounds an efficient secretary of state or a successful merchant. Or it may be gained, as men whisper in many cases, by means less direct—by versatility and knowledge of human weakness, in politics; by beauty and a good cellar, in society; by dexterity and deference to popular commonplace, in novel-writing, or poetry, or art, or even comparative anatomy. And two points may be specially noted of such fame as this: that we, generally speaking, at once acquiesce in it while the man lives, and are conscious that it will not overlive him. The world, naturally favoring its children, plays a kind of good-natured game with them; it gives them their day in, as it

were; does not profess, except of course officially, to think that their reputation or their influence will last; but, meanwhile, allows them to reap all the advantages. In the outspoken Middle Ages the position of such Children of this World was rudely symbolized by a certain arrangement which people contracted with a certain personage. We have done away with that personage and his unpleasant parchments; the "feudal devil," as Göthe says, "is no more;" yet it is a curious, even if an unpractical thing, to inquire what possessors of present fame might, of old, have been allegorized as high contracting powers of this kind, and to ask by what means they manage to be so much wiser in their generation than the Children of Light. It is obvious that no disrespect, far less, censure, toward the Children of this World can be thus conveyed; for in so judging them we merely anticipate by a few years the estimate which, as we have said, their cotemporaries have already tacitly formed, and gently whispered. Indeed, we frankly admire the success which has raised them to high places in the public view; even if occasionally that impertinent wonder with which Pope surveyed the flies in the amber will force itself on the mind, at a period, perhaps, of digestive derangement. But this success is their invitation to us to examine and to ask how it was gained,

and how long it will continue. And in analyzing these phenomena, if we find means to answer the inquiry, we look, or seem to look, into the next page of history, and enjoy something of the pleasure which the children of Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray may have enjoyed when they read on Christmas Day the January number of *Vanity Fair* or *Pickwick*, and knew, before we could, how the rogue was shown up, or how the devil came to fetch off the wicked nobleman.

We need not, however, dwell upon that first and thoroughly honorable species of *adhuc vivo* reputation which we have noticed. It is simply the halo that a certain performance of duty, or the occupation of a certain position, throws round a, perhaps, unambitious man. Some one must fill the place, we often say—must be duke, or head of the bank, or foreign secretary in his turn; and the place is in itself so high that it imparts a glory to the wearer. Even if this be his main title to glory, yet the lofty personage in question will, pretty surely, have the chance of doing a few kind or liberal things; and such things, from such an eminence, have a grace and distinction of their own. The reputation arising from all this we take to be not only inevitable and innocent, but of considerable value in oiling the wheels of life. It is the fairly-earned honor of duty done on a pinnacle; the counterbalance to some of the uneasiness which besets a throne; at the lowest, the recognition that a man has tried to bear himself well in circumstances of a certain responsibility. It helps him to easy-chairs in life, and to peace on the death-bed. Finally, it is engraved on the monuments of a thousand peers and ministers, bishops and magistrates, writers and soldiers, where, though not quite *aere perennius*, it has a duration and an extent precisely commensurate with the marble tablet.

We remember how the *Times*, that special and singular patron of Children of the World, spoke of the late Lord Lansdowne, in its obituary notice, as the "most respected man of the day." This was an admirable instance of the kind of exaggeration we mean; conscious, indeed, yet not too conscious. But there is a noble and conspicuous member of the Lower House, happily yet living, who may better serve to illustrate the above text. We quote him solely because, when an example is introduced, it should be a brilliant

one, for in some important features Lord Palmerston's portrait will not come within the limits here sketched. A successful premier of England in the nineteenth century will, quite abstractedly from the personality of the man, always hold a distinguished place in English annals, at least until they are written on the principles of Mr. Buckle; nor will the present premier individually fail to be remembered with honor so long as the phrase *Civis Romanus* is held to be accurately construed by *British Traveler*. Lord Palmerston, though owing much to nature and more to birth, is a bright example how to make the most, if not of both worlds, yet at least of that world with which we are best familiar. Determined never to be unintelligible by the meanest capacity in speech, and in policy rarely to ascend above the vision of the average Englishman, he may have sacrificed—perhaps we might even say, he has sacrificed—to "his generation" the loftier impulses of his intellect, and, at times, the aspirations of his statesmanship. The epithets which friends apply to him are the unconscious echo of the impression which he is destined to leave—dexterous, active, versatile, vigorous, genial; pleasant epithets, doubtless, and such as any man might envy, but not exactly of the immortal order. Like the last fashionable bonnet (nor would he superciliously reject such a standard of comparison), Lord Palmerston is neat, brilliant, handy, indispensable, and constructed of the best materials that are consistent with economy; but he will not be seen on the shelf of the British Museum, a thousand years hence, like the helmet of King Pyrrhus. But then the bonnet does not wish to be the helmet of King Pyrrhus! Perhaps we sometimes laud him a little too highly, with a knowledge that, though we wish to honor him much, we wish for his services more. Even in our own sketch there may be a rose-tint or two supernumerary. It is in certain measures that he has carried, in certain bursts of eloquence where the man was deeply stirred and knew that his audience or his countrymen had risen to his level, that the future Macaulay (if an equal admirer of great whig houses) will find occasion to confer the *laudes laudati viri*. Meanwhile the poet of No. 37 High-street, St. Giles, has recently drawn a portrait which—in rough lines no doubt, but such

lines as Englishmen love — admirably sums up what we have here ventured to suggest :

"Here's jolly good luck to Palmerston,
And although near fourscore,
We hope that he may live in health
For twenty years or more ;
We could not find a better
If we hunted through the land ;
Then here's success to Palmerston,
He's a regular good old man !

"Chorus.

"He's a rum cove, fol de riddle I do,
Our pre-mi-er so free ;
Lord Palmerston is a funny old chap,
And they won't get over he."

The world, like the church, is a word of a singularly chameleon-like quality. The ideas of praise or of dispraise which it conveys may range almost from heaven to the — antipodes. We have hitherto taken it in the higher position of its orbit ; somewhere "above the waist," as Hamlet said, or "the middle of its favors." In this sense, to be Children of this World is something distinct from being simply and downrightly worldly. It means doing your duty with energy, pushing your way without philosophical scruples, and making fame and money on the road by all methods consistent (of course) with the highest principles of honor. Respectable is an epithet which, as we in England at present employ it, exactly fits this class during life ; and whatever reputation they leave—though less in amount, as we said at the beginning, than cotemporaries by a good-natured and useful fiction confer upon them—will be thoroughly respectable also. But in the great commercial school of the world there is another class of its children who—watching the career of our friends above, observing how they succeed, and that excess or extra quantity, so to speak, of fame which the world allows them—enact a kind of imitation of their parts, with certain differences on which we now propose to dwell. They too, succeed ; and we honestly admire their success, although we may plead to be excused from greatly respecting it. The distinctive quality—the *differentia*, as the logicians say—of these men seems to lie in this, that they reserve their interest, absolutely and wholly, for the range of individual life. Fame amongst those they will never

dine with, or any after-world in which a good income is not quite distinctly perceptible to the eye of faith, has simply no hold whatever on their minds, or influence on their actions. Charles Lamb humorously deprecates the heaven of theologians, as a place in which he could not confidently look for finding a shelf for his "dearly-beloved folios." Knowledge, he feared, would there come to him, "by some awkward process of intuition, in place of that familiar one of reading." Carry this idea out in all its ramifications, and the man who acts upon it rationally and consistently through his threescore years and ten (some act upon it, with admirable steadiness, from the days of open tarts and apples), will make himself what we mean by a Child of this World, in the absolute wordly sense. To succeed for his own day is his object, his aim and end. A certain amount of respectability, but not too much ; a considerable quantity of fame amongst the powerful of the world, for fame is influence ; a shrewdness which does not disdain, as they say of the steam-hammer, to crack a nut, while we all know it could punch an armor-plate—nay, which, if it sees halfpence in the gutter, will sagaciously know them to be halfpence still ; a Falstaff, in one word, though not always so humorous and entertaining—in such, or some such, elements the Child of this World will be "wise in his generation."

Such a man, it is clear, must have some considerable ability. But the ability which brings success is of two main species. The first is the ability to do well the work which you profess ; the second, the ability to get influential people or classes to think that you do it well. Of the first we have already spoken. The second is the attribute of the class we are considering. We often hear this distinction recognized. People say, if it be demonstrated to them, as clearly as such matters can be, that some politician or railway director knows nothing of statesmanship or business, that some fashionable artist can not draw—that at least they have had the knowledge how to get themselves accepted by the world. The speaker generally makes this remark with a smile ; it seems to dispose of the impertinent inquiry into the merits ; it tacitly implies, the Children of this World are wiser in their day than the other children. After their day it is quietly

felt that a different measure may be applied; but then this is no part of our hero's concern. Such fame as this is the earnest of all he aims at. It secures his success, and he may negotiate it for his immediate advantage with as philosophical a calmness as the swindler who draws bills which he knows can not be presented till he is safe across the Atlantic. Posterity has done nothing for him, and may harshly call him knave or humbug at its leisure. Not to be found out, *adhuc vivo*, limits his horizon.

If such is the quality of the reputation wanted, it will be mainly amongst two classes that it will be sought by the (male) Child of this World. He must conciliate a prominent literary organ or two, and he must succeed amongst the upper ranks (whether of wealth or of fashion) of the upper ten thousand. Whether it be in politics, in science, in art, or in literature that he wishes to be thought that which he is not, and to reap the advantages thereof, neither of these engines of fame can be safely neglected. A few powerful patrons have, it is true, occasionally done all the needful for those who aim at being thought men of genius. We sometimes see, for instance, buildings or public monuments put up by persons ignorant of the grammar of art, and, if we are innocent of the world, express our naïf wonder how men who have no popularity, and have been perhaps often exposed for incompetence, can succeed so widely. The very innocent even go so far as to use what we hope Archbishop Trench will warrant us in considering the Saxon word job. How often that word was employed in 1862, for example, in connection with our friends at South Kensington! How ignorantly, however, as was felt by all persons of well-constituted minds and a certain consideration—how improperly! These, however, are comparatively rare cases. In general, more or less adhesion from the literature of the day can not be dispensed with. It is superfluous to show why this is the case. How, for instance, should those born, by inferior luck, south of Tweed, have discovered the poetical merits of the great Professor Aytoun, had not the Scottish papers, and those English to which Scotchmen contribute the outpourings of the *ingenium perfervidum*, proved to us, with such gallant resolution against overwhelming odds, that the author of the

Lays is the Scott of his generation? To belong to a small quasi-nationality, and cultivate its vanity, is no mean element of success for those who, let us say, wish to live all their lives on credit. In politics, the importance of public verdicts is even clearer. The sagacious adventurer would not neglect the good-will of Grub-street; much more will he not fail to conciliate—although always by the most honorable and agreeable of means—the omnipotent managers of any Great Company. This, and a duke well used, have been the making of many a reputation. Let the skeptical study with due discretion certain columns in the *Morning Post*. Who's who in 1864? is a question with which the stationers' shops have rendered us familiar. Who dined with whom during 1863 will be found of no small use in answering it.

A third method of gaining that fame which is success, is to take up some popular cry, and endeavor to obtain recognition as a representative man in certain large sections of the community. Of course there is a sense in which all men of mark, and all who wish to be widely useful, do so. The poet and the man of science must be, as has been often remarked, children of their age. Much more the chief in business or politics. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish this from the imitation of it with which we are here concerned. But we take the test to be whether the man is consistent in his adoption of popular interests. If so, popular as he may himself be at first, he will be sure some day to find himself in collision with influential persons in society or in literature. Mr. Dickens is an example of this, in those later tales which he has devoted to social questions; the polite world has long tabooed him. Mr. Ruskin is another. We do not here enter on any inquiry into the justice of the taboo; we only note its existence. But let another man attack university narrowness (let us say) when he has committed himself to liberalism, and shrink from his attack when he has received academic office, and we can not help regarding with a certain hesitation a love of popularity which is pursued by such incoherent courses. We ask, is this intrinsically a representative man, or one who wishes to be believed such?—that provoking inquiry to which Success gives an answer, deficient in no element of com-

pleteness except duration. And duration was not one of the points in the game that Children of this World play for.

Occasionally, however, it will occur, by a perverse and vexatious chance, that the wisdom of the successful fails a little before their day. What, to the well-regulated disposition which we trust that we and our friends possess, can be more lugubrious and deplorable than the occurrence of such a detection amongst any of our popular cotemporaries? It is like the failure of the Great Eastern; we all knew she could not pay, but we hoped, for the sake of national credit, that the Bankruptcy Court would not commence operations in our time. Fame which rests on the verdict of a fashionable clique, and is imperfectly buttressed by the public at large, appears especially liable to this lamentable collapse. We have noticed one which occurred but the other day. The church annals of the worldly eighteenth century supply an amusing example on a small scale. A worthy Doctor in Divinity, who had done himself some little credit in his college, was promoted to one of the Western deaneries. Before the ratification of his appointment, and while he was in the state which, in case of bishops, is named "designate," busy in forgetting old friends, and in flattering new, his acquaintances were jealous enough of

his success to report that he endeavored to give what he considered an aristocratic color to his name, by the conversion of Simpson into Simson. What was his confusion when, on taking possession of the stall, he discovered that two of the best families in the county bore the patronymic of Simpson—Simpson with a p? This was, indeed, a case which, under existing church patronage and the high tone of clerical aspirants, would now be simply impossible, from York to Canterbury. But somewhat similar miscalculations are made, even in our own day, in other lines of life. A charlatan of genius is "found out," a lord mayor is made a joke of, a professional literary bully makes a joke of himself, Mr. — puts his name to a letter, insisting that he will never abandon anonymous editorship, and the world laughs and forgets its children. *Solvitur risu tabulae*. The philosopher meantime looking on, if he feels at all, feels a mild regret for those whose bubble has thus burst a little prematurely. It seems hard that ephemera, who asked for nothing beyond, should not have their day; or should anticipate, even by a few years, the contemptuous silence with which, as we knew whilst we listened politely to their praises, the world all along means to reward them:

Securos latites, et longa oblivia.

From the Edinburgh Review.

KIRK'S CHARLES THE BOLD.*

THE episode of history which these volumes undertake to set forth is one of the most dramatic which any age or any country has produced. The conflict of the new and the old, the antagonism of rival systems of government, of incompatible interests and ambitions, was never exhibited to the world embodied in more characteristic actors or on a more imposing stage; and from act to act of the

great drama the incidents increase in rapidity of succession and in grandeur, until the chief personage of the scene ends his impetuous and bloodstained career by a catastrophe as tragic and as terrible as poetical justice could have invented. Never, moreover, were two principles so fairly tested and arrayed against each other as feudalism and the spirit of modern government in the persons of Charles the Bold and Louis XI.; never the duality of contrast so strongly marked. Feudalism, like our daily luminary, appeared in

* *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* By JOHN FOSTER KIRK. Vols. I. and II. London, 1868.

grander state just before its setting—and, like some tropical plant, it seemed to have waited to produce its most luxuriant and gorgeous magnificence in the House of Burgundy, and to have perished in the production. The figure of Charles, as portrayed by the Burgundian chroniclers, with stern and warlike features, mailed in armor of steel, with jeweled helmet and lion crest, with mantle of velvet sprinkled with diamonds and rubies, seated on a steed of matchless beauty, whose very bridle and caparison blazed with gold and precious stones, imposes on the imagination; while nothing can be more mean than the appearance of his adversary, the representative of the new system which was to substitute policy for pageantry and the influence of intelligence for the lawless anarchy of force. Louis made but a sorry figure in an age noted for its splendor, with his scanty fustian raiment, his shabby hat, and the wooden beads and leaden ornaments of a pilgrim. His countenance, in its lean and withered pallor, looked, we are told, like that of a leper. His entire absence of morality, and the groveling superstition of his mind, enhanced the repulsiveness of his person; and it would appear as though nature had intended to show in the one case how vital and enduring was the principle represented, in spite of its unattractive exterior, and how utterly effete was the other as a social and national element of power, in spite of the gilded splendor with which it was clothed and surrounded.

Never was there a time when the ancient animating principles and forces of society had so utterly departed, leaving nothing behind them but empty forms, displayed with unblushing effrontery in the service of hypocrisy and intrigue. Chivalry was but a name, although its parade was more extravagant than ever. Vows for undertaking a crusade against the infidels still continued to be taken, but as a mere excuse for magnificent feasting, joustings, banquets, revelry, and voluptuous enjoyments. Feudalism was every where in open revolt against its suzerain—that is, against itself. Morals and religion had been entirely divorced, and, as in the case of Louis XI., a degrading observance of superstitious rites was considered capable of expiating all violations of the most sacred, moral, and social duties. Fraud and perjury were rules of action; treachery, assassination, and frat-

ricide were the common expedients of princes. That policy which now passes by the name of Machiavelli, was but the ordinary practice of rulers long before his time; neither was it peculiar to Italy. Alfonso of Castile, Ferdinand of Aragon, Louis XI., Warwick, *l'homme le plus subtil de son vivant*, were fully the rivals of the Sforzas and the Medici; and the moral obtuseness of Philip de Comines is not surpassed by that of the author of the *Principe*. But in Italy, from the intricate diplomatic relations of the various states, as well as from the political genius of the people, the science of politics and diplomacy in the modern sense was in a greater degree of forwardness than elsewhere; and Louis XI., who had an almost prophetic instinct of the principles of modern government, looked with eagerness to the Sforzas and the members of the Venetian council for lessons in the new statecraft. To Francesco Sforza he applied for advice at many a difficult crisis in his career, and he placed himself under the tuition of three Venetians, for whom he sent in order to be instructed in their method of government. The character of the age thus reflected in its princes is still more apparent in the character of its literature, of which the *Chronique of Jehan de Saintré*, the farce *Patelin*, the *Cent Nouvelles of Louis XI.*, were the most admired productions: cynicism, trickery, and licentiousness are always victorious, and they exhibit a dark contrast with the simple faith of the Trouvères, and the romantic grandeur of the heroes of medieval fiction. In the whole of the fifteenth century not a single character is found to interest the feelings or attract sympathy—not one figure is free from the dark obliquity of the epoch: the age opens, indeed, with the pure and poetic apparition of Joan of Arc; but her career and destiny proved how entirely incomprehensible to our countrymen was such an example of patriotism and devotion. Never hardly did the prospects of humanity seem more gloomy than in the middle of the century, when the news of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks convulsed Europe. Tyranny, corruption, and fraud seemed enthroned immutably in Church and State, the moral sense extinguished, and the intellect hopelessly sterile and degraded; just as the press commenced its revivifying influence, the Reformation loosened the bands of superstition from the soul, and the new birth of arts

and letters opened fresh regions to the mind, as Columbus did to the physical energies of man.

Between the old and the new epochs, however, there is a transition period of about thirty years, commencing with the taking of Constantinople, which marks the termination of medieval history. This interregnum is occupied by the great contest of the House of Burgundy and France. At its commencement the Burgundian power was in the noon-day of its prosperity which it had attained under the peaceful sway of Philip the Good. Inheriting the rich possessions of the ancient counts of Flanders, the dukes of Burgundy surpassed in pomp and splendor all that the gorgeous taste of the emblazoned times of chivalry had invented; their etiquette and state ceremonials were of surpassing majesty, and were afterward adopted by Austria and Spain. The duke was styled the Great Duke of the "Occident," and was the founder and chief of the splendid order of the Golden Fleece, which numbered kings among its members. The chapters were held in the splendid cathedral of St. Bavon, where the duke sat beneath a canopy of gold in front of the high altar embellished by the genius of Van Eyck, like Arthur among his knights, or Charlemagne among his peers. The pope appealed to him for aid as to the fountain-head of chivalry; and an entertainment called the *vœu du faisan*, and intended to inaugurate a new crusade, which was given by Philip in consequence of such an appeal immediately after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, obtained immense celebrity. The gorgeous Flemish festival was such as none but the glowing colors and rich imagination of a Rubens could duly represent. It was held in an immense hall, surrounded by five tiers of galleries for the spectators, who were required to be masked. Three tables of immense length were ranged in the hall: on one the central ornament was a fortress of enormous size, flanked by a tower, and attacked by a besieging army; on another, a church holding within it an organ and a choir of singers; and on the third a mammoth pastry, in which were concealed twenty-eight musicians. All the arrangements were in the same monstrous and gigantic proportions. In the intervals of the banquet, the courses of which, placed in chariots of gold and azure, were rolled along by machinery,

the company was diverted with music and the exhibition of flying griffins and dragons, and such monsters as we see in a Christmas pantomime. At last an elephant entered the hall, conducted by a Saracen giant. On the back of the beast was a tower, in which sat a lady weeping, in religious and mourning attire, representing the Holy Church, and imploring the knights, in poetic strain, to swear upon the pheasant to hasten to her succor. When the pheasant (the bird of chivalry) was brought, there were no limits to the enthusiasm with which the duke and all his guests hypothetically devoted themselves to the crusade. At such festivals assembled from time to time all the chief princes and nobles of Europe, proud to share the boundless hospitality of the Duke of Burgundy, and never weary of admiring his gold and silver vessels, his rich tapestries, his paintings, his illuminated volumes, his accumulated treasures, his crucifixes, reliquaries, and chased works of gold, and his collection of jewels, which, for size, brilliancy, and number, was the most celebrated in the world. But shrewd observers, such as the Venetian or Milanese ambassadors, admired still more the wonderful country of the Netherlands, of whose prosperity this magnificence and wealth was but the symbol. The florid and exuberant Flemish nature is as visible in the extravagance of these festivals as it is in the pictures of the grandest of their artists.

For the towns of Flanders surpassed the rest of the towns of Europe in wealth and abundance as much as the dukes surpassed other princes. The Netherlands were then the mart and workshop of the whole earth. Their rich stuffs of satin and velvet, their cunning workmanship in wood, iron, copper, and gold, found a way into all lands, and the brands of the manufactures of their chief towns were as well known in Cairo and Damascus as in London or Madrid. In the mart of Bruges were heaped the products of the whole earth; the spices of the East were exchanged for the amber and product of the fisheries of the Baltic. Nor was the wealth of these great towns their only characteristic; the artificers were as well acquainted with the use of pike and sword as with the instrument of labor. The lusty and turbulent spirit of freedom had secured for them privileges and charters which they well knew how to defend

in the field; before Morgarten and before Cressy they had shown in the great rout of Courtrai what mere "*vilains*" could effect on foot against the proudest and most numerous of European aristocracies: the example of their struggles for independence had a contagious influence throughout the continent, and the *chapeiron blanc* of Ghent was adopted as the badge of freedom by the citizens of Paris.

Possessing these rich and populous regions of Flanders, the dukes could afford to leave almost untaxed their ancestral dominions of the two Burgundies, which supplied them only with troops. Nevertheless, amid all their riches and power, the anomaly of their position as vassals of the crown of France grew more and more apparent with the growth of the two countries. Even while the duke sat as head of the chapter of the *Toison d'Or*, in more than the pomp and pride of a sovereign, he might receive a legal summons from a black-robed usher of the parliament of Paris. The diversity of races under his rule, which made his dominions the Austria of the Middle Ages, increased the difficulties of his position. That such difficulties might have been overcome, and the power of the House of Burgundy placed on a firm and independent basis, is fully possible, especially at a time when the characteristics of nationality were less strongly marked than they are now; but in any case great political tact and prudence, or very great military genius, could alone have accomplished it. Charles the Bold attempted to solve the problem without either of these qualities, and the history of his disastrous career we have now to consider.

The calamitous conflicts of the royalty of France with the *sires des fleurs de lys*, as her great feudatories of royal blood were called, were prepared by the improvidence of the first Valois, who renewed the system of granting large provinces in *apanage* to the younger sons of the royal family—a practice of which the wisest of the Capetian monarchs had seen the pernicious consequences, and which they had endeavored to abolish. The most fatal of such errors, however, was that by which the House of Burgundy was created, or rather re-created, by John, the second prince of the Valois race. The duchy of Burgundy, established by the Capetian dynasty, had become extinct in the person of Philip de Rouvres, a descendant of a

younger branch of the former royal line, on whom the duchy was first conferred. Had John followed the example of Louis le Gros, Philip Augustus, or Louis IX., he would have regarded this as a happy accident, and united the duchy for ever to the crown of France. But in a blind fit of affection for his youngest son Philip, who had fought by his side at Poitiers, he created afresh for him the feudal sovereignty of Burgundy, subject to the usual conditions of homage and reversion to the crown. Philip le Hardy, thus first duke of the new line, sought and obtained in marriage Margaret, the widow of Philip de Rouvres, the last holder of the duchy—a marriage of policy which raised his power at once to the level of any European sovereignty, since Margaret was not only the daughter and heiress of Louis van Male, Count of Flanders and Artois, but as widow of Philip de Rouvres, added to this magnificent dowry the sovereignty of Franche Comté, a fief of the empire.

During the reign of Charles V., whose surname of the Wise or the Learned rightly characterizes his superiority of intelligence among the unlettered chieftains of a feudal age, while the spirit of the weakly monarch reigned supreme in the cabinet, and the arm of Bertrand du Guesclin conquered in the field and liberated the soil of France from the feet of English invasion and the brigandage of the Great Company, Philip the Bold played no more than a subordinate part together with the other princes of the blood. But when Charles VI. succeeded to the throne, on the premature death of his father in 1380, a period arrived in which the crown remained without defense against the encroaching ambition of its vassals. During his long and disastrous reign of forty-two years, he was king only in name; for the first eight years after his accession he was in minority, and during the last thirty years of his life, he was in a state of hopeless lunacy, with brief intervals of reason. The royal power and welfare of France were at the mercy of the intrigues of the uncles of the king, among whom Philip assumed and kept the preëminence; great, however, as had been the evil which Philip the Bold had wrought upon France, it was insignificant compared with that entailed by his son John the Fearless.

The unhappy king living in confinement, unwashed, unshorn, flying into fury upon his attendants, and throwing himself upon

his food like a wolf, seemed but a type of the general disorder of the public mind. John the Fearless succeeded to his father's place in the royal council, but his somber, taciturn, and morose nature was exasperated by the rival influence of the Duke of Orleans, brother of the king—a prince endowed with all the graces of person and manners calculated to win the smiles of ladies and the favor of the court. John the Fearless, on the other hand, following in the later steps of his father, sought to ingratiate himself with the citizens of Paris, who were during this period in a normal state of revolt in defense of their rights and privileges, and to resist the incessant demands of the royal exchequer. Private jealousy, as was said, from the intimacy of Louis of Orleans with the Duchess of Burgundy, inflamed in the breast of the duke the spirit of public rivalry to deadly animosity, until urged, as he himself avowed, by the promptings of the Evil One, he causes his rival to be assassinated, with circumstances of great ferocity, shortly after a reconciliation had been effected between them, in token of which they had taken the sacrament together, and sworn to love and fraternity. From that period until the murder of John himself at the famous interview with the dauphin on the bridge of Montereau, France was a theater of horrors which have hardly their parallel in the whole course of history. The inhuman warfare of the Burgundians and Armagnacs, literally converted the most fertile tracts of France into deserts. Roads disappeared—arable land was overgrown with brambles and forests. None dared to live except within walled towns. Wolves feasted in the streets of Paris, and the desolation of the capital exceeded that denounced on the doomed cities of Holy Writ.* To such calamities were added, through the instrumentality of John the Fearless, those of the English invasion. Azincourt was the Cannæ of the nobility of France, and John the Fearless was as fatal in his death as he had been in life to his country. Through the death-wound in his skull, it was said, the English entered the gates of Paris.

That sanguinary deed of vengeance and treachery was, indeed, more advan-

tageous to the English than many victories. Philip, the new duke, in revenge of his father's murder, formed a close alliance with Henry V., and accepted without scruple the very conditions which the English monarch had been unable to impose upon John the Fearless. During the two following years till the time of the death of Henry V. in 1422, Philip was actively engaged on the English side; and one of the last injunctions of the king was to preserve the friendship of the Duke of Burgundy. It was not long, however, before causes of misunderstanding arose.

Philip was apprehensive of the establishment of a foreign power in the country, powerful enough to be independent of his support; he had endured much slighting treatment, and a great breach of the Anglo-Burgundian alliance was caused by the death of Anne of Burgundy, his sister, the wife of the great Duke of Bedford, who so worthily succeeded his royal brother in the regency of France. The enthusiasm of Joan of Arc—the purest incarnation of sanctity and heroism which it was ever given to any nation to exhibit—changed the current of English victory. To the duke himself Joan appealed in a pathetic letter *à mains jointes*, to have pity upon France, immediately after the warrior maiden had led her king triumphantly to his coronation at Reims. Philip, however, was about this time celebrating at Bruges his third marriage with Isabella of Portugal, the mother of Charles the Bold; in whose honor he gave feasts and tournaments of the noted Burgundian magnificence, and instituted the celebrated order of the *Toison d'Or*. And it was not until four years after Joan had been betrayed to martyrdom by an ungrateful king and envious favorites, that Philip, weary of the war and the immense expenditure which it entailed, concluded the treaty of Arras in 1435 with Charles VII., and dictated terms to his sovereign as a conqueror. While the arrangements were proceeding for this treaty, news was received of the death of the Duke of Bedford. Notwithstanding, however, the loss of that great support of the English power and the defection of Philip, eighteen long years ensued before the invasion came to an end in France, with the surrender of Bordeaux and the death of the brave Talbot, who for forty years had made war upon French soil.

No sooner were the English removed,

* Many of our readers will doubtless call to mind the very powerful picture of this revolting period of French history drawn by Mr. Henry Taylor in his last tragedy, *St. Clement's Eve*.

than France and royalty found themselves face to face with Burgundy and feudalism. Subjects of dispute could not long be wanting between two powers not unequally matched, whose respective positions were so ill defined, and whose relations were so inextricably intermingled. Even when the news arrived at the Burgundian court of the descent of Talbot upon Guienne, one of the duke's nearest confidants exclaimed, "Would that the English were now in Rouen and in all Normandy!" For Philip at that very time was engaged in arms against the city of Ghent, which had appealed to the king as sovereign and protector of her privileges, and had at this very time his ambassadors within her walls. During the long period, however, which intervened between the treaty of Arras and the death of Charles VII., the rivalry of the two was confined to the limits of jealous diplomacy and remonstrance. The policy of Philip was on the whole a policy of peace, and his dominions enjoyed a state of prosperity surpassing that of every other principality of Europe. In his reign of nearly fifty years, the splendor, power, and wealth of the House of Burgundy reached its apogee of grandeur, and the province of Flanders its greatest felicity.

The incongruous relations, however, of the courts of France and Burgundy became still more complicated by the refuge afforded by Duke Philip to the dauphin, who, after having taken up arms against his father at eighteen, in the faction of the *Praguerie*, remained ever afterward at variance with the king. This strange character lived, or affected to live, in constant suspicion of the designs of Charles VII. and his counselors against himself; he believed that the king entertained a project of settling the descent of the crown upon his brother, the Duc de Berri, and declared that he stood in fear of secret assassination or perpetual imprisonment—a fear which had some color of justification, inasmuch as he was himself suspected of having poisoned Agnes Sorel, his father's mistress. Louis, having obtained leave of absence from the court for four months, had, as Charles complained, staid away for ten years. Of late he had intrenched himself in his government of Dauphiny, and found vent for his ceaseless activity in the independent administration of his province. He had married the daughter of the Duke of Savoy in de-

fiance of the objections of his father, and he scouted the royal mandates when the Dauphinois appealed to the latter against the arbitrary rule of their governor; at length when the patience of Charles was exhausted, an army was sent against him. Louis then fled and sought the protection of Philip at Brussels; writing to the king, that at the request of the Holy Father, he was gone to join "his fair uncle of Burgundy, who was about to make war upon the Turks for the defense of the Catholic faith." Charles VII., on hearing of the hospitable reception of his son by his vassal, said, "He has received a fox who will eat up his chickens."

It was indeed a strange caprice of destiny which thus placed the prince, who was the incarnation of all that was anti-feudal and anti-chivalrous, at the very court which was regarded as the fountain-head of all the feudalism and chivalry of the time. It was, as Michelet observes, a new episode of the fable of Renard and Isengrin. The dauphin, humble, repentant, submissive, patient, amiable in excess, was in the house of his enemy, ingratiating himself with his ministers, playing the peace-maker in family differences, observant of court intrigues, watching quietly every thing and every body, and, above all, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the character of his somber and tragic cousin, the Count of Charolais, the heir of Burgundy, the great rival of his life. The dauphin was now thirty-three years of age, while the Count of Charolais was ten years younger—and this disparity of years is of itself deeply significant. Louis, whose mission it was to supplant the old rule of tumultuous violence by modern state-craft and organization, required more time for his faculties and judgment to ripen, to acquire that knowledge of things, men, and policy necessary to the accomplishment of his schemes; while his adversary, who was to represent the old reign, could best carry out his schemes with the vigor and passion of early youth. The one, moreover, was the son of adversity, the other of prosperity. The dauphin was born at the time that his father was styled with ridicule by his enemies "the monarch of Bourges," and dined with his captains as sparingly as any respectable citizen; as a youth his pension had been but ten crowns a month, and early acquaintance with hardship and misfortune had quickened his

intelligence and subdued all passions but those coincident with his policy.

The six years which Louis spent in exile in the court of Burgundy passed peacefully away. The two aged princes made war upon each other solely by embassy—both having intractable sons, against whom it gave them full occupation to be on their guard. But even in revolt against paternal authority the two heirs-apparent displayed their essentially different natures. Louis remained entirely aloof from his parent, and treated his remonstrances with a mock deference and protestations of filial affection which showed that he had no heart at all; while the Count of Charolais's disputes with his father arose from a stubborn will and a violent temper, aroused by jealousy of the Croys, the duke's favorites and ministers, and always admitted of reconciliation. Louis in these family difficulties kept friends with both parties; and generally the part he played both with princes and with courtiers was that of excessive good fellowship and condescension—riding, hunting, hawking with all; telling and hearing broad tales and jests, and even borrowing money here and there, on note of hand. But the time arrived at which it was to be seen what reality there was behind this supple and insinuating character. Charles VII. died, and the old Duke of Burgundy escorted his guest to his coronation at Reims with all the pomp and splendor of the Burgundian court. Indeed, so vast was the state of the duke, so dazzling the blaze of the diamonds and jewelry not only on his person but on the bridles and trappings of his steed, which swept the very ground, that he looked like an emperor by the side of the king in spite of his white steed and his suit of crimson and satin. All the magnificence which surrounded him, both at Reims and at Paris—the gorgeous nobles, archers, and men-at-arms, the very plate of his coronation banquet—was provided by Philip; and the king took a malicious pleasure in humoring the vanity and love of ostentation of the old prince to its very extremity. Though the heir of the throne of France was by custom a *chevalier* from his baptism, he insisted at the coronation on being knighted by his vassal, and after making a few knights himself, handed the sword to Philip, on pretence that the fatigue was too much for him. But in spite of his effusive expres-

sions of gratitude and humility, he took every opportunity of turning all this display into ridicule. At the coronation banquet he took his crown off as though too heavy for him, and placed it by his side; and instead of conversing with the great noblemen about him, talked familiarly with one Philippe Pot, who stood behind his chair, a gentleman of Burgundy, a *subtil et joyeux confrère*. Stranger still was the trick he played at the splendid tournament given by the duke during his stay at Paris. After the Count of Charolais and all the great *seigneurs* had well jousted and displayed their elaborate armor, blazing jewelry, and gorgeous plumes before the astounded populace, a champion of uncouth aspect entered the lists, himself and steed grotesquely accoutered in rough skins; this bold spearman attacked one after another the noble jousts, so that nothing stood before him.* He was, in fact, a man-at-arms, hired by the king, who enjoyed the discomfiture of this holiday chivalry from behind a window in company with certain ladies of Paris, and thus anticipated in effigy his treatment of the spurious feudalism of the age.

Before, however, the duke had withdrawn his Burgundian pomp from the Hotel d'Artois and the wondering eyes of the populace of Paris, Louis had doffed his coronation suit and put on that mean apparel to which he adhered his whole life long—a sort of pilgrim garb, of gray fustian, with a short cape of the same material, and traveling boots, a shabby hat with a leaden image of the Virgin attached to it, and a rosary of wooden beads round his neck. It seemed that he had laid out his life to be one of business and travel, and this was his working suit. No state, no gayety, was to be found in the melancholy habitations in which he fixed his residence in the various parts of France. The tradition of the gay and brilliant court of the Valois, and the contrast of the voluptuous pageantry of Brussels, made such a monotonous existence almost intolerable to his wife and sister.

Louis began, notwithstanding the value he set upon dissimulation as a method of state-craft, by showing his cards too openly. His two great faults, besides an entire lack of morality, which he probably did

* This incident, which is to be found in Chastelain, is strangely omitted by Mr. Kirk, who is usually so prolix in his narrative, and yet it is one of the most striking in the whole history of Louis XI.

not consider a fault, were impatient eagerness and a malicious love of waggery and irony, even before it was safe to indulge in them. These failings, however, he managed to correct with experience, and of experience he was destined to have no deficiency. Such, however, was the disposition of offices and such the first measures of the new reign, that the princes of the blood and the other great nobles immediately divined the object of the king's policy—the destruction of the oligarchy of princes and the concentration of all power in the hands of the sovereign: they understood from the ministers by whom he surrounded himself, as Comines says, that Louis “*étoit naturellement ami des gens de moyen état, et ennemi de tous grans qui pouvoient se passer de lui.*”

The first successful stroke of policy of the king was the recovery from the House of Burgundy of the possession of the towns of the Somme, which had been mortgaged to Philip by the treaty of Arras for four hundred thousand gold crowns, and of which he had taken possession. The story of this, the first and earliest advantage gained by Louis against the House of Burgundy, is hardly told by Mr. Kirk with sufficient clearness and prominence. The transaction is most illustrative of the insinuating craft and dexterous management of Louis in taking advantage of the discord existing between the Count of Charolais and the Croys, the rivalry between the latter and the Count of St. Pol, and the disputes of the duke with the city of Ghent. The recovery of these towns on the Somme was the object of the most eager policy of Louis from the very moment of his accession. France without them was at the mercy of the Duke of Burgundy. In possession of Péronne, Amiens, and Abbeville, of Picardy and Artois, he might introduce the English through Calais in two days into the heart of France. By incessant application of every diplomatic *ruse* to wear out the resistance of the duke, and widen the breach existing between him and his son, he got the old man to consent to give up the towns on condition of the money being paid. When he signed the agreement Philip had no thought that so large a sum of money could be found within the stipulated time. But no sooner was compliance extorted than the astonished prince found two hundred thousand gold crowns in his hands, and the rest was not long in forthcoming.

The ministers of Louis also considered it impossible to find so large a sum on the instant. But their master would admit of no objections. He sent one here, another there, with such precipitation that, as they said, they had scarcely time to draw on their boots. He begged, implored, insisted, threatened on all sides. The money must be found, he said: ten thousand francs here, thirty-five thousand there, and so on, it seemed to him, were to be got *en ung pas d'âne*; and, to complete the sum, the impatient monarch made no scruple of dragging up the deposits from the crypts of Notre Dame, which were in trust of the parliament, and the property of orphans, widows, and suitors.

If the Count of Charolais, then at variance with, and separated from his father, had no suspicions before, he now fully understood that nothing but implacable hostility could exist between himself and the new king: he took his measures accordingly, and began to enter into alliance with the Duke of Brittany—a measure peculiarly calculated to excite the suspicion of Louis. The affair of Rubempré, however, brought matters to an open rupture. This adventurer, a relative of the Croys, was suspected of being employed in a scheme for kidnapping the Count of Charolais, while staying at his castle of Goreum, on the coast of Holland, and was taken prisoner on the spot. Rumor, supported by some proof, said that he was employed by the king. An angry interchange of complaints took place between the two courts, and the result turned wholly against Louis. The count became reconciled to his father, and assumed thenceforth a larger share of the government than he had ever before been able to obtain. The Croys, who had been bought over by Louis, were dismissed, and the count sent a message to the king that he should repent of his proceedings before a year was out. Indeed, after one more scene of violence between the duke and his son, on account of the Croys, the old prince felt that his energy was exhausted, and that it was time to succumb to the influence of his son; the real reign of Charles the Bold then commenced. Philip, his father, had still sufficient love and attachment to France left in him to make him desire peace and refuse to join her enemies; but Charles, with no such associations, was eager to seize upon the first opportunity of humbling Louis XI.

The princes of the blood and the great vassals, with the Duc de Berri, the king's brother, as their nominal head, addressed a proclamation to the Duke of Burgundy, enumerating their various grievances, and announcing their resolution to take the field "*pour le bien de la chose publique.*" The Duc de Berri, a poor, weak-minded young prince, seems to have been driven merely by *ennui* and the monotonous life of his brother's court, to join the coalition. And the young nobles, who had heard tales of the brilliant court-life of the Valois, or beheld the magnificent state of Burgundy, rushed to arms from similar reasons of discontent. Even the wife and sister of Louis, after a visit to Burgundy, declared that one day of the festivities of Hesdin, or Brussels, was worth a whole existence at the court of France. But in addition to the crime of keeping a dull court, Louis also commenced to utter edicts against the private right of hunting—measures which he had formerly carried out in Dauphiny, and which, if adopted in France, would have rendered the life of the noble more intolerable in the country than it already was at court.*

The king saw the gathering of the storm and endeavored to make head against it; he made what alliances he could to strengthen himself abroad, especially with Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, the object of his constant admiration, but within the boundaries of France, he stood alone against the great feudatories, the chief of whom, besides his own brother and the Count of Charolais, were the Duke of Brittany—who, alone of his order, proudly styled himself duke by the grace of God—the Duke of Bourbon, whom Louis had deprived of the government of Guienne, the Duke of Calabria, of the House of Anjou, and the heads of the House of Armagnac. The campaign was a brief one. After the indecisive battle of Monthéry, the allies blockaded Paris, and then the king, placing more faith in his talent for diplomacy than his capacity as a general, and taking the advice of Sforza, who told him to try every scheme in order to divide his enemies, determined to make peace with his foes upon their own terms, and to trust to his own ingenuity, and that inevitable discord

which must accompany the division of spoil among the victors, to be enabled to repay himself for his present sacrifices. These, however, were enormous. The king gave up the towns of the Somme to Charles for life, without demanding restitution of the four hundred thousand crowns. The Count of St. Pol, the chief vassal of Burgundy, and commander of the hostile forces, was made constable of France. The king's brother was invested with Normandy, under an hereditary title, on conditions which made him more independent even than the Duke of Burgundy, thus reviving the fatal system of *apanage* in its most dangerous form. An infinite number of lordships, immunities, and pensions were distributed among the lesser nobles. All present claims were thus satisfied, and one only point was overlooked, *le bien public*, the ostensible cause of taking arms, for which extremely slender provisions were thought necessary.

But the honor of the king, if such a term can be applied to Louis XI., received a greater attaint by his desertion of his ally, the town of Liège, than by the immense concessions which he thought himself obliged to make to his enemies. The episcopal principality of Liège, spread along the course of the Meuse, as it emerges out of the picturesque forest of Ardennes, from extraction, language, and position, had always remained strongly attached to France. While the rest of Flanders conquered the ground it stood upon, as well as its riches, from the sea and foreign commerce, Liège and her sister cities extracted their fortunes from the bowels of the earth. Their mines of iron, copper, and coal, were the sources of industrial manufacture on such a scale as the world had never yet seen. They were the Birmingham and the Sheffield not only of Flanders, but of France. The copper manufacture of Dinant was especially celebrated, so that household utensils of that description passed by the name of *Dinanderie*. The government of Liège was the most democratic among that of any of the franchised towns of the Netherlands. The state, indeed, was ecclesiastical. The chapter of the Cathedral of Saint Lambert—with the bishop as its representative head—held the sovereign power, but this power was limited by strictly constitutional checks. In no part of Europe were the privileges of the

* Mr. Kirk omits to take notice of this strange attempt of Louis XI. to interfere with the sporting privileges of the nobility, which they guarded with the most jealous care.

nobles so scanty, and their authority so small. Ecclesiastics zealous in maintaining the dignity of the order, and a people influenced with the warmest passion for freedom, had made common cause against them. Equality was carried to a length unknown in any of the other Flemish cities. Every citizen above the age of fifteen had the right of suffrage, and was eligible to office. There was not even a burgher aristocracy, as at Bruges, Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels. The small guilds were on the same footing as the great—the apprentice with his master. The nobles themselves were obliged to become members of a guild, in order to be capable of election. The lesser and dependent towns—Dinant, Huy, Tongres, Saint Trond—were not kept, like those of the proud cities of Flanders, in humiliating subservience, but associated in the councils of administration and justice. The stranger was readily admitted to rights of citizenship: hence, from all parts workmen flocked to this great center of labor and enterprise. Based on such free institutions, animated by the active industry of the city, and the boisterous athletic character of its people, the public life of Liège was one of vigorous energy and joyous movement, in which the vicissitudes of the labor market, ecclesiastical state and ceremonies, civic rivalry, factions, seditions, and battles, formed the changing incidents. Since the sovereign power was vested in the bishop and his chapter, it had escaped the fate of its neighbors, of being absorbed into the possessions of the House of Burgundy: yet, the latter, by its encroaching policy, and by the annexation of Namur, Luxembourg, and Brabant, began to coil itself around this vivacious commonwealth in menacing folds. Up to the end of the thirteenth century, the bishop relied for support in the exercise of his authority on the terrors of the Papal interdict, and the suspension of all courts of justice within the city, which he could cause by simply retiring to a neighboring city, and carrying with him the staff of justice. But at the beginning of the fourteenth century the power of the dukes of Burgundy began to exercise a fatal influence on the destinies of the small and vigorous people.

In 1408, the reigning bishop being "in debate" with his subjects, John the Fearless came to his assistance, and inflicted

on the Liégeois a disastrous defeat, in which they lost twenty-six thousand slain, and concluded the first humiliating peace with the House of Burgundy. Since that period, the power of the dukes had been continually in the ascendant; and although Philip the Good was not himself able to mount the episcopal throne of Liège, he was, nevertheless, able to exercise his influence with the pope, and obtain the nomination on a vacancy of a favorite or younger member of his family. In 1456, he thus extorted, by threats, the resignation of the bishop, John of Heinsberg, an easy-tempered prelate of winning and popular manners, and procured the nomination of his nephew, Louis of Bourbon, a boy of eighteen, and still a student at Louvain. Though not yet admitted to holy orders, the youth obtained a dispensation to enable him to exercise the temporal functions of his office; and with a troop of Burgundian and Brabant cavaliers, entered and took possession of his city. The disorders and misgovernment of this youth and his companions increased so much the discontent of the Liégeois, at falling into a state of vassalage to the Duke of Burgundy, that they broke out into open revolt, and their boy-bishop left the town to lead a life of sensuality and debauch at Huy, while inflicting on the disobedient city all the terrible consequences of the Papal interdict. During the various phases of revolution the people appealed from the interdict to the Archbishop of Cologne, from the archbishop to the Papal legate, from the legate to the pope, and from the "pope ill-informed to the pope better-informed," but without effect; for the pope confirmed the interdict with the usual anathemas in case its provisions were not complied with, and invited the princes to the aid of the church, to reduce its rebellious vassals, and especially intrusted the task to the Duke of Burgundy.

At this crisis the War of the Public Weal broke out, and the politic Louis saw at once the advantage of securing an ally in Liège, in the very heart of the Burgundian dominions. The agents of Louis appeared at Liège prodigal of money and promises, and inviting the towns of the principality to enter into a league with the French monarch. A treaty was signed binding the parties to wage common war against Philip, and to make no peace in which both were not included. No

sooner was this treaty produced at the *Perron*—the column at which all solemn acts of state were read—than the alarm-bell was rung, the guilds assembled, displayed their banners, and marched out of the city. They crossed the frontiers of Brabant, and began to devastate the Burgundian territory. Indeed, the spirit of the people had become exasperated to the highest pitch of recklessness. They had for many years been cut off from the chief markets of their industry; the city and its trade had become unusually impoverished; they had been compelled to live without the security of law or the sanctity of religion, dependent upon casual and irregularly constituted authorities for the commonest offices of justice and the daily need of the rites of the church. Their first outbreak was soon repressed; but speedily upon this two knights spurred into the town with a dispatch of Louis from the field of Monthéry, according to which the Burgundian army was entirely destroyed. The excitement of the people now knew no bounds, and, urged onward by the agents of Louis, they solemnly defied Philip to war. The little town of Dinant was, however, raised to still greater audacity of insult by the false report from Monthéry, only the insult was not so much directed against the House of Burgundy as against its rival Bouvignes, which was Burgundian. The towns were situate but at a bow-shot's distance, one on either side the Meuse, and competition in the manufacture of copper had exasperated the animosity arising from political differences. The rivalry of the two places had lasted for centuries; and from time to time, in mutual exasperation, they cannonaded each other across the river. In such manner and by frequent sallies from either town to cut off the traders and traffickers of its antagonist, and constant skirmishing between apprentices, they kept up interminable warfare. On this occasion a rabble of idle boys and apprentices crossed the river from Dinant, and planted under the walls of Bouvignes a figure stuffed with hay, with a cow-bell round its neck, and a tattered mantle with a cross of St. Andrew painted upon it. Ringing the bell, they cried, "You rascally thieves, don't you hear your M. de Charolais calling you? There he is, the false traitor." Amid jests and jeers of a gross character, they hung the figure up, as they said his master

also had been served by the King of France, riddled it with arrows, and so left it. The people of Bouvignes returned the insult by throwing a rival figure of Louis XI. out of a bombard over into the town of Dinant. While the Liégeois were in this frenzied state of exultation, news arrived of the blockade of Paris by the princes, and, finally, the king sent them word that he was about to conclude a peace, in which they would be comprised. In the final treaty, however, no mention was made of Liège; and it is difficult to acquit Louis not only of perfidy toward his allies in thus deserting them, but of the double perfidy of not wishing to include them in the treaties, and of having incited them to the extremities of revolt by false intelligence, in order that the count might find sufficient occupation with the disorders of his own dominions, to prevent him from interfering with his own plan of immediate operations.

For close after the termination of the agreement of Conflans, ratified by the treaty of St. Maur, the scheming brain of the French king set to work to follow scrupulously the advice of Sforza, and draw off one by one the princes from the league against him. Having effected this, he proceeded, with the aid of the Duke of Bourbon, the most able among them, to recover possession of Normandy from his brother. The Duke of Burgundy, as he foresaw, was too much occupied with the affairs of Flanders to offer any opposition. Charles, with twenty-eight thousand mounted men at arms, had marched upon Liège. After some parley, Liège submitted. The deputies of Liège concluded the peace known by the name of the "Piteous Peace." The terms of the peace annihilated all the most cherished privileges of the city, imposed an enormous fine, established the duke as protector of the city, exacted public profession of repentance, and even an expiatory chapel in remembrance thereof. But the most galling condition of all was that Dinant was excepted from the advantages of the peace, and reserved for vengeance. When the treaty was read for the first time to the people of Liège, they were possessed with a fury of indignation. A cry arose of "Traitors, sellers of Christian blood!" The leader of the embassy was seized, and his head cut off; and though the treaty was formally read on

the morrow, the Liégeois declared they would have no peace in which Dinant was not included.

But the ruin of Dinant as an example had been implacably resolved on. The jeers and taunts of the apprentices had been carried by their rival of Bouvignes to the ears of the duke and duchess. The latter was roused to the highest pitch of feminine vengeance by the rude jests in which suspicion had been thrown upon the legitimacy of her son; and left the convent in which she had of late lived in seclusion to demand the punishment of Dinant. Retribution was, however, reserved for the following year. The duke himself, now seventy-three years of age, fell into such a paroxysm of anger at some delay in the preparations, that a stroke of paralysis ensued, which brought him to the verge of the grave. On his recovery, amid his shattered faculties one only idea survived—that of taking vengeance on the unfortunate city. Dinant, aware of the approaching storm, and unable to avert it by prayers and submission, looked on all sides for help. The Liégeois had indeed, immediately after the proclamation of the "Piteous Peace," repented again of the abandonment of their sister city; but from France no hope was to be expected: the king was too deeply involved in alliance with the Bourbons to attempt to atone for his late perfidy by support of the rebel subjects of the Bourbon bishop. Philip and his son Charles, and the Burgundian host, arrived before Dinant in the middle of August, 1460. The town at first attempted a brave defense: confident in the strength of its thick walls and strong towers, and the protection of the deep and rapid Meuse which runs below them. But its defenders were ignorant of the destructive force which the progress of artillery already lent to a besieging army. Moreover, the Burgundian batteries had been newly formed in imitation of those of France, the most advanced of the time. A terrible fire was opened upon the place, and continued day and night. In a few days a breach was opened; and after some debate, the town surrendered to the duke's mercy. His mercy was the destruction of the town, with the ferocity and completeness of a Mongol conqueror. The city was given up to pillage. Eight hundred of those supposed to be the most forward in the revolt were tied two and two together

and thrown into the river. After nine days of havoc, the burning of Dinant was fixed for the 30th of August. An accident advanced the fate of the place by twenty-four hours; and Charles, to make sure there should be no misconception as to the cause of its destruction, ordered the town to be set on fire on all sides. After the conflagration, the remaining walls were leveled with the ground, so that at four days from its commencement it could be said, as Charles boasted, *Ci fut Dinant*. The people of Liège, who had been on the point of marching to the assistance of Dinant, were terrified again into abject submission, and renewed the treaty of the "Piteous Peace."

The people of Flanders trembled when they beheld the fate of Dinant and Liège, for the Good Duke Philip was then on the brink of the grave, and they had sufficient experience of Charles to know what his reign was likely to be. Ever since his ascendancy had prevailed over the mind of the failing duke, pride, violence, and obstinacy had predominated in the Burgundian council—increase of taxes and increase of feudal fines had been unceasingly called for. Thus when Philip died his subjects mourned deeply for him, and looked regretfully back at the magnificent state with which he had surrounded himself at Bruges. Under his reign they had known peace and prospered; and if his habits and tastes were extravagant beyond that of any sovereign in Europe, the wealthiest district in the known world saw its own prosperity reflected in the pomp of its sovereign, while the coming reign seemed to offer a future only of interminable bloodshed and disquiet. Louis XI. and Charles of Burgundy now, for the first time, stood before each other as the unshackled and pitiless champions of irreconcilable ambitions. The old Duke Philip was proud of his French descent and his traditional associations with the state of the Valois; but his son, the inheritor of Lancastrian blood by the side of his mother, the Princess of Portugal, boasted in moments of pride and anger that he was more English or Portuguese than a Frenchman. Both parties, animated by the intense antipathy which resulted not only from opposite interests and mutual hatred, but from mutual contempt, now looked about for allies in the inevitable struggle; and Louis began again to tamper with the unhappy

inhabitants of Liège in order to keep the duke from interfering with his own projects in Normandy.

Immediately on his accession, Charles met with demonstrations from the towns of his hereditary states of Flanders which led him to fear that internal disorders might prevent him from employing the whole of his forces in schemes of aggrandizement abroad. The great manufacturing city of Ghent was the first to set the example of disaffection. Trusting to the good will which the city had shown him while he was at variance with his father, and to the inquiries which he made of the magistrates, he had made the "joyous entry" customary on a new accession without due precautions. The authorities gave him a magnificent reception; the streets were hung with tapestry, the chimes rang forth from every steeple, as he with his young princess—robed in velvet and blazing with the richest jewelry and ornaments which his father had left behind him—followed by a gorgeous suite, wended their way to the Church of St. Peter, and took the usual oaths to maintain the privileges of the country, and, in token of his assumption of sovereignty, sounded the bell of the city. But it so happened that the time of his entry coincided with the anniversary of the procession of Saint Liévin, the guardian saint of the town—one of those religious pilgrimages still observed in many Catholic countries, displaying a strange medley of superstitious observance and excessive license. After passing two nights and a day in riot at a village outside the town, the "Fools of Saint Liévin," as the procession was called, returned to the city on the day succeeding the ceremony of the duke's accession. Inflamed with drink, and reckless with the effects of an orgy of two days' continuance, the "Fools of Saint Liévin," in their passage up a narrow street, were stopped by a house in which the *cueillotte*, a tax similar to the octroi, was collected. The *cueillotte* was especially odious to the people of Ghent as a sign of their humiliation in 1453, when it was established by Duke Philip after their defeat at Gavre. The unruly mob with axes and crowbars demolished and overthrew the house of the tax-collectors. The sedition spread; the other grievances and loss of privileges, which for fifteen years had been the subject of public discontent, agitated anew men's minds, and

the whole city was in an uproar. At the news of the disturbance Charles mounted his horse in a storm of wrath and rode to the Hôtel de Ville: facing the crowd with angry exclamations, he rode at and struck with his *baton* one whom he supposed to be a ringleader; but the man placed himself in his path and dared him to repeat the blow. Charles, yielding to solicitations, withdrew and addressed the crowd from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville; and a scene ensued most characteristic of the free and turbulent, but withal generous spirit of the people. The duke, with his young daughter and the priceless treasures of jewelry which he had been rash enough to bring with him, was, in fact, at their mercy, and before he could depart in safety he was constrained to consent to the abolition of the *cueillotte*, as well as to the restoration of the privileges of the town taken away by the treaty of Gavre.

The other towns of Flanders and Brabant followed the example of Ghent and claimed restoration of their privileges; and Charles found it prudent to make concessions, reserving for himself the satisfaction of inflicting signal punishment on the incorrigible principality of Liège. The burdens of the "Piteous Peace" pressed heavily upon that city; the six hundred thousand florins of fine, imposed by the last treaty, were more than the inhabitants were able to pay, now that its trade was ruined by the isolation in which it was placed. The bishop still continued to live at Huy, and the town was given over to disorder. Pressed by the duke's agents periodically for payment of the fine, they called upon their fellow-towns to pay a portion, and on the refusal of Huy, marched against it. A force of the Duke of Burgundy, placed there to protect the bishop, was obliged to retire; and the duke, in defense of what he styled his honor, caused his herald to declare war against Liège formally by "torch and sword." The King of France, who had continued to encourage the people with promises of assistance, made some efforts by mediation to avert their fate, but ineffectually. The Duke of Brittany and his brother Charles having again joined their interests for the recovery of Normandy, and made a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, Louis was naturally anxious to preserve so powerful an ally as Liège. But in the course

of the negotiations which he set on foot for this purpose, he showed plainly how little regard for treaties, and for Liège, influenced him; he made an offer of an exchange of perfidy—to leave the duke free to act against Liège if the duke would promise not to interfere with his movements against Brittany. The duke rejected the proffer with disdain, and terminated an interview with the Comte St. Pol, the ambassador of Louis, by saying as he mounted his horse, "The Liégeois are assembled, and within three days I shall have battle. If I lose it, you will will do as you like; if I win, you will leave the Bretons in peace." Had the king been capable of a warlike interference, he would have yielded to the advice of general Dammartin, who was posted with a strong force on the frontiers, and have marched to the assistance of Liège; but he was as distrustful of fortune as of all the world, and thought the risk too great. The people of Liège thus abandoned to themselves, attempted an energetic defense with a force of about twenty thousand men armed with pikes and arquebusses; they fought and lost the battle of Brusten. The internal disorders of the town, the despair into which they fell at finding themselves abandoned by Louis, and the terror inspired by the memory of Dinant, incapacitated them from making further defense. The town was formally

surrendered by three hundred and forty citizens, kneeling in their shirts with heads and feet uncovered, to deliver up the keys with supplications for pardon. The gates of the city were thrown down, and the duke entered over them like a conqueror with drawn sword; the people, with heads uncovered, were ranged on one side of the street, and the clergy bearing tapers on the other. In less than a week afterwards the bell of the people sounded for the last time, and the people assembled before the palace to hear their sentence. The terms of his mercy, if less cruel than those of Dinant, were far harder than those of the "Piteous Peace." Every institution of the town, its customs, laws, magistracies, even its guilds, were abolished. Charters which had cost the lives of thousands of patriots, venerable with centuries of antiquity, were annihilated. The walls of the city were to be demolished, so that it should be open as a village. All elections were forbidden; the magistrates were to be named by the bishop, and judged by the civil law. A further fine of one hundred and fifteen thousand louis d'ors was imposed, and twelve hostages demanded, of whom nine were decapitated; and, as a perpetual memorial, the *Perron*, the symbol of the liberty and autocracy of the town, was taken away and set up at Bruges.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE BLIND LOVERS OF CHAMOUNY.*

It was during a second visit to the beautiful and melancholy valley of Chamouny, that I became acquainted with the following touching and interesting story. A complete change of ideas had become absolutely necessary for me; I sought, therefore, to kindle those emotions which must ever be awakened by the sublime scenes of nature; my wearied heart required fresh excitement to divert

it from the grief which was devouring it, and the melancholy grandeur of Chamouny seemed to present a peculiar charm to my then peculiar frame of mind.

Again I wandered through the graceful forest of fir-trees, which surrounds the Village des Bois, and this time with a new kind of pleasure; once more I beheld that little plain upon which the glaciers every now and then make an inroad, above which the peaks of the Alps rise so

* From the French of Charles Nodier.

majestically, and which slopes so gently down to the picturesque source of the Arveyron. How I enjoyed myself gazing upon its portion of azure crystal, which every year wears a new aspect! On one occasion, when I reached this spot, I had not proceeded very far, when I perceived that Puck, my favorite dog, was not by my side. How could this have happened? for he would not have been induced to leave his master, even for the most dainty morsel. He did not answer to my call, and I began to feel uneasy, when suddenly the pretty fellow made his appearance, looking rather shy and uncomfortable, and yet with caressing confidence in my affection. His body was slightly curved, his eyes were humid and beseeching, he carried his head very low—so low that his ears trailed upon the ground, like those of Zadig's dog. Puck, too, was a spaniel. If you had but seen Puck in that posture, you would have found it impossible to be angry with him. I did not attempt to scold him, but nevertheless he continued to leave me, and return to me again; he repeated this amusement several times, while I followed in his track till I gradually came toward the point of his attraction. It appeared as if a similar kind of sympathy drew me to the same spot.

Upon a projection of a rock sat a young man, with a most touching and pleasing countenance; he was dressed in a sort of blue blouse, in the form of a tunic, and had a long stick of *Cytisus* in his hand. His whole appearance reminded me strongly of Poussin's antique shepherds. His light hair clustered in thick curls round his uncovered throat, and fell over his shoulders. His features wore an expression of gravity, but not of austerity, and he seemed sad, though not desponding. There was a singular character about his eyes, the effect of which I could scarcely define; they were large and liquid, but their light was quenched, and they were fixed and unfathomable. The murmur of the wind had disguised the sound of my footsteps, and I soon became aware that I was not perceived. At length I felt sure that the young man was blind. Puck had closely studied the emotions which became visible in my face, but as soon as he discovered that I was kindly disposed toward his new friend, he jumped up to him. The young man stroked Puck's silky coat, and smiled good-naturedly at him.

"How is it that you appear to know me," said he, "for you do not belong to the valley? I once had a dog as full of play as you, and perhaps as pretty, but he was a French water-spaniel, with a coat of curly wool. He has left me, like many others—my last friend, my poor Puck."

"How curious! Was your dog called Puck, too?"

"Ah, pardon me, sir," exclaimed the young man, rising, and supporting himself on his stick. "My infirmity must excuse me."

"Pray sit down, my good friend; you are blind, I fear?"

"Yes, blind since my infancy."

"Have you never been able to see?"

"Ah, yes, but for so very short a time! yet I have some recollection of the sun, and when I lift up my eyes toward the point in the heavens where it should be, I can almost fancy I see a globe which reminds me of its color. I have, too, a faint remembrance of the whiteness of the snow, and the hue of our mountains."

"Was it an accident which deprived you of your sight?"

"Yes, an accident which was the least of my misfortunes. I was scarcely more than two years old, when an avalanche fell down from the heights of La Flégère, and crushed our little dwelling. My father, who was the guide among these mountains, had spent the evening at the priory; you can easily picture to yourself his despair when he found his family swallowed up by this horrible scourge. By the aid of his comrades, he succeeded in making a hole in the snow, and was thus able to get into our cottage, the roof of which was still supported on its frail props. The first thing which met his eyes was my cradle. He placed this at once in safety, for the danger was rapidly increasing. The work of the miners caused fresh masses of ice to crumble, and served rather to hasten the overthrow of our fragile abode. He pushed forward to save my mother, who had fainted, and he was afterward seen for a moment carrying her in his arms, by the light of the torches which burnt outside—and then all gave way. I was an orphan, and the next day it was discovered that my sight had been destroyed."

"Poor child! so you were left alone in the world, quite alone!"

"In our valley, a person visited by mis-

fortune is never quite alone. All our good Chamouniers united in endeavoring to relieve my wretchedness—Balmat gave me shelter, Simon Coutet afforded me food, Gabriel Payot clothed me, and a good widow, who had lost her children, undertook the care of me. She still performs a mother's part to me, and guides me to this spot every day in summer."

"And are these all the friends you have?"

"I have had more," said the young man, while he placed his finger on his lips in a mysterious manner, "but they are gone."

"Will they never come back again?"

"I should think not, from appearances; yet a few days ago I imagined that Puck would return, that he had only strayed, but nobody strays among our glaciers with impunity. I shall never feel him bound again at my side, or hear him bark at the approach of travelers," and he brushed away a tear.

"What is your name?"

"Gervais."

"Listen, Gervais; you must tell me about these friends whom you have lost." At the same time I prepared to seat myself by his side, but he sprang up eagerly and took possession of the vacant place.

"Not here, not here, sir; this is Eulalie's seat, and since her departure nobody has occupied it."

"Eulalie," replied I, seating myself in the place from which he had just risen; "tell me about Eulalie and yourself; your story interests me."

Gervais proceeded:

"I explained to you that my life had not been devoid of happiness, for Heaven compensates bountifully to those in misfortune, by inspiring good people with pity for their wretchedness. I lived in happy ignorance of the extent of my deprivation. Suddenly, however, a stranger came to reside in the Village des Bois, and formed the topic of conversation in our valley. He was only known by the name of M. Robert, but the general opinion was, that he was a person of distinction, who had met with great losses and much sorrow, and consequently had resolved to pass his latter years in perfect solitude. He was said to have lost a wife to whom he was tenderly attached; the result of their union, a little girl, had occasioned him much grief, for she was born blind. While the father was held up as

a model for his virtues, the goodness and charms of his daughter were equally extolled. My want of sight prevented me from judging of her beauty, but could I have beheld her she could not have left a more lovely impression on my mind. I picture her to myself sometimes as even more interesting than my mother."

"She is dead, then?" inquired I.

"Dead!" replied he, in an accent in which there was a strange mixture of terror and wild joy; "dead! who told you so?"

"Pardon me, Gervais, I did not know her; I was only endeavoring to find out the reason of your separation."

"She is alive," said he, smiling bitterly, and he remained silent for a moment. "I do not know whether I told you that she was called Eulalie. Yes, her name was Eulalie, and this was her place"—he broke off abruptly. "Eulalie," repeated he, while he stretched out his hand as if to find her by his side. Puck licked his fingers, and looked pityingly at him. I would not have parted from Puck for a million.

"Calm yourself, Gervais, and forgive me for opening a wound which is scarcely yet healed. I can guess the rest of your story. The strange similarity of Eulalie's and your misfortune awakened her father's interest in you, and you became another child to him."

"Yes, I became another child to him, and Eulalie was a sister to me. My kind adopted mother and I went to take up our abode in the new house, which is called the château. Eulalie's masters were mine; together we learned those divine strains of harmony which raise the soul to heaven, and together, by means of pages printed in relief, we read with our fingers the sublime thoughts of the philosophers, and the beautiful creations of the poets. I endeavored to imitate some of their graceful images, and to paint what I had not seen. Eulalie admired my verses, and this was all I desired. Ah! if you had heard her sing, you would have thought that an angel had descended to entrance the valley. Every day in the fine season we were conducted to this rock, which is called by the inhabitants of this part 'le Rocher des Aveugles'; here, too, the kindest of fathers guided our steps, and bestowed on us numberless fond attentions. Around us were tufts of rhododendrons, beneath

us was a carpet of violets and daisies, and when our touch had recognized, by its short stalk and its velvety disk, the last-named flower, we amused ourselves in stripping it of its petals, and repeated a hundred times this innocent diversion, which served as a kind of interpretation to our first avowal of love."

As Gervais proceeded, his face acquired a mournful expression, a cloud passed over his brow, and he became suddenly sad and silent. In his emotion he trod, unthinkingly, upon an Alpine rose, which was, however, already withered on its stalk. I gathered it without his being aware of it, for I wished to preserve it in remembrance of him. Some minutes elapsed before Gervais seemed inclined to proceed with his narrative, and I did not like to speak to him; suddenly he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to drive away a disagreeable dream, and then turning toward me with an ingenuous smile, he continued:

"Be charitable to my weakness, for I am young, and have not yet learned to control the emotions of my heart; some day, perhaps, I shall be wiser."

"I fear, my good friend," said I, "that this conversation is too fatiguing for you; do not recall to your mind circumstances which appear so painful. I shall never forgive myself for occasioning you such an hour of grief."

"It is not you," replied Gervais, "who bring back these recollections, for these thoughts are never absent from my mind, and I would rather that it was annihilated than that they should ever cease to occupy it. My very existence is mixed up with my sorrow." I had retained Gervais's hand; he understood, therefore, that I was listening to him.

"After all, my reminiscences are not entirely made up of bitterness; sometimes I imagine that my present affliction is only a dream—that my real life is full of the happiness which I have lost. I fancy that she is still near me, only perhaps a little further off than usual—that she is silent because she is plunged in deep meditation, of which our mutual love forms a principal part. One day we were seated as usual on this rock, and were enjoying the sweetness and serenity of the air, the perfume of our violets, and the song of the birds; upon this occasion we listened with a curious kind of pleasure to the masses of ice which, being loosened

by the sun, shot hissing down from the peaks of the mountain. We could distinguish the rushing of the waters of the Arveyron. I do not know how it was, but we were both suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of the uncertainty of happiness, and at the same time with a feeling of terror and uneasiness; we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and held each other tightly, as if somebody had wished to separate us, and both of us exclaimed eagerly: 'Ah, yes! let it be always thus—always thus.' I felt that Eulalie scarcely breathed, and that her overwrought state of mind required to be soothed. 'Yes, Eulalie, let us ever be thus to one another. The world believes that our misfortune renders us objects only of pity, but how can it possibly judge of the happiness that I enjoy in your tenderness, or that you find in mine? How little does the turmoil and excitement of society affect us! We may be regarded by many as imperfect beings, and this is quite natural, for they have not yet discovered that the perfection of happiness consists in loving and in being loved. It is not your beauty which has captivated me—it is something which can not be described when felt, nor forgotten when once experienced; it is a charm which belongs to you alone—which I can discover in your voice, in your mind, in every one of your actions. Oh! if I ever enjoyed sight, I would entreat God to extinguish the light of my eyes, in order that I might not gaze at other women—that my thoughts might only dwell upon you. It is you who have rendered study pleasing to me—who have inspired me with taste for art: if the beauties of Rossini and Weber impressed me strongly, it was because you sang their glorious ideas. I can well afford to dispense with the superfluous luxuries of art—I who possess the treasure from which it would derive its highest price—for surely thy heart is mine; if not, thou couldst not be happy.'

"I am happy," replied Eulalie, 'the happiest of girls.'

"My dear children," said M. Robert, while he joined our trembling hands, 'I hope you will always be equally happy, for it is my desire that you should never be separated.'

"M. Robert was never long absent from us; he was ever bestowing upon us marks of his tenderness. Upon this occasion he had reached the spot where we

were seated without our having been aware of his presence, and he had heard us without intentionally listening. I did not feel that I was in fault, and yet I was overwhelmed, embarrassed. Eulalie trembled. M. Robert placed himself between us, for we had withdrawn a little from each other.

"Why should it not be as you wish?" said he, as he threw his arms around us, and pressed us close together, and embraced us with more than usual warmth. "Why not? Am I not sufficiently rich to procure you servants and friends. You will have children who will replace your poor old father; your infirmity is not hereditary. Receive my blessing, Gervais, and you, my Eulalie. Thank God, and dream of to-morrow, for the day which will shine upon us to-morrow, will be beautiful even to the blind."

"Eulalie embraced her father, and then threw her arms around me. For the first time my lips touched hers. This happiness was too great to be called happiness. I thought that my heart would burst. I wished to die at that moment, but, alas! I did not die. I do not know how happiness affects others, but mine was imperfect, for it was without hope or calmness. I could not sleep, or rather I did not attempt to sleep, for it seemed to me a waste of time, and that eternity would not be sufficiently long to enjoy the felicity which was in store for me. I almost regretted the past, which, though it lacked the delicious intoxication of the present moment, was yet free from doubts and fears. At length I heard the household stirring; I got up, dressed myself, performed my morning devotions, and then went to my window, which looked out upon the Arve. I opened it, stretched forth my head in the morning mists to cool my burning brow. Suddenly my door opened, and I recognized a man's footstep; it was M. Robert; a hand took hold of mine—"M. Maunoir!" exclaimed I.

"It was a great many years since he had been to the valley; but the sound of his footstep, the touch of his hand, and something frank and affectionate in his manner, brought him back to my remembrance.

"It is indeed he," observed M. Maunoir, in a faltering voice, to some one near him; "it is indeed my poor Gervais. You remember what I said to you about

it at the time." He then placed his fingers on my eyelids, and kept them up for a few seconds. "Ah," said he, "God's will be done! You are happy at any rate, are you not, Gervais?"

"Yes, very happy," replied I. "M. Robert considers that I have profited by all his kindness. I assure you that I can read as well as a person that is gifted with sight. Above all, Eulalie loves me."

"She will love you, if possible, still more if she should one day be able to see you."

"If she sees me, did you say?"

"I thought he alluded to that eternal home where the eyes of the blind are opened, and darkness visits them no more.

"My mother, as was her custom, brought me here, but Eulalie had not arrived; she was later than usual. I began to wonder how this could have happened. My poor little Puck went to meet her, but he returned to me again without her. At length he began to bark violently, and to jump so impatiently up and down on the bench, that I felt sure that she must be near me, though I could not hear her myself. I stretched myself forward in the direction she would come, and presently my arms were clasped in hers. M. Robert had not accompanied her as usual, and then I began at once to feel sure that his absence, and Eulalie's delay in reaching our accustomed place of rendezvous, was to be attributed to the presence of strangers at the château. You will think it very extraordinary when I tell you that Eulalie's arrival, for which I had so ardently longed, filled me with a restless sensation, which had hitherto been unknown to me. I was not at ease with Eulalie as I had been the day before. Now that we belonged to each other, I did not dare to make any claim on her kindness; it seemed to me that her father, in bestowing her on me had imposed a thousand restrictions. I felt as if I might not indulge in a word or caress. I was conscious that she was more than ever mine, and yet I did not venture to embrace her. Perhaps she experienced the same feelings, for our conversation was at first restrained, like that of persons who are not much acquainted with each other. However, this state of things could not last long: the delicious happiness of the past day was still fresh in our minds. I drew near to Eulalie, and sought her eyes with my lips, but they met a bandage.

"'You are hurt, Eulalie?'"

"'A little hurt,' replied she, 'but very slightly, since I am going to spend the day with you, as I am in the habit of doing; and that the only difference is, that there is a green ribbon between your mouth and my eyes.'

"'Green! Green! O God! what does that mean? What is a green ribbon?'"

"'I have seen,' said she, 'I can see,' her hand trembled in mine, as if she had apprised me of some fault or misfortune.

"'You have seen,' exclaimed I, 'you will see! Oh! unfortunate creature that I am! Yes, you will see, and the glass which has hitherto been to you a cold and polished surface, will reflect your living image; its language, though mute, will be animated; it will tell you each day that you are beautiful—and when you return to me it will make you entertain only one feeling toward me, that of pity for my misfortunes. Yet what do I say? You will not return to me; for who is the beautiful girl who would bestow her affection on a blind lover? Oh! unfortunate creature that I am to be blind!' In my despair I fell to the earth. She wound her arms round me, twined her fingers in my hair, and covered me with kisses, while she sobbed like a child.

"'No, no! I will never love any one but Gervais. You were happy yesterday, in thinking we were blind, because our love would never be likely to change. I will be blind again, if my recovery of sight makes you unhappy. Shall I remove this bandage, and cause the light of my eyes to be for ever extinguished? Horrible idea! I had actually thought of it.

"'Stop! stop!' cried I. 'Our language is that of madness, because we are both unnerved and ill—you from excess of happiness, and I from despair. Listen,' and I placed myself beside her, but my heart felt ready to break. 'Listen,' continued I: 'it is a great blessing that you are permitted to see, for now you are perfect. It matters not, if I do not see, or if I die; I shall be abandoned, for this is the destiny which God has reserved for me. But promise me that you will never see me, that you will never attempt to see me; if you see me, you will, in spite of yourself, compare me to others—to those whose soul, whose thoughts may be read in their eyes—to those who set a woman fondly dreaming with a single glance of fire. I would not let it be in your power to com-

pare me; I would be to you what I was in the mind of a blind girl, as if you saw me in a dream. I want you to promise me that you will never come here without your green bandage; that you will visit me every week, or every month, or at least once every year. Ah! promise me to come back once more, without seeing me.'

"'I promise to love you always,' said Eulalie, and she wept.

"I was so overcome that my senses left me, and I fell at her feet. M. Robert lifted me from the ground, bestowed many kind words and embraces upon me, and placed me under the care of my adopted mother. Eulalie was no longer there; she came the next day, and the day after, and several days following. Each day my lips touched the green bandage, which kept up my delusion: I fancied I should continue to be the same to her as long as she did not see me. I said to myself with an insane kind of rapture, 'My Eulalie still visits me without seeing me; she will never see me, and therefore I shall be always loved by her.' One day, a little while after this, when she came to visit me, and my lips sought her eyes as usual, they, in wandering about, encountered some long silky eye-lashes beneath her green bandage.

"'Ah!' exclaimed I, 'if you were likely to see me.'

"'I have seen you,' said she, laughingly; 'what would have been the good of sight to me, if I had not looked upon you? Ah! vain fellow, who dares set limits to a woman's curiosity, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the light?'"

"'But it is impossible, Eulalie, for you promised me.'

"'I did not promise you any thing, dearest, for when you asked me to make you this promise, I had already seen you.'

"'You had seen me, and yet continued to come to me; that is well; but whom did you see first?'"

"'M. Maunoir, my father, Julie, then this great world, with its trees and mountains, the sky and the sun.'

"'And whom have you seen since?'"

"'Gabriel Payot, old Balmat, the good Terraz, the giant Cachat and Marguerite.'

"'And nobody else?'"

"'Nobody.'

"'How balmy the air is this evening! Take off your bandage, or you may become blind again.'

"'Would that grieve me so much? I

tell you again and again, that the chief happiness I have in seeing, is to be able to look at you, and to love you through the medium of another sense. You were pictured in my soul as you now are in my eyes. This faculty, which has been restored to me, serves but as another link to bring me closer to your heart; and this is why I value the gift of sight.'

"These words I shall never forget. My days now flowed on calmly and happily, for hope so easily seduces. Our mode of life was considerably changed, and Eulalie endeavored to make me prefer excitement and variety of amusement, instead of the tranquil enjoyment which had formerly charmed us. After some little time I thought I observed that the books which she selected for reading to me were of a different character to those she used to like. She seemed now to be more pleased with those writers who painted the busy scenes of the world, she unconsciously showed great interest in the description of a fête, in the numerous details of a woman's toilet, and in the preparations for, and the pomps of a ceremony. At first I did not imagine that she had forgotten that I was blind, so that though this change chilled, it did not break my heart. I attributed the alteration in her taste, in some measure, to the new aspect things had assumed at the château; for since M. Maunoir had performed one of the miracles of his art upon Eulalie, M. Robert was naturally much more inclined to enjoy society and the luxuries which fortune had bestowed upon him; and as soon as his daughter was restored to him in all the perfection of her organization, and the height of her beauty, he sought to assemble at the château the numerous travelers that the short summer season brought to the neighborhood.

"The winter came at length, and M. Robert told me, after slightly preparing me, that he was going to leave me for a few days—for a few days at the most; he assured me that he only required time to procure and get settled in a house at Geneva, before he would send for me to join them; he told me that Eulalie was to accompany him; and, at length, that he intended to pass the winter at Geneva—the winter, which would so soon be over, which had already begun. I remained mute with grief. Eulalie wound her arms affectionately round my neck. I felt they were cold and hung heavily on me; if my

memory still serves me, she bestowed on me all kinds of endearing and touching appellations; but all this was like a dream. After some hours I was restored to my senses, and then my mother said, 'Gervais, they are gone, but we shall remain at the château.' From that time I have little or nothing to relate.

"In the month of October she sent me a ribbon with some words printed in relief—they were these: 'This ribbon is the green ribbon which I wore over my eyes—it has never left me; I send it you.' In the month of November, which was very beautiful, some servants of the house brought me several presents from her father, but I did not inquire about them. The snow sets in in December, and, O heavens! how long that winter was! January, February, March, April, were centuries of calamities and tempests. In the month of May the avalanches fell every where except on me. When the sun peeped forth a little, I was guided, by my wish, to the road which led to Bossons, for this was the way the muleteers came; at length, one arrived, but with no news for me; and then another, and after the third I gave up all hope of hearing from my absent friends. I felt that the crisis of my fate was over. Eight days after, however, a letter from Eulalie was read to me; she had spent the winter at Geneva, and was going to pass the summer at Milan. My poor mother trembled for me, but I smiled; it was exactly what I expected. And now, sir, you know my story—it is simply this: that I believed myself loved by a woman, and I have been loved by a dog. Poor Puck!" Puck jumped on the blind man.

"Ah!" said he, "you are not my Puck, but I love you because you love me."

"Poor fellow," cried I, "you will be loved by another, though not by her, and you will love in return; but listen, Gervais, I must leave Chamouny, and I shall go to Milan. I will see her. I will speak to Eulalie, I swear to you, and then I will return to you. I, too, have some sorrows which are not assuaged; some wounds which are not yet healed." Gervais sought for my hand, and pressed it fervently. Sympathy in misfortune is so quickly felt. "You will, at least, be comfortably provided for; thanks to the care of your protector, your little portion of land has become very fruitful, and the good Chamouniers rejoice in your pros-

perity. Your prepossessing appearance will soon gain you a mistress, and will enable you to find a friend."

"And a dog?" replied Gervais.

"Ah! I would not give mine for your valley or mountains if he had not loved you, but now I give him to you."

"Your dog!" exclaimed he. "Your dog! Ah! he can not be given away."

"Adieu, Gervais!"

I did not speak to Puck, or he would have followed me. As I was moving on I saw Puck looked uneasy and ashamed; he drew back a step, stretched out his paws, and bent down his head to the ground. I stroked his long silky coat, and with a slight pang at my heart, in which there was no feeling of anger, I said, Go. He flew back to Gervais like an arrow. Gervais will not be alone at any rate, thought I.

A few days afterward I found myself at Milan. I was not in spirits for enjoying society, yet I did not altogether avoid mixing in it. A crowded room is, in its way, a vast solitude, unless you are so unfortunate a person as to stumble upon one of those never-tiring tourists whom you are in the habit of meeting occasionally on the Boulevards at Tortoni's, or with whom you have gaped away an hour at Favert's—one of those dressed-up puppies with fashionable cravat and perfumed hair, who stare through an eye-glass, with the most perfect assurance imaginable, and talk at the highest pitch of their voice.

"What! are you here?" cried Roberville.

"Is it you?" replied I. He continued to chatter, but his words were unheeded by me, for my eyes suddenly fixed upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty; she was sitting alone, and leaning against a pillar in a kind of melancholy reverie.

"Ah! ah!" said Roberville, "I understand; your taste lies in that direction. Well, well, really in my opinion you show considerable judgment. I once thought of her myself, but now I have higher views."

"Indeed," replied I, as I gazed at him from head to foot, "you do not say so."

"Come, come," said Roberville, "I perceive your heart is already touched—you are occupied only with her; confess that it would have been a sad pity if those glorious black eyes had never been opened to the light."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, that she was born blind. She is the daughter of a rich merchant of Anvers, and his only child; he lost his wife very young, and was plunged in consequence in the profoundest grief."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should think so, for he quitted Anvers, gave up his mercantile pursuits, which had never been more profitable to him than at that time, and, after making magnificent presents to those persons employed in his service, and pensions to his servants, left his house and occupation."

"And what became of him afterward?" said I, somewhat impatiently, for my curiosity was gradually increasing.

"Oh! it's a romance, a perfect romance. This good man retired to Chamouny, where we have all been once in our life, for the sake of saying that we have been—though, for my part, I can never understand the charms of its melancholy grandeur—and there he remained several years. Have you never heard him mentioned? Let me see, it's a plebeian name—M. Robert, that's it."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," continued he, "an oculist succeeded in restoring his daughter's sight. Her father took her to Geneva, and at Geneva she fell in love with an adventurer, who carried her off because her father would not have him for a son-in-law."

"Her father felt that he was unworthy of her?" said I.

"Yes, and he had formed a correct opinion of him, for no sooner had they reached Milan than the adventurer disappeared, with all the gold and diamonds of which he had been able to possess himself. It was asserted that this gallant gentleman was already married, and that he had incurred capital punishment at Padua, so that the law punished him."

"And M. Robert?"

"Oh, M. Robert died of grief; but this affair did not create a great sensation, for he was a very singular man, who had some extraordinary ideas: one of the absurd plans he had formed was, to marry his daughter to a blind youth."

"Oh, the poor girl!"

"She is not so much to be pitied either; but look at her instead of talking of her, and confess that she has many advantages, with two hundred thousand francs a year, and such a pair of eyes!"

"Eyes, eyes, curses rest upon her eyes, for they have been her ruin!" There is a leaven of cruelty in my composition, and I like to make those who have caused others suffering, suffer in their turn. I fixed one of those piercing looks upon Eulalie, which, when they do not flatter a woman, make her heart sink within her. She raised herself from the pillar against which she was leaning, and stood motionless and tremblingly before me. I went up to her slowly, and whispered, Gervais.

"Who?"

"Gervais."

"Ah, Gervais," replied she, while she placed her hand before her eyes. The scene was so singular that it would have shaken the nerves of the most composed person, for my appearance there was altogether so sudden, my acquaintance with her history so extraordinary.

"Ah, Gervais," exclaimed I, vehemently, seizing her at the same time by the arm, "what have you done to him?" She sank to the ground in a swoon. I never heard any more of her from that memorable night. I entered Savoy by Mount St. Bernard, and again found myself once more in the valley of Chamouny. Again I sought the rock where Gervais was accustomed to sit, but though it was his usual hour for sitting there, he was not to be seen. I came up to the old spot, and discovered his stick of *Cytisus*, and perceiving that it was ornamented with a piece of green ribbon, on which were some words printed in relief, the circumstance of his leaving this behind him made me feel very uneasy. I called Gervais loudly; a voice repeated Gervais; it seemed to me like an echo; I turned round, and beheld Marguerite, leading a dog by a chain. They stopped, and I recognized Puck, though he did not know me, for he seemed occupied by some idea; he sniffed his nose in the air, raised his ears, and stretched forth his paws as if he was going to start off.

"Alas, sir," said Marguerite, "have you met with Gervais?"

"Gervais?" replied I, "where is he?" Puck looked at me as if he had understood what I had said, he stretched himself toward, me as far as his chain would permit; I stroked him with my hand, the poor thing licked my fingers and then remained still.

"I remember now, sir, that it was you

gave him this dog to console him for one which he had lost, a little while before you came here. This poor animal had not been eight days in the valley before he lost his sight, like his master."

I lifted up Puck's silky head, and discovered that he was indeed blind. Puck licked my hand, and then howled.

"It was because he was blind," said Marguerite, "that Gervais would not take him with him yesterday."

"Yesterday, Marguerite? What! has he not been home since yesterday?"

"Ah, sir, that is exactly what astonishes us all so much. Only think, on Sunday in the midst of a tremendous storm, a gentleman came to the valley—I could have declared he was an English milord—he wore a straw hat, covered with ribbons."

"Well, but what has all this to do with Gervais?"

"While I was running to fetch some faggots to make fire for drying M. Roberville's clothes, he remained with Gervais. M. de Roberville! yes, that was his name. I do not know what he said, but yesterday Gervais was so melancholy. He, however, seemed more anxious than ever to go to the rock; indeed he was in such a hurry that I had scarcely time to throw his blue cloak over his shoulders; and I think I told you that the evening before was very cold and damp. 'Mother,' said he, as went along, 'be so kind as to prevent Puck from following me, and take charge of him: his restlessness inconveniences me sometimes, and if he should pull his chain out of my hand, we should not be able to find each other again perhaps.'"

"Alas, Gervais!" cried I, "my poor Gervais!"

"O Gervais! Gervais, my son! my little Gervais!" sobbed the poor woman.

Puck knawed his chain, and jumped impatiently about us.

"If you were to set Puck at liberty, perhaps he might find Gervais," said I.

The chain was unfastened, and before I had time to see that Puck was free, he had darted off, and the next moment I heard the sound of a body falling into the depths of the Arveyron. "Puck! Puck!" shouted I; but when I reached the spot, the little dog had disappeared, and all that could be seen was a blue mantle floating on the surface of the waters.

B E N J A M I N F R A N K L I N .

THE memory of this great man, who took so active and influential a part in the Revolutionary scenes and times of our early history, is justly held in grateful respect by an admiring posterity. We have thought it an acceptable service to our readers, as well as an embellishment to our pages, to give him a sort of artistic resurrection, that his noble face may be seen again much as it appeared long years ago.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, January 6th, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1790. The name of Dr. Franklin has long been a household word in America—he was her moralist, statesman, philosopher. His discoveries in electricity have given him a permanent place in scientific history; and he deserves highest honor from all mankind, because of his services to the cause of rational liberty and the independence of nations. We must omit all details concerning Franklin's early life: however, if any one would sustain hope amid unpromising labor—discern the inestimable value of small portions of time economized and put scrupulously to uses—or learn how cheerfulness, patience, and fortitude, guided by good sense and integrity, must ever command success—he will find nowhere better instruction than in that graphic narrative of the events and struggles of his opening manhood, by which Franklin has let us into the innermost being of the journeyman printer of Philadelphia. Distinguished no less by practical benevolence, than by almost intuitive appreciation of the wants and character of American society, Franklin could not fail to rise into authority among his countrymen: accordingly we find him their favorite counselor in most of the grave difficulties belonging to that epoch of American history. Commencing public life in the struggle between the Assembly of Pennsylvania and the old proprietary governors, we again meet him proposing to the different States a project of Union, which afterward became the basis of the confederacy: then, on a mission to England regarding the

American Stamp Act: afterward—driven from his loyalty—ambassador to France on the part of his countrymen; the observed of all observers in Paris, soliciting aid in arms from the court of Versailles: finally minister to England, signing the treaty by which the mother country, in due humiliation, bowed her head before the independence of her former colonies. It has been said that Franklin represented the practical genius, the moral and political spirit of the eighteenth century, as Voltaire represented its metaphysical and religious skepticism. This, at least, is certain—no man saw more clearly, or felt more profoundly in his own person, the political and moral ideas which necessarily bear sway in a strictly industrial community like the one emerging from infancy in the New World. Unconnected with England by birth or close association, he looked only with astonishment on those pretensions to prerogative, which certainly could find no natural soil where all men were socially equal: and his system of morals included every sanction and precept likely to recommend themselves to a people, who could never reach prosperity unless through patient industry and the exercise of the prudential virtues. His code was *The Way to Wealth*: and the wisdom of *Poor Richard* instructed every man how, by the strength of his arm, and dominion over his passions, wealth might be attained and made secure. Since Franklin's time a new element has arisen in America; powerful tendencies are developing with higher aims than mere wealth, and which demand a larger code than the utilitarian. Franklin did not recognize, or rather had not foreseen, the necessary advent of that speculative habit now very rapidly becoming dominant over American thought; but in his treatment of the equally powerful tendency of which he saw the influence, and whereof he himself so largely partook, his *Poor Richard* is complete—he threw off all prerogative and tradition, and looked at things as they are. Temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, activity, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness,

tranquillity, chastity, humility—these are his virtues; and Franklin teaches how to acquire them, by precepts, which in earlier times, would have ranked as *golden verses*; they are as valuable as any thing that has descended from Pythagoras. It is rare that a single mind establishes claims so various as those of Franklin—he ranks also among the foremost as a physical inquirer and discoverer. Attracted by the opening subject of electricity, he was the first who reduced it to order: and that grand step is owing to him which identified the attraction and repulsion of rubbed glass and amber, with the energy that produces lightning, and causes the most imposing of meteorological phenom-

ena. His memoirs on electricity and other physical subjects, still astonish one by their clearness and chastity, and the precision and elegance of their method; their style and manner are as worthy of admiration as their doctrines. They gained for the author immediate admission to the highest scientific societies in Europe. In his personal bearing Franklin was sedate and weighty. He had no striking eloquence; he spoke sententiously; but men instinctively felt his worth, and submitted themselves to his wisdom. Except Washington, whom in many qualities he much resembled, the New World ranks among her dead, nowhere so great a man.

From The Leisure Hour.

CINCHONA TREES ON THEIR TRAVELS.*

CONTRARY to every *a priori* assumption, vegetables—that is to say trees, shrubs, and herbs—are far more particular as to the places they choose to live in and circumstances they choose to live under, than animals. In proof of the latter statement, take man at the head of all the animals. The organization of man is very delicate; his bodily strength is not preëminent; and his perceptive qualities impart degrees of pleasure and of pain, the consequences of which are immediately to the mind, and through the latter to the body, most trying. Nevertheless, the facility possessed by mankind of adapting themselves to variations of climate is not merely surprising of itself, but is, for the most part, greater than that possessed by other animals. There really does not seem to be any particular spot on *terra firma* where human beings can not support life, provided that the means of eating and drinking be present, and that there be no bar to the adoption of certain artificial

conditions of clothing and temperature. Transport a human individual of normal health to the arctic or antarctic regions; give him enough food and drink, especially the greasy food which physiologists tell us burns in the system after the manner of fuel; supply him with the grosser fuel to warm from without, and let his clothing be abundant; then your experimental man—aye, your delicate, fair-skinned Caucasian man—shall manage to subsist in health and strength amid chilling snows and sparkling icebergs for years together. He shall thrive as if to the climate born. The temperature of home might be more agreeable, its society more gratifying than that of Esquimaux and Polar bears; but these are matters of mental discomfort, not causes of bodily ailment. Invert the conditions: send your model experimental man to the torrid zone, and the result is that he can still live. Disease may have to be endured, or it may not. Extreme of heat is confessedly more trying to the human constitution than extreme of cold; and when moisture is associated with elevation of temperature, then conditions prejudicial to human life attain their maximum.

Far different is it with some members

* This article suggests the inquiry if there may not be some region in the varied and extended climates of the United States where this valuable vegetable product may not be cultivated with advantage and profit. Will not some of our medical friends investigate the subject?—ED. ECLETIC.

of the vegetable world. For the most part, certain vegetable species attach themselves to some special locality, or condition of locality, the precise characteristics of which are in many cases so little known that they do not admit of being supplied artificially. The cocoa-nut palm furnishes a remarkable instance. For some reason or other this magnificent palm refuses to grow very far away from the sea; hence there are no cocoa-nuts palms in Central Africa. Even if there be complete identity between the compositions of any two respective soils—if the temperature and degree of moisture of any two regions brought into comparison be identical—still the blighting of vegetables transported from one place to the other often gives the philosopher to understand that there exist secrets in nature beyond the ken of his philosophy.

One of the remote conditions that influence the growth of vegetables has, however, received elucidation of late—the condition, namely, of atmospheric pressure. If vegetables (trees, plants, and shrubs) grown at the sea-surface level are pressed upon with a weight of atmosphere amounting to some fourteen and a half pounds for every square inch of surface, then does it follow that on ascending higher the pressure will decrease. For example, a tree, shrub, or plant growing at the base of a mountain-range—the Andes, we may assume—would be pressed upon more, surface for surface, than another tree of equal superficial extent grown higher up. In what precise way this variation of pressure should influence the growth of any particular vegetable, is a matter not apparent. The fact, nevertheless, is undoubted, and no members of the vegetable kingdom more convincingly illustrate it than cinchona trees. These valuable trees are not merely restricted naturally to the Andes range of mountains, but to certain limits of elevation upon that range—limits corresponding to a very diminished atmospheric pressure.

Is it necessary here, and at this time, to write a single word in praise of the cinchona or Peruvian bark? This valuable remedy encountered much opposition when first brought under the notice of European physicians, but the cures effected by it supplied a mass of evidence that could not be gainsayed. At present, the testimony in favor of the febrifuge efficacy of Peruvian bark may be pronounced

universal, with one small exception—the latter only to be reconciled and accounted for on the principle that a general is never a hero to his own valet, and a prophet acquires no honor in his own land. In many districts of the Andes range, the home of cinchona trees, ague is prevalent, especially amongst the native Indian tribes. Now, the best, the most certain cure for the ague ever yet discovered, is unquestionably Peruvian bark, or the chemical principles therefrom extracted; nevertheless, the natives will but rarely consent to use the remedy so beneficently given to them. Practice, experience, should be every thing in physic; and as ague is prevalent enough in Bolivia and Peru, as cinchona trees are common enough there, and as experience of many years has demonstrated the efficiency of Peruvian bark in this disease, Bolivian and Peruvian Indians, were they reasonable, should have long ago thrown aside their prejudice, for they can not be ignorant of the virtues ascribed to this plant.

From the time when the Spanish Countess of Chinchon furnished under a modified form the distinctive name to Peruvian bark, henceforth to be called "cinchona," the naturally grown trees of Bolivia and Peru have alone supplied the ever-increasing foreign demand. Had the South American republics been provident in their generation, they would have regulated the growth of cinchona trees—planting a supply of new trees, in number commensurate with the destruction of others. Unfortunately, the bark-producing republics were not so wise; and thus it happened that between the productive force of nature and the destructive energy of cascarilleros, or bark-gatherers, a perpetual contest went on. Year after year, the productive region for cinchona trees fell more into the background, nearer tracts having become exhausted, until at length the fear began to dawn upon the Bolivian mind, that an important source of national revenue was likely to come to an end. Thereupon followed a measure of precaution; but it was not very happily devised, consisting not in a systematized plantation, but in a restriction of export. This latter measure was the cause of much deprivation to foreign countries, whilst at the same time it was attended with only partial success in preventing the destruction of cinchona trees. In point of fact, an illicit trade

sprang up to some extent, as usually happens when any article of great utility and small bulk is laid under fiscal interdict.

Very soon after the suppression of the late Sepoy rebellion in India, not only the government, but several enterprising private individuals, began to reflect seriously on the best available means for turning to account the immense climatic resources of India. We are all mostly too prone to associate with Hindostan the idea of a seething, furnace-like climate—a land scorched with drought at one season, deluged with torrents of rain at another—prejudicial to human life, and overrun with wild beasts; not heeding the fact that large expanses of mountain-range and table-land exist in the Indian Peninsula, where climatic conditions may be found in almost endless variety. Up to the period of rebellion, the Neilgherry Hills had been turned to little further account than that of a convenient sanatorium for the repair of constitutions disordered by long residence in the hot, unhealthy plains; since then, however, increased attention has been given to the agricultural and horticultural resources of that interesting region, and in no respect more satisfactory than in the cultivation of cinchona trees. The Neilgherry Hills not only furnish regions similar in respect of temperature to cinchona-growing tracts of the Andes, but identical as to the amount of atmospheric pressure. Here, under the auspices of Sir W. Denison, Governor of Madras, Mr. Melvor, and other enterprising Britons, cinchona plantations have been established, and are thriving in full luxuriance. The task was more arduous than may occur to some readers, tranquilly perusing the account of it at home. Firstly, the South American governments manifested no excess of good-will to the undertaking. If the transplantations be successful—they mentally reasoned with themselves—an important source of native revenue would dry up. Then there was the difficulty of conveying the young trees from forest to shipboard; next, the risk and difficulty attendant upon a long sea-passage. Arrived in India, conveyed to their destination on the Neilgherry Hills, fears were rationally enough entertained that some evil might accrue to the precious charge, owing to ignorance of special conditions of growth peculiar to cinchona trees. At home, that is to say, in South America, it

had been remarked that these trees never occupied large tracts exclusively, but sprang up in forest glades, patch-like, shaded and sheltered by other growths, as if needing protection. This condition, were it proved an absolute necessity, would of course be somewhat inimical to the regular plantation system. East Indian growers, with Mr. Melvor at their head, have dissipated every fear that may have been entertained on this score. Near Ootacamund, on the Neilgherry Hills, cinchona trees of different species are growing luxuriantly, with all the regularity of apple trees in an orchard. Notwithstanding the healthy appearance of these trees, a fear, or more properly speaking, a doubt remained—the doubt whether the resulting bark would, under the climate and conditions of India, reproduce, in full percentage, the valuable febrifuge substances elaborated by the trees in South America. In order to settle that doubt, it was very properly resolved that specimen cinchona plants should be barked at different respective periods of growth; that the bark thus collected should be analyzed, and the results of analyses chronicled for general guidance. So far as experiment has hitherto gone, the results have been most satisfactory. Mr. Howard, of Stratford, the celebrated English quinine manufacturer, reports that the Neilgherry specimens submitted to him, are, in chemical constitution, equal to specimens of native South American growth.

Tame and unromantic though the occupation of a cascarillero, or cinchona bark-collector, may seem, there are in reality few callings that make a greater demand on the exercise of self-resource, or the courage and endurance of those who follow it. The tracts to be explored are mostly of the wildest. Scarped rocks, up which a goat would not travel by choice, have to be ascended by the cascarilleros, pack and baggage on shoulder. Torrents have to be crossed on rudely extemporized bridges, and for months together the forest shared with jaguars, and other beasts of prey, having only little personal respect for cascarilleros and no compunction. Nor let it be imagined that Peruvian bark alone makes up the burden of the cascarilleros. In those desolate wastes, hundreds of miles from home or habitation, every ounce of rations needed for the whole time of absence

must be borne by the bark-collectors, whole parties of whom have not unfrequently been starved to death through the accident of having deposited their provender and forgotten its whereabouts, or through the misfortune of having erred in calculation as to the length of absence.

Even to unprofessional people, the fact is tolerably well known that the virtues of Peruvian bark, in all its several varieties, which are numerous, reside in certain alkaline bodies sometimes called alkaloids. Quinine, or quina, is the chief of these Peruvian bark alkalis; cinchonine, another, has less medicinal importance; and there are several others which need not be enumerated here. The chemical bodies known as alkaloids or alkalis, of the new class, are extremely common in vegetables. Some, indeed, have been made artificially, and certain chemists rather favor the belief that one and all may eventually be produced independently of vegetable organism. Not only have chemists failed hitherto in their attempts to produce cinchona alkaloids artificially, but no very efficient substitute for them has been found in any of the alkaloids furnished by other vegetables. Perhaps amongst all the substitutes, *ilicine*, an al-

kali contained in the holly, has been demonstrated to possess qualities of highest febrifuge character next after quinine and cinchonine—next indeed, but a very long way off.

Now, that the chinacona culture has been systematically entered upon, it is important to ascertain whether the absolute tree-destruction hitherto practiced, be indispensable. In many continental states, where the burning of wood fuel is practiced, the constant demand for wood is amply met by judicious pruning of side branches. If this be possible in the instance of cinchona trees, then evidently the cost of production will be materially lessened. Altogether, the best hopes may be entertained as to the success of the new scheme of Indian cinchona production. In a few years' time we may reasonably hope to have a certain and systematized supply of a precious material which has become indispensable to the doctor, which was at the best of times precarious, and which seemed doomed to utter destruction at some period not very remote. If man would only give effect to the means God has beneficently placed at his disposal, how great would be the measure of benefits he could confer on his species!

By the Editor of The Eclectic.

AN EPIC OF THE OLDEN MOORISH TIME.*

THERE is a historic charm and romance, as well as a tragic interest, in the heroic annals of the Moors of Spain. They were a wonderful people. Their achievements adorn their heroic age of centuries. They fill up vast chapters of history in the Middle Ages. They invaded and conquered Spain almost in a day, and by the decisive results of a single battle, they held possession of the country, or large portions of it, for eight hundred years. Literature,

learning, and the arts had their principal home among the Moors during the Middle Ages. Scholars of the highest rank and attainments filled the chairs in the University of Cordova. In its palmy days that beautiful city presented scenes of magnificence and grandeur almost surpassing fable. The decline, however, of the Moorish power in Spain at length began; but her bright and brilliant sun was long years in its descent from meridian splendor till its final setting at the memorable siege of Granada, the last home of the Moors in Spain. Their last battle was fought under the walls of their famed and favorite Alhambra. From that strong

* *Pelayo: An Epic Poem of the Olden Moorish Time.* By MRS. ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 445 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 424. With illustrations.

and beautiful fortress and imperial palace, their last king, the unfortunate Boabdil, descended by a private stairway in the walls (still to be seen) with the keys in his hands, a sad and disconsolate captive, and delivered them to his queenly conqueror, Queen Isabella, in the Spanish camp, in full view from the walls. The gradual recovery of Spain from the dominion of the Moors, during this long period of eight hundred years, abounds in heroic incident.

The author of this charming epic poem, *Pelayo*, with admirable skill and talent has drawn her materials from the early annals of this heroic age, and combined and woven them into an epic poem of great beauty of arrangement, grace of diction, and felicity of rhythm.

We took occasion to record a brief notice of this volume when it was laid upon our table some time since; but it seemed not enough, or very imperfect justice to the gifted authoress to pass it by with an ordinary editorial notice. We now recur to the book for more extended mention; for the sake also of enriching our pages with a few of the beautiful thoughts which gem the work. The idea that a lady, especially an American lady, could be found able to write an epic poem worthy the name, seems to have been held in unbelief. So competent a judge as Edwin Croswell, Esq., for many years editor of the *Albany Argus*, says: "I confess that when first told that a lady friend had written an epic poem, I was not altogether free from a vague doubt, not as to the person, but the sex." And to show what became of his unbelief, that his lady friend could write an epic poem, we quote the language of Mr. Croswell:

"The striking and romantic historical interest of the era of the tale and the incidents of the narrative are skillfully combined, and wrought up with much felicity of thought and diction, and its scenes, rites, and adventures with high descriptive talent. The action of the poem is rapid, and its incidents hold the attention of the reader, while its glowing enthusiasm and heroic ardor charm the imagination. Perhaps no feature is more remarkable than its fidelity to the age and country in which the scene is laid. It is Spain in all its beauty and chivalry; its national and devotional feeling; its natural scenery, and its characteristics of mien and manner. All its thoughts are ennobling; and it may be truly said that, while it arrests and holds the imagination, it expands and elevates the heart."

Having visited many of the historic

homes of the Moors, in Southern Spain, we can almost recognize the localities so graphically described in the poem, and fully indorse the opinions of Mr. Croswell and others more competent to judge of its merits than we are. The conception and plan of the poem are bold and venturesome, and indicate poetic genius of a high order. The success of the eagle-flight fully justifies the confidence of the authoress in her own native powers, with which she seems to have been richly endowed from childhood. Like the young eagle, she often indulged in poetic flights for her own gratification, the effusions of which only met the public eye anonymously until the outburst of the present rebellion, which called forth rich and eloquent strains of patriotic sentiment to grace the columns of one of our evening journals, the editor of which is one of our leading poets. This fine epic poem, worthy any poetic pen of the age, seems to have taken the literary admirers of talent and genius, with gratified surprise. A just meed of commendation seems due to this new and fair candidate for poetic fame. We beg to travel a little out of our ordinary course to unite with others in bringing this admirable epic before the public literary eye. We venture the belief that if the name on the title page of *Pelayo* had read Elizabeth Barrett Browning, instead of Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, the admirers of English poets and poetry would have kindled with fresh admiration of the talents of that gifted and much-lamented lady, for this new proof of her poetic powers. It is rare, we believe, that a new poem, and that poem an epic, so difficult of achievement even by a gentleman, much more so by a lady unknown to fame, should call forth from gentlemen of the press, and some of them poets of high renown, expressions of praise so gratifying to an author. We take pleasure in quoting the opinion, so beautifully expressed, of William Cullen Bryant—a poet himself of wide and deserved renown. He says in the *Evening Post*:

"The beautiful edition of Mrs. Elizabeth T. Porter Beach's poem, entitled *Pelayo: An Epic of the Olden Moorish Time*, published by the Appletons, is, we learn, exhausted, and the authoress meditates the publication of a second edition carefully revised. She is to be congratulated on this success, which, in her modest appreciation of her literary merits, has, we learn, much exceeded her expectations.

"At the close of the volume the author refers to an event in her own personal history. The composition of this work was undertaken as a means of diverting her mind from the contemplation of an overwhelming sorrow.* She calls her poem

"Sad-woven rhymes, in days of gloom,
Strung but to stay the tear."

"A severe and sudden calamity held her for a long time in a state of melancholy bordering upon despair, until, by some accident, her mind became turned to poetic composition, and she was so fortunate as to obtain a respite from her grief in the task of putting in order romantic incidents of love and war—

"Fierce wars and faithful loves"—

and giving a rhythmical form to the expression of the thoughts and imagery they suggested. The composition of verse seems to have had upon her mind an effect similar to that of music upon some persons who find themselves calmed and made to forget their griefs by the 'concord of sweet sounds.'

"The work has almost the air of an improvisation—as if it was written at once in a moment of excitement. The author delights in the description of beautiful and grand aspects of nature, the freshness of spring, the splendors of summer, the glories of autumn, the tempests of winter, the pomp of morning and evening, situations in which the domestic affections are interested, magnificent preparations of war, hard-fought battles, deeds of heroism, the exultation of victory, the dejection and shame of defeat, alternations of hope and fear, of confidence and despair. Through scenes in which these are made to pass before the reader, the thread of the metrical narrative runs rapidly on, as if the author were pouring out of her mind

"Easy, the unpremeditated verse,"

so little are the traces of the part performed by the file perceived in the pages of this work.

"There is one quality which will be readily conceded to this work, that of not being, in any sense or in any respect, an imitation of any other author. We have not met with a single passage which, either in its modulation or in its phraseology, has reminded us of what has been written before. The combination of terms, their collocation and construction, are quite the author's own. Dr. Johnson says of the great Thomson that his blank verse is not the blank verse of any other poet, and in

*The sad bereavement to which Mr. Bryant refers was the sudden death of her husband, a lawyer of high talent, and a legal partner of Hon. William H. Seward, now Secretary of State, by the explosion of the steamer *Empire State*, soon after leaving Newport, off Point Judith, on her passage to New-York, some years since.—ED. ECLECTIC.

like manner we may say of this poem, that its versification and style are not that of any author. In some instances not unfrequent, the author's use of terms will strike the reader as so adventurous, on account of the independent manner in which they are employed, that he may be in some apprehension whether she can sustain herself successfully in the freedoms she uses; but in proceeding he will find that the purpose of the author is fully answered. It is somewhat like what happens in the descent of the Saut Sainte Marie when, in shooting the rapids in an Indian canoe, a rock appears in front of the voyager with the stream rushing against it and roaring around it. A single stroke of the paddle sends the canoe safely by the rock, and it is heard roaring at a distance behind.

"To conclude, the poem is written by one whose mind has been filled with the splendid themes of the great struggle between the Moors and Christians in Spain, in which the heathen yoke was thrown off. The incidents are related and the subjects they present described with warmth and enthusiasm. The great inspiration of the work is a decided love of the subject and a strong delight in the occupation of placing it in poetic lights, and giving to the narrative the harmonious cadences of metrical composition."

George Ripley, Esq., the accomplished literary critic and editor of the *New-York Tribune*, says of *Pelayo*, in a generous and gratifying review, of four columns:

"Amid the numerous echoes of favorite poets which compose so large a portion of the popular poetry of the day, the reader of *Pelayo* will be impressed with its freedom from imitation, and its strongly marked individuality of composition. It shows no traces of the influence of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, or the Brownings. Except now and then an apparently unconscious reminiscence of Scott and Moore, the poem appears no less spontaneous than the song of birds. It is the free expression of a fancy abounding in images of tender beauty, and an ear attuned to the sweetest melody of words. The poem is remarkable for its objective character. It contains no wail of personal sorrow, no dark brooding over the mysteries of life and the universe, no gush of private ecstasy or joy. The writer is absorbed in the experience of the persons whose history she paints; she has no thought, no emotion, no word but for them. With the exception of the modest and touching lines which close the volume, there is no allusion which brings herself upon the scene. This gives an air of vivid reality to the poem, throwing a fresh and brilliant light over the fading colors of the past. Her diction is uniformly graceful and appropriate, preserving a singular harmony with the scene by its rapid

and skillful change. The tone and spirit of the poem justly challenge admiration. An epic from an American woman in these days of strife and turmoil, is an unexpected gift. Let it be received with a grateful and generous welcome.

"The authoress of *Pelayo* is a niece of ex-Governor Throop of this State, and is favorably known to the public by her recent patriotic poems on some of the striking incidents of the war."

N. P. Willis says of it :

"A poem which commends itself deliciously to the ear. It is exquisite in rhythm, and perfect in rhyme, is this Epic of the Olden Moorish Time—the romantic story of *Pelayo*. If we are not mistaken, *Pelayo* is a poem of most uncommon melody."

The editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* says of *Pelayo* :

"A heroic poem, and by a woman! The author is a native, and we believe, at present a resident of New-York, and is the niece of a late distinguished ex-governor of our state. She has selected for her theme one of the most romantic incidents in history—the conflict between the Goths and Moors, consequent upon the apostasy of Count Julian. The salient point of the bloody conflict is seized by the gifted authoress, and wrought into a singularly pathetic and effective story. She has caught with surprising felicity the spirit of the times. We see the waving of the banners and hear the clash of contending arms. The poem breathes throughout the aroma of the old legends. It shows a profound study of, and an intimate acquaintance with, the history of the age in which the scene is laid. The artistic structure is equally admirable. The style is pure and oftentimes impassioned; the verses are cast in most rhythmic mould. We advise every lover of poetry to purchase and read this poem; we are sure the discriminating reader will agree with us in pronouncing it a work of rare and varied power. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated by various superb engravings."

The *Independent* says :

"It was a dangerous experiment to touch upon the beautiful Moorish traditions of Spain, but Mrs. Beach has been successful to a degree that justifies her boldness."

William Wirt Sikes, of the *Chicago Journal*, says :

"I have been spending an evening with two poets." (Mrs. Beach and Longfellow.) "The first that came to my side brought me *Pelayo*, an epic poem, and told me her name was Elizabeth T.

Porter Beach. She bore a note of introduction in the well-known handwriting of the poet-editor Bryant, and it said this of *Pelayo* :

"I have been charmed to perceive how skillfully the author of this poem has availed herself of the materials for poetic embellishment furnished by the history of that romantic period."

"And as *Pelayo* unfolded its beauties to me, my thought was an echo of the above words; I was charmed."

"*Pelayo* is based on the history of Spain during its invasion by the Moors, when the Spanish Christians made almost superhuman exertions in their struggles to repel the invaders; and into its sweet and varied rhyme is woven the ever new tale of true and deathless love."

"To pick out segregated beauties from *Pelayo* is analogous to taking out the solo strains of the viol or the bassoon from the '*Meditations Poetiques*;' beautiful as they may be standing alone, they utterly fail to tell the tale of that wondrous work, which flows along through hours with its magnificent burden of harmony, exalting the hearer into an almost trance-like state of delight."

"A rich golden ray of sunshine, however beautiful in itself, would not convey to you the glories of an Italian sunset spreading the sky all over with one grand mantle of gold and crimson and blue."

"The grand tale of this poem is so impressive, and it flows onward from such simple beginnings to such thrilling and exquisitely beautiful heights, that I despair of giving you any idea of it unless you will let me read you the book through. Yet that I can not do: so I will string you a few gems as I may."

"Bright gleam the lights from tower and hall,
And brighter still from maidens' eyes,
While light as snow-flakes' gentle fall,
Fair feet keep time to melodies."

"The lover of this poem adopts, in his address to his mistress, that sweetest of tender thoughts, the likening of his darling to a bird. Throughout the whole poem, this likeness occurs repeatedly :

"Oh, gently will I guard my dove,
And though in wildwood be her nest,
I'll weave it close with flowers of love,
For ever blooming in my breast."

"The love-scenes in the book, indeed, are such as would enrapture the heart of any enamored one; though they are by no means its chief merit. Here is one, apropos in these war-times, when so many soldier-lovers are parting from their ladies. Zillah, however, is averse to parting with her warrior; and she 'says her heart' thus melodiously :

"Closer unto his breast she clung,
While anguished sobs her bosom wrung;
Nestling yet nearer to his heart,
As fain, with him, would life depart."

" "Oh, bear me with thee to the strife!
E'en as thy page, to yield my life,
If thou shouldst fall by Moslem-spear—
And I—O God! and I not near!

Oh! joy upon thy breast to lie!
Oh! joy e'en thus—and here to die!"

"But we must leave the love-scenes, for I wish to give you one of the grand pictures of battle this lady paints; and I wish I could also give you a specimen of her landscape painting too, which is exquisite, as in the scene where

—"the Moon, their pure queen, in her silvery light,
Her smiles mellow ray, over cliff, vale and bower,
O'er the waterfall sparkling in diamond shower."

"But to the battle:

" "They come! the Moslems come! the cry;
And as fierce lightnings, glistening fly
From out the sheath each glittering sword—
Flashing as one at a given word!

" "They come! they come! our mountain-men!
Forth how they issue through the glen!
With glittering lance and warrior-tread,
By brave Pelayo nobly led!

" "While following close, with glist'ning flash
From shields of steel, his warriors dash!
Hark! the shout and battle-cry
Ringing up the chasm high!

"God! Santiago! Vengeance! now!
Spaniards! by your Faith and Vow!
For Vengeance and our Country's right!
By our Faith and Symbol bright,
Dash the brazen crescent low!
Death unto the impious foe!"

"The 'situations' of the poem are sometimes intensely dramatic and thrilling; and it is glorified all over with the old-time *richesse*."

Another critic says:

"The scene of the poem is laid in the seventh century, after the Moorish invasion of Spain, and its incidents are drawn from the history of the struggle between the Christians and Moors. It presents the pure, enthusiastic faith of the Christians of that early period, and gives with the ardor of the times, a truthful picture of the age and country. Its thoughts breathe, however, the noble sentiments of all ages.

"We find it difficult to cut out parts that shall fitly represent the whole; but we love best its descriptions of nature, and the passages that tell of the devoted love of Pelayo and Zillah.

"Is it not natural to set to mental music the following?"

"Bright gleams the lights from tower and hall,
And brighter still from maidens' eyes,
While light as snow-flakes' gentle fall,
Fair feet keep time to melodies,

Now flash Pelayo's dark orbs deep,
As merry strains fall on his ear;
"Why faileth she her tryst to keep?
Why comes she not my heart to cheer?
Thou mockest me, O bird of night!
With notes of joy, so blithe and free!
How can ye beam, fair stars, so bright,
While she forgets her love and me?"

" "Light of my soul! wilt fly with me
Far from thy gorgeous palace-home,
Content in forest wild to be,
Or with thine own true knight to roam?"

" "Wilt fly with thee! And wouldst thou ask
Yon bird in gilded cage so fine,
If it in freedom's light would bask
With loving mate, or fettered pine?"

"The miraculous appearances of the day are truthfully portrayed. The angel-mother appears in spiritual form by the side of her child, and prophesies the final triumph of right:

" "Scarce breathed the brief but ardent prayer,
When, by that pure earth-child,
Her angel mother standeth there,
In heavenly radiance mild.

" "That angel-mother, that pure child,
Still from the cross look down:
While Zillah cries in terror wild,
"Great God! avert thy frown!"
"God smileth on thee, daughter mine!"

The angel sweetly spake;
"His blessings round thy pathway shine!
My blessing, daughter, take!"
Laying upon her upraised brow
One white, transparent hand—

"A mother's blessing on thee now!—
God will protect thy band!"
Then, as fair morning mists arise,
She floateth from the sight,
While Zillah's earnest, azure eyes,
Pursue through clouds of light;
With outstretched arms and piercing cry—
"O Mother! stay with me!
Sweet Mother, leave me not to die!
Take, take me hence with thee!"

"One of the chief metrical charms of the poem is the smooth change from one measure to another, so that the ear is rested, while the melody is uninterrupted:

" "Bright blushes the dawning o'er glen and o'er dale,
Bright sparkles the dew-drop in blossoming vale,
Bright smileth the Orient's gray breaking skies,
Precursor of splendor and glory to rise,
Alive in the convent, and merry, and gay,
Astir are they all, and must soon hie away,
And hurry, and bustle, and speed all around,
Ere first matin-bell doth her summons resound."

"We are told at the close of the volume that these were

"Sad-woven rhymes, in days of gloom
Strung but to stay the tear!—
In dream-life to illumine my tomb
Of buried joys—so drear!"

"Thus is it ever: that which we do for our own inspiration and life becomes the inspiration and blessing of others. We rejoice that another testimony is given to us of the power of noble action in time of sorrow. So many of our poems, or rather so much of our rhyming, is but a dull complaining—a nursing of grief without the lesson of its effect—that we rejoice that one heart has been able to strike the clear, ringing notes of an inspiring melody, even though the harp had been untuned and its melody broken for a time. We prophesy the life of this poem, and that it will be translated into the Spanish tongue, to delight those who now dwell in the midst of the scenes it portrays. That which has life in it, needs no trumpeted praise, for within itself it becomes a part of the time.

"We hope that the next effort of our talented country-woman may be made from amid the rich and varied scenes and history of our own nation or country, and that she will weave our own beautiful legends into songs that shall become household words."

We beg to refer the reader to the book itself for the many beautiful poetic gems which adorn its pages, having no room to subjoin them to this imperfect *résumé*. We

only add a rare imperial testimony, which, from its high source, could hardly fail to be particularly gratifying to any author, however famed. The Empress of the French, Eugénie, born at Granada, amid the scenes so graphically described in this poem, (see her portrait and biographical sketch in March number, 1859, of *THE ECLECTIC*,) having read *Pelayo*, expressed her gratification, as we have been informed, by sending to the authoress a massive and magnificent gold medal, bearing her majesty's likeness on one side, in fine relief, and on the reverse side, engraved the name of Mistress Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, encircled in a beautiful wreath of bay-leaves, roses, lilies, and forget-me-nots, accompanied by a highly complimentary letter expressing the pleasure of the empress upon reading *Pelayo*, in which her native land and people are so flatteringly portrayed. The package, we believe, was intrusted to a French baron to deliver, whose name we do not recollect. It is, doubtless, worthy of a brief record as a testimony to an American authoress, who holds high promise of future and enduring fame as a writer of epic and other poems, which we hope will be justified by the fruits of her gifted pen.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THE life of the military Nelson of England has at length been written, and, on the whole, well written, by Mr. Robert Wright, who has successfully carried through the task commenced only to relinquish it by Gleig, and subsequently by Southey. Mr. Wright has not only possessed the advantage of access to the entire family correspondence of his hero, but has also been enabled to introduce a considerable number of letters written by Wolfe to various private friends, whose descendants have consented to thus aid the undertaking. It is now for more than a century that Wolfe's correspondence has been kept back from the world, and it turns out to be so complete and so minute that the biographer's task is in reality reduced to that of furnishing a running

commentary explanatory of allusions and descriptive of cotemporaneous events. This duty has been performed by Mr. Wright most efficiently. The circumstances to which we are indebted for this long wished-for biography, and the curious vicissitudes which have led to the preservation of the principal portion of the correspondence, are recorded by Mr. Wright in his preface. The letters addressed by Wolfe to his father and mother were carefully preserved by them, and after the death of the latter, by her executor, General Warde, and his son, also General Warde. After having been placed for some time in the hands of Mr. Gleig for use in his *Lives of Military Commanders*, they were borrowed by Mr. Turner on behalf of Southey. Southey, on aban-

doning his project, returned the letters to Mr. Turner; but they never reached their real owner, for at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, the whole of the materials thus obtained were offered for sale, but were ultimately withdrawn, and after a friendly investigation of his claim made over to Admiral Warde, grandson of the executor of Mrs. Wolfe's will. Mr. Wright, who during a residence in Canada had become thoroughly acquainted with the scene of Wolfe's crowning triumph, collected by degrees all the information within his reach relating to Wolfe's career, and ultimately conceived the idea of compiling a memoir of him which should at once be more complete and more accurate than the numerous crude and fugitive sketches of his life which had previously appeared. Besides, the fortunate recovery of Wolfe's home correspondence, the still more remarkable discovery only fifteen years ago of a packet of letters addressed by Wolfe to his intimate friend, Colonel Rickson, has materially contributed to the completeness of Mr. Wright's work. Hitherto, owing to the inaccessibility of Wolfe's correspondence, even the leading events of his career have been but little understood.

The Wolfes were an English family, who seem to have settled "beyond the pale" at a period not exactly determined. In 1651 Captain George Woulfe was one of twenty of the defenders of Limerick who were specially excluded by Ireton from the privileges of capitulation. He ultimately escaped, however, came to England, and married. His grandson, General Edward Wolfe, had served with distinction in the Low Countries under Marlborough, and in Scotland under Wade, before his marriage and settlement at Westerham, in Kent, where in 1727 the future hero of Quebec was born. The first characteristic step of his life was his volunteering at the age of thirteen to accompany his father in the expedition to the West Indies under Lord Cathcart. But ardent as the boy's determination to see service was even at that age, he had to yield to the weakness of constitution against which his whole life was a struggle, and violent illness prevented him from joining an expedition of which the ignominious failure was the natural result of the two great vices of English military and naval administration at that time—the

utter disregard of the officers for the health, comfort, and consequent efficiency of their men, and a jealousy between the two services which frequently brought affairs to a dead-lock at a most important crisis. In the following year, however, the longed-for commission was obtained, and Wolfe commenced active life at the age of fifteen as a second lieutenant in the marines, exchanging a few months later into the Twelfth, or Colonel Duroure's, regiment of foot.

After a couple of years' inaction in the Low Countries, we find Wolfe first shadowing forth all the elements of his future character. He acted as adjutant throughout the battle of Dettingen with great credit, and a few days later wrote to his father a masterly report of the military bearings of the engagement, as well as a graphic description of its general features. After serving through the disastrous campaign of the ensuing year, though not present at Fontenoy, Wolfe joined the forces under Wade at Newcastle, and subsequently fought at Falkirk and Culloden. Mr. Wright quotes, in order to discredit, the story from the *Anti-Jacobin*, of Wolfe having forfeited his favor with the Duke of Cumberland by refusing to shoot a wounded Highlander at Culloden, whose defiant glance irritated the latter to fury. It is difficult to believe that the popular idol of the day could have been the monster of this story. There was plenty of fighting going on in those days, and after a short stay in London, Wolfe was again in Flanders, and taking a share in the battle of Laffeldt, for which he was publicly thanked by the commander-in-chief. During a couple of years spent in Scotland, the development of his character from a daring but raw youth to a man of the world, mixing freely in the society of men of rank, and writing with ease and force on all passing subjects, may be distinctly traced in his letters, still as numerous as ever.

The next phase in his life is his short residence at Paris under the patronage of our ambassador, Lord Albemarle, in the years 1752-3. It was a strange time then, even for Paris, and Wolfe had full opportunities of mixing in society. Madame de Pompadour was in the zenith of her power, and Paris, regardless of wars and rumors of wars, was a prolonged carnival of gayety. Lord Chesterfield was writing letters to his degenerate son, an attaché

at the British embassy, in which he prophesied that before the end of the century "the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been." Wolfe saw Philip Stanhope, and though he "could not give any judgment on the offspring of so great a man," he "fancies, not without some grounds, that he is infinitely inferior to his father." He seems to have entered fully into French gayety, though he is not a little severe in his remarks on French love for it occasionally, and was much struck with their attention to external matters, such as manner and dress, and among other things by the affected custom of carrying umbrellas, then coming into vogue.

During the next four years Wolfe was quartered in different parts of England, devoting his time and energies to the improvement of the condition of all troops within his influence. Notwithstanding the popular impression as to his awkwardness and shyness in society, it is clear from the number of men of station who were now rapidly becoming his firm friends that he must have possessed no ordinary powers of fascination for those who really knew him. It is difficult to realize in these days the chronic fear of invasion which then kept the southern counties in a perpetual state of panic, and the anxiety and excitement among our scattered and scanty garrisons, of which Wolfe's letters during this period give striking illustrations. In 1756 a desperate effort was at length made by England to restore her military *prestige*, in face of the daily fear of an invasion, the loss of Minorca, losses in Canada, and the tragedy of the Black Hole in Calcutta. Additional battalions were raised every where, and Highlanders enlisted for service in America. In the following year General Wolfe acted as quartermaster-general to the expedition against Rochefort, and gave advice amid the feeble and divided counsels of the commanders, which, if accepted, would most probably have ended in the capture of Rochefort—a blow which, according to Louis XV., would have cost him thirty million francs to repair. In the mean time affairs were even worse in America. Our forces were under Lord Loudoun, who,

"like St. George, was always on horseback, but never rode on," and General Hopwood, whom, according to Walpole, "a child might outwit or terrify with a pop-gun," while a fleet of nineteen sail of the line, under Holborne, was shattered by a storm without dealing a stroke. In 1758, however, a different era commenced. The siege of Louisbourg was commenced under General Amherst, Wolfe chiefly directing the siege operations by land, and Boscawen by sea—two worthy companions in arms. Lord Chatham once said to Boscawen, "When other officers always raise difficulties you always find expedients." After a short interval of rest in England, Wolfe started in the following year for the glorious last scene of his life, practically as commander-in-chief of the expedition, but according to theory only as major-general, and only receiving pay as such—it was with difficulty that he even obtained a warrant for £500 for his immediate expenses. This period of his life is a household word among us, and welcome as all the correspondence connected with it is both to military men and Englishmen in general, it can not heighten the colors of the picture of heroism, genius, and duty familiar to every Englishman. But every Englishman will read with the deepest interest the details of the weary months that preceded the triumph, the discouragements, the struggling against physical weakness and illness, and the difficulties which only the genius of a Wolfe could have overcome.

Wolfe's memory would never have been forgotten, but this collection of his correspondence was alike due to him and his country. With his private character, as far as it appears in these letters, we have little to do. It seems to have been far from agreeable, and not faultless. But as illustrating the public character of the hero of the Heights of Abraham, the only military genius England possessed at a time of great difficulties, and one who took an elevated view of his profession in all its relations, in an age when that profession had in England too generally reached an inconceivable state of degradation, this publication is a national acquisition.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

STUMBLING BLOCKS. By GAIL HAMILTON, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Gala Days," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 435.

THE contents of this book are extremely varied in their topics, amounting in number to fifteen chapters or Stumbling Blocks, which are handled as if the author knew well, practically and philosophically, the meaning of the words Stumbling Blocks, in their varied aspects. Gail Hamilton is no dull or stupid writer. She knows the meaning of words, and uses them to clothe her thoughts in a drapery which admits of no doubt. She makes her thoughts stand out in bold, basso-relievo, like a carved image, whose features and lineaments express the inward character. A Boston paper, some time since, taking exception to some of her sharp criticisms, remarked, that Gail Hamilton wrote too much. Not, however, in our judgment, if she writes with her present power and strength. The Outs and the Ins. 11. The Fitness of Things. 8. Controversies. 9. Amusements. 15. Words without Knowledge, are some of the topics which comprise her book.

THE MAINE WOODS. By HENRY D. THOREAU, author of various works. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Pp. 328.

THIS book, got up in the neat and tasteful style of the Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, describes, as its title purports, a ramble in the great woods of Maine, where the excursionist may indulge his roaming proclivities to his heart's content for months, or all the summer, and commune with nature in her wildest moods and tenses. It is just the book for the season for him who wants to get away from the haunts of men.

FROM CAPE COD TO DIXIE AND THE TROPICS. By J. MILTON MACKIE, author of "Cosas De Espana," etc. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 441 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 422.

THIS is a very readable and an attractive book. The public will thank Mr. Mackie for writing it, and Mr. Putnam for publishing it. It was written it seems, before the war began; when much that was bright and beautiful is now marred, destroyed, desolate, and in ruins. It is much like preserving valued paintings from the destructive elements for the gaze of posterity. It is sad to think how many fair fields and once attractive spots in the South are now laid waste by the terrible tramp of the war-horse. It may be a melancholy pleasure to look on the beautiful reminiscences of the past; but it is instructive and useful. We commend the volume to the perusal of the public.

THE CEDAR CHRISTIAN, and other Practical Papers and Personal Sketches. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, Pastor of the Lafayette-avenue Church,

Brooklyn. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 215.

THIS is seemingly a quaint title to a book, and suggests, at once, the query, What kind of a Christian is a Cedar Christian? But the title is taken from a Cedar of Lebanon, which the author saw growing in Chatsworth Park, England, and uses it for graphic and striking illustrations. A number of the articles have appeared in the columns of the *Evangelist* and *Independent*. The volume is worthy the pen of Dr. Cuyler. It is rich in thought, and graceful in diction. It breathes a spirit of warm-hearted and devoted piety—a book which every one, young and old, may read with profit. Open it on any page, and at once some striking thought looks up into the eye and finds it a ready entrance to the heart. It is a good book—a useful book—a book which will bear to be read for a long time to come, and not grow old. We hope Dr. Cuyler will give many more volumes to the public from his gifted pen.

NEPENTHE: A Novel. By the author of "Olie." New-York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 323.

THIS book comprises forty-four chapters, in which the author tells her story in the numerous phases and changes which occur in human life. Various personages appear and disappear as the story moves on, which develops much of the philosophy and fact of life in its lights and shades, which make up the picture drawn by the author. The language is easy and graceful, and the story well told. Interwoven with the narrative of the varied incidents are many fine thoughts and sentiments, with a high moral tone, which commends the story to the heart. It will please many readers, both young and old.

A STATUARY ARTIST.—Some little time since we went, by invitation, to the Art Rooms of Richard H. Park, No. 1155 Broadway. The specimens of marble sculpture shown us were of a high order, and worthy the talent and genius of any artist in this country or Italy. It was a gratified surprise to gaze at the works of art exhibited by a native artist of modest demeanor and unassuming manners, as is often the case with true genius. A marble bust of a precocious child of William Curtis Noyes, Esq., of this city, sculptured to order, is a marvel of statuary beauty. A very expressive bust of the late Archbishop Hughes, modeled by Mr. Park, is full and ample proof of his artistic power. We have visited many galleries of statuary in Italy and elsewhere, and we must beg to commend Mr. Park to the liberal patronage of gentlemen of wealth and taste.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—He was a man of rare and fine genius, and held a very high rank among the writers of his age. We have never personally

known a man who more fully realized our conceptions of a man of genius, in contradistinction to a man of talents, a man of learning, a clever man. His mind grew from within without, and in obedience to a self-contained, inevitable law of growth. Of learning he had very little, and was wholly independent of books. We doubt if he ever owned a library large enough to fill a wheelbarrow. His intellectual creations were original, unborrowed, of spontaneous growth. His novels and tales are full of imagination, beauty, rare insight, purity and depth of feeling, and penetrated with a strange, weird charm, made up of the supernatural and the melancholy, possessing an irresistible attraction to minds of a certain class.

As a master of English style he stands unsurpassed among the living, and rarely equaled among the dead. His periods are exquisite for their combination of perfect finish and easy grace.

His temperament was sensitive and shy, his manners gentle and retired. He had no taste for general society, but he was warmly beloved by his friends, and for qualities irrespective of his genius. His nature was generous, manly, truthful, and sweet. Of conversational power he had very little, and rarely spoke where more than one or two were present. His personal appearance was commanding and striking. He was tall and strong, with a noble brow and head, black hair, and large dark eyes, full of expression. His face was generally grave, but easily lighted up with a smile of irresistible sweetness.—*Boston Courier*.

THE Spanish Cortes have passed a law empowering the government to make arrangements with the municipality of Madrid for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Christopher Columbus in one of the public places of the city. It is proposed to inscribe on the pedestal the device of the Dukes de Varagnas, the great discoverer's descendants, of which the following is a translation: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave the New World."

ANOTHER "PAPAL CONSPIRACY."—A Naples correspondent writes that there has been much talk in that city concerning a great Bourbonic conspiracy said to have been discovered at Rome. Papers were found in the house of a certain Baron Cosenza, showing that an organized insurrection had been plotted by a committee, of which the ex-King of Naples is president, a rendezvous being appointed in certain towns in the course of the present month, when there was to be a general rising. The plot, it is said, was found out by accident, and from information obtained from the papers found in Baron Cosenza's possession, steps were immediately taken to arrest all the chief conspirators, who for the most part belonged to the province of Terra di Lavoro, and were ex-officers and employes under the late government.—*English paper*.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.—"They pity me," he would say of such prosperous artists as Lawrence, when they came to visit and patronize him, "but 'tis they are the just objects of pity. I possess my visions and peace; they have bartered their birthright for a mess of pottage." A young lady of rank was once introduced to him. "He looked at her very kindly for a long while without speaking, and then, stroking her head and long ring-

lets, said: 'May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me!' She thought it strange at the time that such a poor old man, dressed in shabby clothes, could imagine that the world had ever been so beautiful to him as it had been to her, nursed in all the elegancies and luxuries of wealth. But in after years she understood plainly enough what he meant." How could he help being happy? "I live in a hole here," he used to say, "but God has a beautiful mansion for me elsewhere." And thither he went at the appointed time. He died in August, 1827, not quite seventy. "I have been at the death," exclaimed the humble female neighbor who was Mrs. Blake's sole helper at the time, "not of a man, but of a blessed angel!"—*Review of Life of W. Blake*.

THE masonic body of Paris was informed at its last meeting that the emperor restored to it the traditional right of electing its Grand Master. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause, and Marshal Magnan, who held his nomination by imperial decree, was unanimously re-elected by the delegates of all the lodges present.

PATENT PENDULUM BOATS.—On Wednesday we witnessed three of these boats plying on the Humber, for the purpose of testing in one of them an improved eccentric paddle. We are informed that the apparatus in the boats is not half so laborious as the oar, and can be worked by any novice in five minutes. The large boat, with the eccentric paddles, seemed to combine the swiftness of the race-boat with the stability of the pleasure-boat. The eccentrics worked admirably, and we can vouch for the good style in which the boat left the pier. We are informed that the distance from Paull to Hull, with four passengers, was accomplished in twenty-four minutes and a half. The inventor will run any oared boat in the kingdom for fifteen or twenty miles; capacity of boats to be the same, and each boat to have an equal number of hands.—*Hull News*.

A little more precise information would have been acceptable.

MARSHAL VAILLANT has laid a report of M. Victor Place's excavations in Nineveh before the emperor, asking at the same time for a grant of ten thousand francs for the purpose of publishing a description of these archaeological discoveries. M. Place's investigations seem to have yielded unexpectedly happy results. He has fixed the exact circumference, the different buildings, and partly, even, the inner arrangements of the ancient Khorsabad Palace. The wall around it, to the extent of two hours, was seven feet thick, and had a hundred and fifty towers. M. Place has further laid bare the seven enormous gates which led from the castle into the town. Three of these gates formed triumphal arches adorned with sculptures and polychrome tiles. By the aid of these gates M. Place has also been able to determine the site of the streets, etc.

THE professional classes in England are thus arranged and marked by the census of 1861, showing the increase in two years. The department of the post-office increased its numbers from 8881, in 1851, to 14,131 in 1861; the police from 16,392 to 21,938; and the whole governmental body advanced

from 66,724 to 87,350. The military increased from 85,818 to 131,944. This does not include the volunteers. The learned, literary, and aristocratic professions increased from 204,093 in 1851, to 262,663 in 1861. The clergy were returned at 17,320 in 1851, and 19,195 in 1861; Protestant ministers, 6405 and 7840; Roman Catholic priests, 966 and 1216. Barristers advanced from 2816 to 3071, but the number of attorneys was stationary. The physicians increased from 1771 to 2385, but the surgeons and apothecaries decreased in numbers. Schoolmasters, schoolmistresses and teachers increased from 94,878 in 1851, to 110,364 in 1861; this last number includes 24,770 governesses. Authors and literary persons are stated at 3395 men and 185 women in 1861.

THE French preserve grapes the year round by coating the clusters with lime. The bunches are picked just before they are thoroughly ripe, and dipped in lime-water of the consistency of thin cream. They are then hung up to remain. The lime-coating keeps out the air, and checks any tendency to decay. When wanted for the table, dip the clusters into warm water to remove the lime.

TROUBLE IN NORTHERN AFRICA.—The French have for some years flattered themselves that Algeria was thoroughly subdued. The Arabs seemed completely tamed, and sanguine statesmen believed that they were being reconciled to a foreign yoke. This dream has been rudely dissipated within the last few days. It is not in India alone that a ruling caste may remain in ignorant security while a spirit of rebellion is fermenting among the subject race. There is reason to believe that the native population have been for some time looking forward to a rising in 1864, which a popular prophecy had fixed as the term of the infidel domination. But none of the French officers seem to have been aware of this; and it is at all events admitted that the Duke of Malakoff was taken completely by surprise. The precise extent of the insurrection is not known, nor is it likely to be, considering the careful supervision which is certain to be exercised over all the accounts that are given to the world. But the large number of troops dispatched from France shows that the revolt is one of serious dimensions, and, so far as we can gather, it is not by any means confined to one district. We are assured that the contemporaneous movement in Tunis, where 20,000 Arabs are said to be in arms, will not produce any effect in Algeria. But such assurances are not worth much. The probability is that there is a common excitement spreading throughout the whole of the wild and savage Mussulman tribes of both provinces. And while there can be no doubt of the ultimate result, tranquillity is not likely to be restored without a considerable expenditure of blood and treasure on the part of France.—*London paper, May 5th.*

ACCORDING to letters from Zambesi, Dr. Livingstone is in good health, and will probably soon return to England.

THE young King of Greece, in a late interview with Admiral Kanaris, to whom he presented his portrait set in diamonds, was in return kissed three times by Mrs. Admiral Kanaris. Thereupon his youthful majesty shed a profusion of tears.

THE GORILLA MAN.—A letter from M. Du Chaillu to Mr. Buckland has appeared in print, dated Fernand-Vaz River, January 14th. He says: "I shall shortly send two live chimpanzees, a male and a female. The male is in a splendid state of health, and should not the vessel reach England in winter I should almost feel sure that he would reach London safely. The female is much younger, and I have had her only a few days. Master Thomas (the name of male) is a most funny fellow, and a great rogue. He is exceedingly fond of tea and coffee, and lately has taken a great fancy to cheese; but the worst of all, he will not eat cold food. Unlike the former one I had, and the description of which I gave in my work, *Equatorial Africa*, he can not bear spirits, nor even the smell. I find him also less intelligent. The first day the female came in, he did not care for her in the least, but now he is very fond of her, and they are the greatest part of the day in each other's arms; and he is getting wicked, and has bitten several people, but he is very tame with me.

"Since my arrival here I have not hunted gorillas: the fact is, that I have been too busy with other things to go shooting, but in a few days I will start for a country where a very large kind of ant-eater exists. I have seen a scale and a claw. I should be very happy to kill one; it would be a great curiosity. I will try my best to get one. I will not start for the interior before the end of May, and should I hunt some animals unknown to us, I shall apprise you of it. I only wish you were with me to enjoy the fun. Of course one must have good health in order to do something, and I hope that Providence will grant me this great blessing. I shall be very happy to hear from you before my departure for the interior. Try to write me a few lines by mail to Fernando Po, my letter to be forwarded to Gaboon."

KING WILLIAM of Prussia has lately been "inaugurating" with military ceremonies the new bridge across the Rhine, from Coblenz to Ehrenbreitstein, where hitherto there was only the bridge of boats which all Rhine tourists will remember.

THE Court of Prussia expects to entertain this summer at Kissingen the Czar and Czarina of Russia.

GARIBALDI AND VICTOR HUGO.—The following correspondence between Garibaldi and Victor Hugo is published:

"PRINCE'S GATE, London, 22d April, 1864.

"DEAR VICTOR HUGO: To visit you in your exile was with me more than a desire—it was a duty; but many circumstances prevent me. I hope you will understand that, distant or near, I am never separated from you, and the noble cause you represent. Always yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, 24th April, 1864.

"DEAR GARIBALDI: I have not written to you to come, because you would have come, and whatever might have been my delight to take you by the hand—you the true hero—whatever joy I might have had to receive you in my house, I knew that you were better occupied; you were in the arms of a nation, and one man has not the right to

take you away from a people. Guernsey salutes Caprera, and perhaps one day may visit it. In the mean time let us love one another. The people of England at the present moment present a noble spectacle. Be the guest of England after having been the Liberator of Italy. This is beautiful and grand. He that is applauded is followed. Your triumph in England is a victory for Liberty. The old Europe of the Holy Alliance trembles at it. The reason is, that there is no great distance from these acclamations to deliverance.

"Your friend, VICTOR HUGO."

A DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE.—By the kindness of Mr. Elmes, surgeon of the ship *Gloriana*, I have been enabled to examine a very fine specimen of the "double-headed snake" of India. I am pleased to find that my theory is confirmed, that this double-headed snake is really the amphibæna, the name signifying that he can proceed either head or tail foremost at will. Mr. Elmes tells me that the natives of India believe that when it changes its skin it changes its head, and that one year it uses one extremity as a head and the other as a tail, and *vice versa*—an idea that the snake himself would seem to keep up, as he often moves about tail foremost. The natives of India, Mr. Elmes informs me, know it only by the name of the "double-headed snake," and, regarding it as a sort of sacred animal, never kill it willfully. When I took the snake out of its box (which was beautifully packed with Indian cotton) I found that it measured no less than thirty-five inches in length and four inches in circumference; and it really seems difficult for a person, not accustomed to observe, to decide at the first glance which was his head and which was his tail, both extremities being as near alike as they possibly could be. The specimen now before me was caught at a place called Bycula, near Bombay. In general appearance he is like a huge slow-worm, having a very small eye, and being covered with slippery and glass-smooth scales. The poor brute is very thin, and has not evidently fed for some time. I opened his mouth, and finding his teeth to be insectivorous, placed therein a nice lively fresh-caught black-beetle, which he swallowed down with a decided smack of the lips and a waggle of his head-like tail.—*F. Buckland.*

THE Dublin Exhibition building is so far advanced as to make it probable that it will be opened on the 25th inst. by the Earl of Carlisle.

LETTER FROM JOHN BRIGHT.—The Denver City (Colorado) *Commonwealth* publishes the following: "ROCHDALE, March 21st, 1864.

"Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 10th February has reached me, conveying to me a copy of the resolutions passed by Denver Council of the Union League:

"May I ask you to convey my warm thanks to the gentlemen who, 'from under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains,' have expressed their satisfaction at the course I have taken in connection with your great struggle for freedom and national integrity. From the first I have regarded your great conflict as one in which all living men, and all generations of men yet to live, have a deep interest—for I have felt that a failure of your free institutions, and of your government, would tend to perpetuate all that is evil in the governments of

Europe, and to shut out the hope of freedom to mankind.

"The English people will rejoice when your war is over, with slavery swept from your continent, and the integrity of your great country restored.

"Our governing class and our rich people have had little sympathy with you; but the great body of the nation has been sound, and wishes to live in perpetual amity with their countrymen on your continent.

"I thank you for your kind letter, and heartily I thank all the gentlemen associated with you in the resolutions you have sent me. We are far separated by mountains and by ocean, but we think the same thought for the freedom of men.

"I am, with great respect, yours truly,

JOHN BRIGHT.

"Simeon Whitely, Esq., Denver, Colorado, U. S. A."

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.

ANDAMAN ISLANDERS.—They may truly be termed pigmies or dwarfs, being on an average, when fully grown, only four feet five inches in height, and weighing about 76 lbs. They are certainly a most ugly race, jet black; and though not covered entirely with red hair, as stated by Sinbad, they paint themselves all over with a mixture made of oil and red ochre. Their agility and nimbleness are incredible—their swiftness of foot surpassing belief; whilst their hostility to strangers is affirmed by all who have ventured on their shores (in the Bay of Bengal). "As the cutters neared the part of the shore where they had stationed themselves," says Dr. Mouat, "and they clearly perceived that we were making preparations to land, their excitement was such that they appeared as if they had suddenly become frantic. Their manner was that of men determined and formidable in the midst of all their excitement. They brandished their bows in our direction, they menaced us with their arrows, said by common report—so often a liar—to be poisoned, exhibiting by yells and every possible contortion of savage pantomime their hostile determination. To use a common vulgar expression of some of the seamen, they seemed to have made their minds up to 'chaw us all up.' One man, who stood prominently out from the others, and who seemed to direct their movements, was, to the best of our judgment, their chief. The spear which he flourished incessantly was terminated by a bright, flat, pointed head, which gleamed with flashes of light, as, circling rapidly in the air, it reflected the rays of the sun. Sometimes he would hold it aloft, poising it in his uplifted hand, as if with the intention of hurling it with unerring and deadly aim at the first who dared to approach the shore of his native island. At length in a paroxysm of well-acted fury, he dashed boldly into the water, boiling and seething around him as it broke in great billows on the beach, and on the rocks by which it was defended, and fixing an arrow in his bow he shot it off in the direction of the steamer, as if that were the arch-enemy that had provoked his bellicose fury." —*Dr. Mouat's "Andaman Islanders."*

CURIOUS CASE OF EXPERIMENTAL POISONING.—The upas tree, a native of Java, is so well known in that island for its deleterious qualities that it is generally called the poison tree. The *Abeille Medicale* states that a short time ago a scientific gentleman at Berlin received a small quantity of the condensed juice of the upas, and resolved to try the effects of it upon himself. One afternoon he accordingly took three grains of this drug, which he found very bitter and rather saltish. Immediately afterward he felt extremely gay, and a bad headache which he had at the time disappeared; but after awhile he experienced a sensation of oppression in the stomach. Nevertheless he had the imprudence to go out; on turning a corner he became aware of a considerable stiffness along the spine; this was about half an hour after having taken the poison. An hour later, while taking a cup of coffee, he felt a violent shock throughout his body and stiffness at the extremities; at the same time his head was thrown backward, he lost all power of speech, but his mental faculties remained unimpaired. There was a slight remission of these symptoms for a few minutes, and then a fresh attack came on, and this continued until the patient at length succeeded in expressing a wish to be taken to the hospital of La Charité. As he was being helped down stairs to get into a carriage a new attack impeded his progress, but during the drive he had none, although the slightest shake seemed sufficient to bring it on. These attacks were attended with but little pain; deglutition was very difficult, and the patient felt very weak. After every attack the muscular system relapsed into inertness. At the hospital, emetics were immediately administered to expel the poison if any remained; the vomiting was attended with sudden starts, spasms in the glottis, and difficulty of breathing; the latter symptom, however, soon subsided. The pulse was at 72. Thirty drops of laudanum were administered at the rate of 10 for every quarter of an hour, and then 30 more, in three parts, at intervals of half an hour. The patient fell asleep, but was often awakened by the contraction of the muscles of the back and neck. Laudanum was again administered, and sleep returned. On the following morning the patient felt very weak, but only complained of stiffness in the left muscles of the neck; the pulse was at 66. Wine and light food were now given instead of medicine, and on the sixth day the patient left the hospital perfectly recovered.

QUEEN VICTORIA, it appears, has literary tastes. In 1834, when she was but sixteen years old, a small volume of her poems was published in pamphlet form, for distribution exclusively in the royal family circle. The *Coburg Gazette* now announces that Queen Victoria is engaged in writing the *Memoirs of her Life and Times*; and that this work accounts for her prolonged seclusion since Prince Albert's death.

THE WEALTH OF CROESUS.—In our jottings of millionaires, it would seem as though those pages were incomplete without some data concerning him whose name has for centuries and generations—fresh down to the present day—furnished the standard representative of vast wealth. Croesus flourished about the middle of the sixth century, *n.c.* The prodigious wealth which he had inherited had been increased by the tribute of conquered nations, by the confiscation of great es-

tates, and by the golden sands of Pactolus. Perhaps some idea of the extent of his wealth may be formed from the rich votive offerings which he is known to have deposited in the temples of the gods. Herodotus himself saw the ingots of solid gold, six palms long, three broad, and one deep, which to the number of one hundred and seventeen were laid up in the treasury at Delphi. He also saw in various parts of Greece, the following offerings, all in gold, which had been deposited in the temples by the same opulent man: A figure of a lion, probably of the natural size; a wine bowl of about the same weight as the lion; a lustral vase; a statue of a female, said to be Croesus's baking woman, four and one half feet high; a shield and a spear; a tripod, some figures of cows, and a number of pillars; a second shield in a different place from the first, and of greater size.—*Cyclopædia of Commercial Anecdotes.*

INFIDEL WRITERS.—We have had writers of that description who made some noise in their day. At present they repose in lasting oblivion. Who born within the last forty years, has read one word of Collins, and Toland, and Chubb, and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves Freethinkers? Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what has become of all these lights of the world. In a few years their few successors will go to the family vault of "all the capulets." Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and roublesome, insects of the hour.—*Edmund Burke, 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.'*

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.—Every body is aware that wild beasts abound in the jungles of the Punjab; but we suspect very few people entertain the remotest idea of the frightful numbers of human creatures, especially children, that are destroyed year after year by these animals. In two recent years no less than 999 children were killed, principally by wolves. The government pays a considerable sum for the destruction of wild animals. In 1860 there were killed 35 tigers, 163 leopards, 350 bears, and 2080 wolves; total, 2628.

DIARY OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.—The Japanese Ambassadors who visited this country last year have published their diary through the bookseller Fou-yah, at Yedo. Among other things it is therein said that the people of the west are very little different from each other; the dresses are the same as well as the weapons, though one nation manages them better than another; the French, above all, appear to excel therein. Ceremonies and honors are very easy, and the honors to be paid to a sovereign are very nearly the same as to a person of inferior rank—one takes his hat off, makes a small reverence, and therewith the thing is finished. At our audiences with the princes they were not separated from us by a curtain; even the princess was not veiled, and sits as high as the prince. The lords were very civil,

even too civil, for they allowed us to eat and drink more than was in accordance with our ceremonies. The lower classes were less civil, and equivocally demonstrated that they found us ugly. Among the women there are many handsome ones—among others, the Empress of the French. They run like a man. In order to appear taller, they wear a high bonnet. Even fashionable women dance very much; they hang on the arm of the men, and one sees the men frequently run along the street in the arms of women. We believe them to be their own wives. Women in general enjoy too much liberty, and the fashionable ones wear the same dresses as those of the lower class. The dress of the women, especially at night, is not always decent. Excepting the Dutch women, all other European women stand below the French. The men are stiff, rough, and a little proud; they wear no weapons, and very seldom the distinctions of their rank. It appears that every body, and even the fashionable people, frequent the "Cafés." High officers even frequent the theaters. We were sorry we could not understand every thing there. Almost every body had a spying-glass, which, perhaps from distraction, was always directed at us. The merchants are proud, and the shopkeepers do not like one to turn their articles too much about. It annoyed us very much to see raw meat exhibited in the towns. Eating meat is often very healthy; but why exhibit it to every one? In Paris and London they run (walk) very fast, just as they do in our country when there is a fire. The houses are so high that they must be destroyed at the first earthquake. They appear, however, to stand against fire.—*English paper.*

Two millions worth of diamonds were imported into the United States the last year. So says a foreign writer who has been reading on the subject.

EMIGRANTS FROM EUROPE.—The diversion to the Federal army of such a vast amount of labor from its legitimate channels would produce serious results, were it not for the assurances of a large increase in European immigration. There is reason to believe that there will be such a heavy influx of the bone and sinew of the Old World to our shores during the current year as to compensate, in a great measure, for the exhaustion of our population by the circumstances of war. It is confidently predicted by sanguine calculators that the number of immigrants to arrive in 1864 will reach nearly half a million. It is estimated that nearly one-seventh of the industrial population of the North and West have been drawn off from their usual vocations by the war. In this condition of our affairs, therefore, we ought to encourage and welcome the accessions to our laboring population from the Old World.—*New-York Shipping List.*

SIR J. D. PAUL IN "PENAL SERVITUDE."—The *Madras Times* gives some curious information respecting the notorious fraudulent banker, Sir John Dean Paul. Immediately after he was sentenced to penal servitude, Lady Paul realized all the property settled upon her, and proceeded without delay to Sydney, where she purchased a beautiful seat in the suburbs. Her husband having arrived at a penal settlement in another part of Australia

as one of a gang of convicts, the wife of the convicted baronet applied to the government for his services, and was permitted to employ him as her "assigned servant." We need scarcely add that, having thus released him from unpleasant restraint, she placed all the newly purchased property in his hands, and has since led a very quiet life in his company.

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—A letter from Copenhagen of the 27th March, in the *Siècle*, says: "Two days ago the Austrian army suddenly quitted the positions they had occupied round Fredericia, without the most skillful strategists being able to divine the cause of that inexplicable movement. The motive has just been discovered, but the public in this city are as yet ignorant of it, as the journals have not appeared here either yesterday or to-day. The following are the facts: All the Hungarians, both officers and soldiers, belonging to the Austrian army, had concerted together to go over to the Danes, in order to combat with them against the common enemy of their nationality. In a few hours more the conspiracy, the news of which could not have failed to excite the greatest emotion in Europe, would have been carried into execution. As soon as General de Gablenz became aware of the plot, he thought it necessary to immediately retire from Fredericia. An investigation was afterward instituted, the result of which has been the condemnation to death of a certain number of Hungarian officers and soldiers. According to a letter received this evening from a Danish officer, and which I have now before me, the number does not amount to less than three hundred! What is certain is, that last night and the night before platoon firing was heard which could only have been caused by the sentences being carried into execution. The Hungarians have comprehended the shameful part which they are made to perform. The Italians enrolled in the Austrian army will soon be actuated by similar feelings, and next will come the turn of the Poles of the grand duchy of Posen."

THE MUSICAL SIGNS.—The seven musical signs—ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sa— invented by the Benedictine monk, Guido Aretino, are the first syllables of some words contained in the first stanza of a Latin hymn, composed in honor of St. John the Baptist, which runs thus:

*Ut queant laxis
Resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti
Labii reatum,
Sancte Ioannes.*

The gold medal presented to General Washington by Congress on the evacuation of Boston by the British, and the only gold one ever presented to him, has been purchased by a few gentlemen of Delaware, and will be presented to Lieutenant-General Grant.

The sum paid for the medal is over five thousand dollars.

In the districts of China ravaged by the rebels, the surviving population feed on the emaciated bodies of the dead for want of other food.

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